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ART. I.—*Voyage aux Regions equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, fait en* 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, *par Al. de Humboldt et A. Bonpland, Redigé par Alexandre de Humboldt : avec un Atlas Geographique et Physique.* Tomes VII & VIII. 8vo. Paris, 1822.

THE appearance this year of two more volumes of the octavo edition of M. de Humboldt's travels has seemed to us a favorable opportunity for calling the attention of the American public to this most important work. The several publications of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland have been noticed, as they have appeared, in the respectable foreign journals; and the English translations of some of them have been reprinted in this country; but the value of what has been done by these distinguished travellers, for the knowledge of the American continent is not yet fully appreciated. Various circumstances have prevented a large number of copies of the different publications of M. de Humboldt from passing into circulation, either in Europe or America; and few persons, who have not had occasion particularly to inform themselves, are acquainted with the precise state of a series of works, not yet completed, which constitutes already an era in American history, natural and civil. It certainly is not too much to say,

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that the results of the researches of these travellers have fixed a point, where the history of Spanish America will stop, and have shown more clearly than ever, the extraordinary imperfection of the preceding popular manuals. It is difficult in perusing the works of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, in the department of natural history alone, to recollect, with patience, the learned errors of Buffon and the Abbé Raynal, and the grave acquiescence, with which they are repeated by Dr Robertson. We can scarce believe that one generation only intervened between Dr Robertson, who talks of the Mexican gold 'as being native, and refined into a pure metallic state,' and 'of the lizards and other reptiles, which the heat engenders in a fat soil,' and the authors of the essay on New Spain, and of 'the observations on Zoology and comparative Anatomy.' The history of Mexico, by Clavigero had already shown, that Dr Robertson had undertaken his task with inadequate preparation.

Works so important to America, as those of M. de Humboldt, deserve, if any where, to be known and prized in this country. We have thought therefore that it would not be unseasonable to offer our readers a succinct account of the voyage of this distinguished philosopher, and of the works, in which the results of it are recorded. We shall say nothing new to students of the natural and civil history of our country, and all we shall aim at is to refresh their memories with a few notices, which lie scattered in several volumes.

M. de Humboldt was born at Berlin, and is by no means the least of the great men whom the year 1769 brought forth. Having prepared himself by his studies, at Freyberg under Werner, and his excursions on the Rhine, in the Alps, and Italy for the vocation of a traveller, he resolved, toward the close of the last century, to carry into execution a purpose formed from early youth, of undertaking a voyage to some remote region.* The acquaintance of a Frenchman, who had already been a traveller in Illyria and Greece and who projected an expedition to Egypt, led M. de Humboldt also to determine on that route. His investigations consequently made with a reference to Egyptian antiquities, though not brought into application by a journey in that country, which the disastrous aspect of affairs prevented his undertaking, were

* Introduction to the Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales.

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nevertheless of service to him, in tracing the analogy between the monuments of Mexican antiquity, as afterwards observed by him—the teocalli, and pyramids,—and the similar works of Babylonian and Egyptian antiquity. Frustrated in the plan of the Egyptian tour, as then projected, the next object of M. de Humboldt was to attach himself to an expedition, which the French government was fitting out; a voyage of circumnavigation and discovery, under the command of Baudin, of which the prosecution was afterwards attended with such disasters. In consequence of a war with Austria, which broke out at this period, the funds assigned by the directory to this object were diverted from it, and the outfit of the expedition delayed.

M. de Humboldt was thus a second time disappointed in his projects. 'Cruelly deceived,' says he, 'in my hopes, and beholding the plans, which I had been forming for several years of my life, destroyed in a day, I sought, as at a venture, the most expeditious manner of quitting Europe, and plunging into some enterprise, which might console me for what I suffered.'*

At this period, he made the acquaintance of M. Skiöldebrand, Swedish consul at Algiers, then at Paris on his way to the coast of Barbary, with presents from his government to the Dey. With the aids furnished by this gentleman, who enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the Barbary powers, M. de Humboldt conceived the project of exploring the alpine region of central Africa, and thus pursuing the route to Egypt. No mineralogist had yet examined the chain of mountains, which in the empire of Morocco elevates itself to the region of perpetual snow, and he prepared in haste to embark for Algiers.

The Swedish frigate, which was to transport M. Skiöldebrand, M. de Humboldt, and M. Bonpland, had not yet arrived at Marseilles, and 'every day,' says M. de H. 'we visited several times the summit of the mountain *our lady of the watch*, which commands an extensive view of the sea.' After two months of anxious delay, they received intelligence that the Swedish vessel, having suffered severely in a storm on the coasts of Portugal, had put into Cadiz, and could not be expected at Marseilles till the spring. At this moment, a Ragusan sloop was at Marseilles, about to sail for Tunis. Happy in any opportunity to put themselves on the way for Egypt and

* Voyage i. 43.

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Syria, our travellers engaged their passage in this vessel. An accidental delay, occasioned by removing from the cabin the goats and swine, which were on board, to make room for the instruments of the travellers, enabled them to receive intelligence of a rupture which had recently taken place between Tunis and France, and which would have exposed them to imminent dangers, on arriving from Marseilles at the former.

In this state of things they determined to repair to Spain, with the expectation of finding in the spring, an opportunity to embark for Africa, either at Cadiz or Carthagena. On their way through Catalonia and Valencia, M. de Humboldt made various astronomical observations, and corrected the latitude and longitude of several places. The result of these observations is contained in a *Notice on the configuration of the surface of Spain*, in the Itineraire of M. de la Borde.

The travellers had good reason to congratulate themselves on their visit to Spain. M. de Humboldt had the opportunity at Madrid, of forming a friendship with M. de Forrel, the minister of Saxony, who inspired M. de H. with the hope, that under so enlightened a minister as the Chevalier Don Mariano Luis de Urquijo, he might obtain permission to penetrate to the interior of the Spanish possessions in America. M. de H. was presented to the king of Spain, at Aranjuez, in the month of March 1799, and through the good offices of M. de Urquijo, obtained the most ample permission, both from the department of state and the council of the Indies, to visit and explore the Spanish territories in America and the Philippine islands. The orders given to further the designs of the travellers were, says M. de Humboldt, strictly obeyed, even after M. de Urquijo, the minister who had procured them, was obliged to abdicate his office. 'During the five years,' he adds, 'that we traversed the new continent, we perceived not the least appearance of distrust, and it is grateful to me here to recollect, that in the midst of the most afflicting privations, and struggling against the obstacles which arise from the savage state of the country, we have never had to complain of the injustice of man.'* We cannot but add, that though this remark appears to be justly made, and does the Spanish government credit, it is truly humiliating to reflect, that the keys of a vast continent in the west should be kept by a feeble old man, at Aranjuez, and

* Voyage i. 47.

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that it should need the powerful interference of ambassadors and ministers of state, 'pour aplanir tous les obstacles,' before two men of science, of the most respectable characters, could set foot on the soil of half a continent. This reproach, however, rests not with the Spanish government alone. M. de Humboldt, at a later period, as we have been informed, has been refused permission in Downing street, Westminster, to explore certain little provinces inhabited by eighty or a hundred millions of men, between cape Comorin and the mountains of Thibet. Had he, on his way thither, entered the sacred precincts of Mecca, he would have given great offence, at a distance of three or four thousand miles, to the Grand Turk; and if he had approached, in pursuance of his original project of circumnavigating the world, within a hundred miles of the 51st degree of N. latitude, on the American coast, he would have heard of it to his cost, the next year, at St Petersburg. We ought to be much obliged to Capt. Symmes for providing us an escape into the interior; the outside of the earth has really gotten to be a small enclosure, which two or three prosperous gentlemen are fencing in, more to their own advantage than that of the human race, who before enjoyed a right of common in it. Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis is no reproach now to a legitimate sovereign. The Romans were somewhat delicate in their taste, and thought a circus for their races was not complete, till they had transported an obelisk from Thebes or Heliopolis, to set up in its centre. A modern European state is not perfectly appointed, without the appendage of a colony; and a colony means from ten to a hundred millions of men, the other side of the world, whom you relieve from the troublesome task of making their own laws, digging their own mines, and enjoying the fruits of their own labors. We are ourselves sorely pent up between the mouth of the Penobscot and that of the Columbia.

Corunna was the port from which at this period the packets sailed every month for the Havana, and our travellers took passage on board the Pizarro. In the moment of departing, M. de H. among the letters which he wrote to his friends in Germany and France, despatched one, which had great influence on his future motions. He still remained faithful to his original project of attaching himself to the expedition of circumnavigation and discovery, under Baudin, to which we have al-

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ready alluded. At the moment of embarking at Corunna, he wrote to M. Baudin, that should the government persist that his expedition take the route by Cape Horn, he would find the means of joining him at Monte Video, Chili, or Lima, or wherever else in the Spanish colonies he might make a port. Consistently with this engagement, M. de Humboldt changed entirely the plan of his voyage when in 1801 it was announced in the American papers, that the French expedition had sailed from Havre, to circumnavigate the world from east to west. The travellers, on receiving this intelligence, passed from Cuba to the Main, and thence to the coasts of the South Sea—a journey of more than two thousand miles, which they would not otherwise have made, but for this error of the newspaper;—nor was it till their arrival at Quito, that they learned, by a letter from M. Delambre, that Baudin's squadron had taken the route of the Cape of Good Hope.* The account of this expedition was written by M. Peron, who bore so distinguished a part in it, and whose premature death, at the age of thirty-five, is justly lamented by M. de Humboldt. The 5th of June 1799, the Pizarro sailed and had the good fortune to escape the English frigates, which were blockading the port of Corunna, and which would have made of none effect the permission, which M. de Urquijo had given to Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, to climb the top of Chimborazo. In the first chapter of his *Relation Historique*, M. de Humboldt has given a list of the instruments he took with him—a part only of those, which he had prepared for the expedition, but of which a portion had remained at Marseilles:—and when the number, variety, and excellence of these are taken into consideration, with the personal qualities and the political advantages, which M. de Humboldt enjoyed, it is hazarding little to say, that never was a voyage of discovery undertaken with better auspices. Never, we undertake to add, was one pursued with greater zeal and intelligence or richer fruits.

Thus far our account is derived principally from M. de Humboldt's own statement, in the introduction and first chapter of his voyage. We shall henceforward give a more condensed view of his progress, availing ourselves of that which is contained in a work of no sure authority, but which appears, in this article, to have availed itself of authentic materials.†

* Voyage i. 56. † Biographie des Hommes Vivants.

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They arrived at Cumana in the month of July 1799. The rest of this year was employed in exploring the province of New Andalusia or Spanish Guiana. Having returned to Cumana, by the mission of the Caraïbes, they repaired to Cuba, where they passed three months, during which time M. de Humboldt made many important astronomical observations. In 1801, the travellers misled by the false account of the expedition of Baudin, departed for the coast of South America, on the Pacific, after having despatched a portion of their collections and manuscripts for Europe.

It was on occasion of this journey that they had the opportunity of inspecting the splendid collections in botany, made in New Granada by Mutis, whom M. de Humboldt pronounces, in his Essay on New Spain, one of the first botanists of the age. It is much to the credit of the Spanish government, that it has done so much for the encouragement of this study. 'Since the close of the reign of Charles III,' says our author, 'the study of natural history has made great progress, not only in Mexico, but in all the Spanish colonies. No European government has been at greater expense than the Spanish, in the promotion of the study of botany. The three botanical expeditions to Peru, New Granada, and New Spain, of Ruiz and Pavon, Don Jose and Celestino Mutis, and Sesse and Mociño, have cost the state near two millions of francs.'* In September 1801, M. de Humboldt began his excursion to Quito, where he arrived January 1802, and remained some time to refresh himself from the fatigues of the journey. While at Quito, he projected an expedition to the heights of the Andes, in company with the son of the Marquis de Selva-Alègre, who had attached himself to the travellers. In the middle of the summer they started for the volcano of Tungaragno and the snowy region of Chimborazo. They traversed the ruins of Riobamba, and other places destroyed by an earthquake on the 7th of February 1797, in which more than 40,000 persons were in a moment swallowed up. On the 23d of June, after incredible fatigues, they reached the eastern side of Chimborazo, and fixed their instruments on a mass of porphyry, which projected over an immense space covered with perpetual snow. A chasm of five hundred feet prevented their farther progress. The density of the air was reduced one half;

* Essai polit. sur la Nouvelle Espagne, L.ii. c. 7.

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they experienced a piercing cold, respiration was difficult, the blood started from their eyes, their lips, and their gums, and they were at that moment at the highest point, which had ever been reached by man on the earth's surface. This height, exceeding by 3485 feet that to which M. de la Condamine attained in 1745, was 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. From this elevation, they ascertained by a trigonometrical observation, that the summit of Chimborazo was still 2040 feet above them. This was supposed to be the greatest height on the surface of the earth, till that of the Himāla mountains, on the borders of India, was computed at 26,800.* This extraordinary elevation cannot be considered however as yet fully ascertained.

M. de Humboldt now descended to Lima, and passed two or three months at this modern capital of Peru. While in this quarter he had an opportunity of observing at Callao, the transit of Mercury. His next expedition was to New Spain, where he arrived in 1803, and passed a whole year. The results of his observations in this region are contained in a separate work, viz: the 'Political Essay on New Spain,' in which *political* must be taken in as extensive a sense, as in the phrase, 'political economy.' The work is a mass of information, of facts in the most accurate statement and speculations in the most judicious spirit, and so puts to shame the loose and often flippant compilations of Raynal, that one is astonished at the credit which the latter has enjoyed in the same department. Circumstances not permitting the travellers to prosecute their original design of embarking at Acapulco, visiting the Philippine islands and the Asiatic Archipelago, and returning to Europe by the Persian gulf and Bagdad, they made arrangements for the directer route. In the month of July, they sailed from the Havana to Philadelphia, and passed a short time in the United States. On occasion of his visit to Washington, M. de Humboldt deposited in the department of state a copy of his map of Mexico.

During the long course of these excursions, and to protect the fruit of their researches from the hazards to which they were exposed, these travellers formed three collections of specimens in the various kingdoms of nature. One of these was despatched by the way of Spain and France, one by that of the

* Asiatic Researches, xii.

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United States and England, and one remained with Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland. This last was the largest, and toward the close of their sojourn in America, consisted of a *hortus siccus*, of near 6000 equinoctial plants; of grains, shells, and insects; and, what had not yet been brought to Europe, geological *suites* of Chimborazo, of New Granada, and of the banks of the Amazon. After their excursion on the Orinoco, a part of these treasures were deposited at Cuba, to be taken up on the return of the travellers from Peru and Mexico. The rest of the collection followed them for five years, across the Andes and over New Spain, from the coasts of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic. The transportation of these objects and the care, which they required, were the cause of embarrassments, says M. de Humboldt, of which it is impossible to form an idea, even after having traversed the least cultivated parts of Europe. Their progress was retarded by the threefold necessity of taking with them, in excursions of five or six months, trains of twelve, fifteen, and sometimes more than twenty mules of burden; of exchanging these animals every eight or ten days; and overseeing the Indians employed to guide so numerous a retinue.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken to despatch duplicates of their collections to Europe, very few of these had the good fortune to arrive safely; so that there is every reason to rejoice that their largest and most valuable collections were kept near their own persons. The greater part of what was successively sent, as occasion offered, fell into the hands of persons, who had no knowledge of its value. 'When a vessel is condemned in a colonial prize court,' says M. de Humboldt, 'boxes of dry plants and stones, instead of being sent to the address they may bear, commonly remain forgotten. Some of our collections, however, taken in the South Sea had a more fortunate lot, and by the generous activity of sir Joseph Bankes, were preserved to us in safety.'* This is an evil, which has beset the learned intercourse of America with Europe from the first. Our readers will immediately recal the adventurous fortunes of the hieroglyphical history of the Mexicans, as related by Purchas; and the more disastrous fate of the collections of Boturini, which is imperfectly hinted at by Robertson.

The great amount and variety of materials brought by these

* Introduction au Voyage, ii.

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travellers to Europe, notwithstanding all the hazards and disasters at which we have hinted, furnished, of course, the substance for a work of great magnitude and diversity of contents. M. Bonpland, our readers are aware, was more particularly a botanist; M. de Humboldt was a philosopher in the truest sense of the word, ignorant of nothing, which industry and zeal enabled him to know, and disdaining that mechanical division of intellectual operations, which affects to compensate general ignorance, by profound professional knowledge. With these qualifications, and the materials they had collected, Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland in committing to writing the record of their observations and discoveries, were obliged to choose between two courses, neither of which was without inconveniences. One was to combine into one single work all that they had observed, compared, seen or heard, measured, sounded, and surveyed, of bird, beast, fish, or vegetable, mountain, plain, or river; of men, manners, and institutions. This is the ordinary method, not attended with great inconvenience in the majority of books of travels, most of which are apt to have one or two objects kept mainly in view, while the rest is matter of personal adventure or more transient observation. But it is plain that this method would have been attended with great evils, in recording the fruits of an expedition like this, made with such comprehensive views, such general qualifications, and through such a length of time. Of the justice of this remark, our readers will the better be able to judge, when we shall have enumerated the works, which Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland have actually published.

The second course, therefore, and that which they adopted, was to digest into a series of separate works the fruit of their combined labors. The evil incident to this, if evil it be thought, is the multiplication of voluminous works, on the subject of America, beyond the purse of most men to procure, their leisure to read, or their understandings to comprehend. This objection has been repeatedly made at home and abroad; and is, we must confess, in our judgment singularly perverse and ungrateful. To the quality of the books no one objects. The astronomical memoirs, the botany, the zoology, the geology, the statistics, and the narrative are each and all allowed, by those qualified to judge, to be of the best of their kind. Had they only been the production of different authors, they would

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have been ranged in our libraries of American materials, as a series of books of inestimable worth—as a precious chain of writers of which not a link must fail. We appeal to the judgments, which have been pronounced on them, in the various departments which they treat, by the ablest philosophers and critics, both English and continental, that what is already published of them is superior in value, to every thing, which had hitherto appeared on America. But as the Athenian was tired of hearing Aristides called the just, we seem to be tired of receiving first rate books from M. de Humboldt; and it is usual to hear the remark, that there is too much of it.—It is true, that a part of the dissatisfaction is to be ascribed to the irregular and protracted appearance of the works, or parts of works, which compose the series. It is now about three and twenty years since Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna. Not all of the separate treatises have appeared; and of what M. de H. calls his *Relation Historique*, and his translator, Miss Williams, 'his personal narrative,' whereby the mere English reader is to understand what was and is still called emphatically 'travels,'—of this work, which for the mass of readers must be the most interesting, the two volumes, which we have named at the head of our article, conclude the first half only. Two more quartos or eight more octavos are promised,—as we shall presently state more particularly. Now nothing damps the curiosity, fatigues the patience, not to say awakes the wrath of common readers, like this delay between the portions of a book; and this retailing by piecemeal the volumes and parts of volumes of a performance of interest. The first part of M. de Humboldt's personal narrative appeared in 1814. This last year of 1822, the first half has been completed. Not to be annoyed at such a delay, would be paying a poor compliment to an author. We know well that M. de Humboldt is not chargeable with this delay. A high toned and philosophical mind is not like a double speeder at Waltham, which turns out every week its given number of yards of cloth; and it ought not to be expected of our traveller that he should write fifteen or twenty volumes by the job. We are aware, moreover, that the delays, which the publication of his works has experienced, have not been owing to any tardiness of his own most powerful mind; but to the vexatious obstacles, which have been thrown in his way, in the progress of publication. The style, in which

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the large edition is executed, is one of great costliness, and the bankruptcy of more than one house successively entrusted with the publication of the parts of these expensive works, has presented as many difficulties in the printing of his travels, as he had to encounter in the performing of them. This we believe to have been the chief cause of the delay in question; and the world has reason to rejoice that it has fallen to the lot of a man of unequalled perseverance and spirit to meet with obstacles, which would have crushed an ordinary mind.

We proceed now briefly to enumerate the principal works, either published or projected by Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, indicating by which of these gentlemen each respectively was composed; without attempting to give a list of the smaller productions under the names of tracts or memoirs, of which several exist in the different scientific collections. We shall endeavor, as nearly as we can, to give them in the order of their appearance.

1°. *Essai politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne.* The political essay on New Spain appeared in 1811, in two volumes, quarto; and since, in five volumes 8vo, with a physical and geographical atlas, founded on astronomical observations, trigonometrical measurements, and barometrical computations. This work—we use the words of M. de Humboldt—founded on a large number of official memoirs, presents, in six divisions, considerations on the extent and physical aspect of *Mexico*, its population, the manners of the inhabitants, their former civilization, and the political division of the country. It embraces at once the agriculture, the mineral productions, manufactures, commerce, finances, and military strength of this vast country. These different subjects of political economy are surveyed under a general point of view. New Spain is compared not only with the other Spanish colonies and with the United States of America, but with the English possessions in the east; the agriculture of countries in the torrid zone is compared with that of temperate regions; and estimates given of the quantity of colonial produce required by Europe in its present state of civilization. In tracing the geognostic description of the regions of the richest mines of Mexico, M. de Humboldt has given a view of the mineral product, the population, the importations and exportations of all Spanish America; and finally, says the author, 'I have treated many questions, which for want of exact

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data, had hitherto been examined but superficially, such as those on the flux and reflux of metallic wealth; its progressive accumulation in Europe and Asia; and the quantity of gold and silver, which since the discovery of America down to the present day, the ancient continent has received from the new.' The geographical introduction at the head of the Essay on New Spain contains an account of the materials, from which the Mexican atlas was constructed. This work was translated into English by Black, and the translation, which is indifferently executed, has appeared in this country. At a moment like this, when Mexico is again drawing the attention of the world upon her as the seat of new political horrors and follies, the work of M. de Humboldt cannot be too strongly recommended, especially to the statesmen and politicians of this country. Mexico is certainly our most important frontier neighbor, and it may be very essential to us, for aught we know, to be acquainted with the state of his imperial majesty of Anahuac's dominions. It is not so far by land from New Orleans to the city of Mexico, as from New Orleans to Eastport. We had occasion, in our number for April last, to make liberal use of M. de Humboldt's Essay on New Spain, in our own remarks on Mexico. Had M. de Humboldt written nothing but this, his name would have stood among the first philosophers of the day. We had intended to extract some specimen of the work, but have laid it down in despair, from the difficulty of selecting any thing which would bear an extract. This work is entire and complete in itself, in no ways connected with the others, which M. de Humboldt has published or projected, and being in a convenient and economical French and English form, will doubtless be among the parts of his works, which circulate most widely.

2°. About the same time with the foregoing work, appeared *Vues des Cordillères et Monumens des Peuples indigenes de l'Amerique*, in a large folio volume, and subsequently in two octavo volumes, with a reduced form of the plates. The 'Monuments of the Original Nations' has been translated into English, under the immediate inspection of M. de Humboldt, by Miss H. M. Williams. This work, according to the account given of it by M. de Humboldt, is intended to make known, at the same time, some of the grand scenes, which nature presents in the high chain of the Andes, and to throw light on the ancient civilization of the Americans, by the study of their monu-

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ments of architecture, their hieroglyphics, their religious worship, and their astrological fancies. M. de Humboldt has described in this work the construction of the *Teocallis*, or Mexican pyramids, compared with that of the temple of Belus; the arabesques, which cover the ruins of Mitla; idols in Basalt, ornamented with the Calantica of the Isis heads; and a considerable number of symbolical paintings, representing the serpent and woman, which is the Mexican Eve, the deluge of Coxcox, and the first migrations of the people of the Aztek race. In the same work, he has demonstrated the surprising resemblance which the calendar of the Toltecks and the catasterisms of their zodiac possess with the divisions of time of the nations of Tartary and Tibet, as well as of the Mexican traditions of the four regenerations of the globe with the *praylayas* of the Hindoos and the four ages of Hesiod. He has moreover introduced into this work, besides the hieroglyphical paintings brought by himself into Europe, fragments of all the Aztecan manuscripts preserved at Rome, Velletri, Vienna, and Dresden, of which the last, by the linear symbols, recals the *kouas* of the Chinese. By the side of these rude monuments of the nations of America, are contained, in the same work, picturesque views of the mountainous regions inhabited by them, as those of the cataract of Tequendama, of Chimborazo, of the volcano of Jorullo and of Cayambé, whose pyramidical summit, covered with eternal ice, is directly on the equator.

The materials collected by M. de Humboldt relative to the interesting subject of the Mexican languages have already been made use of by other distinguished scholars, to whom he has communicated them, particularly Mr F. Schlegel in his considerations on the Hindoos, and professor Vater, of Königsberg, in his continuation of the Mithridates, and other works. Of these labors of professor Vater, on the languages of America, we gave a notice in our number for January last. In the fourth volume of the Mithridates, drawn up by professor Vater, from the materials collected by M. de Humboldt and various other sources, so much light is thrown on the languages of America, that we cannot but think the volume ought to find a translator in this country. If we cannot withhold from distant foreigners the credit of having preceded us in making these laborious collections, in a department of study where we ought rather to

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take the lead, we ought not to be slow in availing ourselves of the fruits of their labors. Professor Vater, in the fourth volume of the Mithridates, has expressed his conviction that M. de Humboldt, by a comparison of the Mexican zodiac with those of the Tartarian nations, has completely settled the question of the identity of the two races.

'Thus far,' says professor V, 'might our conjectures have reached, before the noble discovery of M. de Humboldt had presented the most complete demonstration of the connexion of the Mexicans and East Indians. The very learned and sagacious comparison, which he has made, between the *divisions of time* of the Mexicans and the tribes of Eastern Asia respectively, shows a visible analogy throughout their modes of computing time, which can by no means be ascribed to coincidence, especially where so many other circumstances lead us to assume a connexion between these nations. The Mexicans, Japanese, Thibetians, and various other nations of inner Asia have undeniably the same system in the division of their great cycle, and in the names which they give to the years, of which it is composed. This agreement is also confirmed by the still farther discovery, that a great part of the names, whereby the Mexicans designate the twenty days of their month, are precisely the signs of the zodiac, as it has been received from time immemorial by the tribes of Eastern Asia.' *Vues des Cordillères, p.* 152.*

In justification of these very important remarks, Mr Vater quotes, from the work of M. de Humboldt, the comparative table on which they are founded. As the Mithridates and the work of M. de H. last under consideration, are in few hands, we extract the table from them :—

* Mithridates, iv. 78, 79.

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TABLE.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.				*Hieroglyphics of the days of the Mexican Calendar,*	*Nacshatras, or lunar houses of The Hindoos.*
Hindoo, Greek, and European.	*The Manchoo Tartars.*	*The Japanese.*	*The Tibetians.*		
Aquarius.	Singueri.	Ne.	Tchip *(rat, water.)*	Atl *(water.)*	. . . .
Capricorn.	Ouker.	Ous.	Lang *(ox.)*	Cipactli *(sea-monster.)*	*Mahara, a sea-monster.*
Sagittarius.	Pars *(tiger.)*	Torra.	Tah *(tiger.)*	Ocelotl *(tiger, jaguar.)*	. . . .
Scorpio.	Taoulaï *(hare.)*	Ov.	Io *(hare.)*	Tochtli *(hare.)*	. . . .
Libra.	Lon.	Tats.	Brou *(dragon.)*	Cohuatl *(serpent.)*	*Serpent.*
Virgo.	Mogaï *(serpent.)*	Mi.	Proul *(serpent.)*	Acatl *(reed.)*	*Reed.*
Leo.	Morin.	Ouma.	Tha *(horse.)*	Tecpatl *(flint, knife.)*	*Razor.*
Cancer.	Koin.	Tsitsouse.	Lon *(goat.)*	Ollin *(sun's path.)*	Traces of the feet of Vishnoo.
Gemini.	Fetchi *(ape.)*	Sar.	Prchou *(ape.)*	Ozomatli *(ape.)*	*Ape.*
Taurus.	Tukia.	Torri.	Tcha *(bird.)*	Quauhtli *(bird.)*	. . . .
Aries.	Nokai *(dog.)*	In.	Ky *(dog.)*	Itzcuintli *(wild dog.)*	*Dog's tail.*
Pisces.	Gacai *(bird.)*	Y.	Pah *(hog.)*	Calli *(house.)*	*House.*

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The extremely artificial mode, in which the Mexicans computed time, has in fact become more and more the subject of speculation to the learned, and seems to prove that a people, which, on the one hand, was sunk to the lowest depths of moral depravity, and carried the practice of human sacrifices to a degree surpassed by no other savage people, was, on the other hand, in the possession of an astronomical system superior to the Julian calendar at Rome.* We have no space to enlarge on the subject. The documents, which illustrate this curious subject, are all in the work of M. de H. last quoted: though it is difficult to realize that this people, who had an annual intercalation to bring their year up to 365 days, and an intercalation every fifty two years to bring it to 365 days 5 hours, is the people of whom de Paw, not more than a half century since, chose to assert that they could not count beyond three. The work of M. de Humboldt now mentiond is also complete, has been published both in a large and in an octavo form, and ably translated into English.

We now proceed to indicate works of a more scientific character, which have also been published by these travellers. We name therefore,

3°. *Recueil d' Observations Astronomiques, et de mesures executées dans le Nouveau continent, 2 vols. 4to.* The title of this work sufficiently explains its character. It contains the result of observations made from the 12° of south to the 41° of north latitude, and a table of seven hundred geographical positions, of which two hundred and thirty five were determined by the personal observations of M. de Humboldt. It is complete.

4°. *Plantes Equinoxiales recueillies au Mexique, dans l'isle de Cuba, dans les Provinces de Caraccas, de Cumana, &c. 2 vols. fol.* In this work M. Bonpland has described forty new *genera* of plants.

5°. *Monographie des Melastomes, 2 vols. fol.* containing the description of more than a hundred and fifty species of the family, collected in the course of the travels of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland. These volumes also contain the plants of the same family, brought by Richard from his voyage

* Niebuhr, in his chapter on the Roman secular cycle, B. I, p. 200, says, 'The ancient Aztecs, whose calendar was the most perfect of any in civil use before the Gregorian Reformation, computed a great cycle of 104 solar years.'

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to the Antilles and French Guiana. These two works are both by M. Bonpland, are both complete, and constitute one of the most splendid botanical publications, which has ever issued from the press.

6°. *Essai sur la Geographie des Plantes, accompagné d'un tableau physique des Regions Equinoxiales:* 4to. M. de H. has in this work united into one view, the aggregate of physical phenomena, presented by the torrid zone in America, from the level of the South sea, to the highest summit of the Andes: viz. the vegetation, animals, geological relations, the culture of the soil, the temperature of the air, the limits of perpetual snow, the chemical constitution of the atmosphere, the electric action, the barometrical depression, the decrease of gravitation, the intensity of the blue color of the sky, the *enfeeblement* of the light in traversing the strata of the atmosphere, the horizontal refractions, and the heat of boiling water, at different altitudes. Fourteen scales, adapted to a profile view of the Andes, indicate the modifications, to which these several phenomena are subjected by the influence of the elevation of the soil above the level of the sea. Every groupe of vegetables is placed at the height which nature has assigned to it.

The geography of plants is one of the most curious instances of the connexion of the various arts and sciences with each other. Far from being a topic which ought to be assigned exclusively to the botanist, the subject of the localities, of the original country of plants, and the regions to which they have been transported, is one of the most precious documents for tracing the descent, the affinity, and the emigration of ancient nations. Books we have few, one might rather say none, which acquaint us with the *primitive* fortunes of our race. Plain reading and writing, handy as we are at them now a days, are things of which the majority of men, taking the ages of the world together, have known nothing. We speak not now of the old and somewhat arbitrary division of barbarous and civilized; but the people that built the pyramids and the temples of Thebes, knew nothing of what we call reading and writing. Their hieroglyphics were in the hands of the priests, and besides were about as much of a popular science as the integral and differential calculus at the present day; with the advantage in favor of the latter, that all who have the

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intellectual capacity to learn it, have the means, while the hieroglyphics were a sacred mystery. The Assyrians, Chaldæans, and Persians, at the most flourishing periods of their politics, cannot have had any other kind of writing. There is no proof of any thing among them more commodious than the arrow-headed character, of which the construction excludes every thing like a popular use. It may have served the purposes of religion and the state, and been, perhaps, associated with astronomical hieroglyphics, to record some observations of the heavenly bodies. No one who has ever looked at a Babylonian brick, or drawings of the Persepolitan ruins, can suppose, that it extended its use to the common purposes of life. But this is to speak of the most ancient days and distant regions. The Trojan war had been fought, all the Grecian cities founded, and the laws of Lycurgus established, before the Greeks learned to read and write; and prose is so modern among them, that we can show the period of its origin. With the Romans, as with the Etruscans before them, writing was a mysterious art, in the hands of the priests, till the intercourse between Greece and Rome was established. Nor is it probable, that in common life, any extensive use was, at any time, made of the art. In the middle ages of Europe it was still less practised. Charlemagne himself was awkward at it, and set up schools, that his subjects might be better taught than their master. Even at the present day, if the human race were to pass in review before us, for one who could read a book, there would be about ten to whom it would be a sad waste of fair rags. That almost idolatrous preference, therefore, which we give to written documents above all other means of information, has, as far as the oldest antiquity is concerned, little foundation in justice, and is much to be deplored, when it leads us to neglect more permanent documents of the history of our race. It is not in the form of books, that languages themselves are the best witnesses of the *most remote* antiquity. The coincidence of the structure and vocabulary of languages carries us much farther back, than any record they contain, for the reasons, that the oldest records have perished, and still more, because men spoke long before they wrote, and ages on ages of speaking men, to whom writing in all its forms was unknown, transmitted their languages to posterity. But language, in any application, is but one of the monuments, that

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survive the transitory generations of men. Their works and their institutions, their superstitions, and their ceremonies, in various forms, outlive them; and it is not even without example, that the lineaments of the face descend, for thousands of years. Let men but make some progress in civilization, and they divide the starry heavens into arbitrary signs, of which the tradition travels down to the latest posterity, which establish a connexion between the Hindoo, the Egyptian, and the Greek, anterior to any other record of it, and leave a memorial in their lunar houses and solar aspects, for ages after marble and paper are alike reduced to dust. This observation had not escaped philosophers.* M. de Humboldt has called the attention of those, who love to study the history of man, not in the genealogy of kings or the tale of battles, but in its grand features of humanity, to another most elevated and attractive speculation. Most of the vegetables, which serve for the nutriment of man, the grains, the roots, the berries, which make up his food, have undergone migrations with the human tribes, and in passing from region to region, and climate to climate, have gone through various stages of development and improvement. Of many we know the native soil, and the period of their removal to others. On an extensive collection of facts of this kind, notices of the native places, the transportation, the improved form, and the use for food of the cereal vegetables, the potato, the palm, &c., M. de Humboldt has founded the most ingenious historical conclusions, and taught us, that if, in one series of observations, the history of our race is written in the heavens above us, it may be traced in another on the surface beneath our feet. The essay on New Spain contains a number of speculations of this kind, of the most curious nature, that are more particularly pursued in the work before us; which is completed, and itself an independent and separate work.

7°. *Recueil d' Observations de Zoologie et d' Anatomie Comparée.* 2 vols. 4to. In this work are given the history of the condor, experiments on the electrical action of the gymnotus, a memoir on the larynx of the crocodiles, of the quadrumani and tropical birds, a description of several new species of reptiles, fishes, birds, apes, and other mamiferous animals little known. M. Cuvier, who with Blumenbach may be regarded as standing at the head of the science of natural history, has

* North American Review, xii. 151.

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furnished for this work an extensive memoir on the Axolotl of the lake of Mexico, and the Proteuses in general.* M. Cuvier has recognized among the fossil bones brought from America by Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, two new species of mastodontons, and one true elephant. The second volume of the work is devoted to the skulls of Mexicans, Peruvians, &c. on which Mr Blumenbach has also published a memoir from the collection of M. de H. Of the work under consideration, the whole of the first volume and a part of the second, were published in 1817, and the remainder of the second was expected in the course of that year; whether it was published were are not informed. On scarce any subject is the confident ignorance of the *savans* of the last generation so glaring, as that of the Zoology of America. Clavigero, though no naturalist, had already exposed the errors of Buffon, in his two lists of species, 'confounded with others,' by Buffon, and 'species unknown' to him: and two new species of mammoth and an elephant must be allowed to be tolerable make-weights in the scale,—on the question whether the American animals are smaller and weaker than the European. The worthy abbé, in the dissertation we have just referred to, takes particular umbrage at the assertion made by Buffon, that the greatest part of the animals peculiar to America are without tails, which Buffon considers a mark of inferiority. The abbé, in reply, enumerates to the count fourteen species of animals of the old continent, that want this sightly appendage, while America furnishes but six.†

8°. It remains to mention but one other work which has grown out of this memorable voyage; it is that, to which we have often referred in the course of our preceding remarks, which bears the name in French of *Relation Historique*, and in English, of *Personal Narrative*. This English name, as has been well observed, is badly chosen to convey a correct idea of the nature of the volumes, to which it is attached. They contain every thing relative to the various countries traversed, with the exception of what had gone to form the the separate treatises which we have enumerated, nor do they omit to give a general account even of the subjects, which are particularly

* Blumenbach, Naturgeschichte, p. 236. Ed. 9th.

† Clavigero, Storia Antica. Vol. iv. Dissertat. iv. It is necessary to read the series of dissertations, which Clavigero has appended to his excellent work, to know how to estimate the popular works on America.

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and scientifically discussed in them. Of *personal* matter, in any common acceptation of that term, there is certainly little; though there is no omission of any interesting fact or adventure which might awaken the curiosity of the reader. Of this work it was announced, in the general prospectus of M. de Humboldt's publications, that there would be four quarto volumes. The first half of the first volume appeared in 1814,—and it is only the past year, that the second half of the second volume has been published; so that after an interval of eight years, one moiety only of the Personal Narrative is before the public. We have already hinted at the causes, which have retarded the publication. We are fully aware of the immense labor of reducing into a continuous narrative the mass of materials gathered in such an expedition; and of the difficulty of finding time for such a laborious enterprize, for a scholar like M. de Humboldt, whose reputation requires him to be *au courant* of all the philosophical literature of the day, and who besides writing his own books is, as it were, obliged to read those of every body else. While therefore we do full justice to the causes of the delay, which has taken place in the publication of his *Historical Narrative*, truth also obliges us to add, that this, of all his works, is that of which the effect suffers most by this interruption. By the very nature of the work, we here place ourselves in company with the travellers, we sympathise in their repeated disappointments; we share their impatience at the obstacles they encounter; with feelings wrought up like theirs, we rejoice in the final permission which they attain at Aranjuez, we feel grateful to the generous minister, who opens the doors to them of that little nook of closely watched soil, that lies over seventy-nine degrees of latitude; we partake the excitement of their escape through the English blockading squadron of the harbor of Corunna, and launch forth with them at last on the great highway of nations. Now if the narrative of the tour thus commenced can be laid before us at once, executed with the ability displayed in all M. de Humboldt's works, and rich in all the materials collected in his voyage, we care not to what length it runs; and we believe that his four quartos would be read with as much avidity as one: with interest not only sustained, but constantly rising. But if, on the other hand, this narrative be cut up into half volumes, appearing after long and irregular intervals, each suc-

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cessive portion offering itself to an interrupted and halting recollection and a curiosity, which has mean time been banquetting on all the novelties of the day, it is asking too much to expect, that each new portion of a work so protracted will be read with that keenness and freshness of relish, with which we devour a new and an entire work. Had those private nameless circumstances which commonly decide important matters, to the confusion of all previous calculation, put it into M. de Humboldt's power to bring out his Historical Narrative, in four or in eight volumes of any size, at once, or in a regular and unbroken succession, we doubt not that it would have appeared with greater eclat, with a greater burst of admiration than any thing of the kind which the age has produced. As the work stands, one half of its promised amount has now appeared, in two quarto or eight octavo volumes, of all of which a translation has been executed by Miss Williams, and of which ample notices have been given in the English journals, in proportion as they have appeared. It is understood, that M. de Humboldt is actively engaged in continuing the work, and that arrangements have been made for the regular appearance of the remaining portions of it.

It was our intention to say something of the atlases with which the works of our author are illustrated. These will be regarded by many of our readers as one of the most important portions of M. de Humboldt's labors. We have not, however, left ourselves room to enlarge upon them. They are three in number. The first is the Atlas Pittoresque, which is the work mentioned above, No. 2. page 13, containing the views of some striking natural scenes, and the monuments of the civilization and arts of the natives of America; and consisting, in the folio edition, of three hundred and fifty pages of text and sixty nine engravings, most of them colored and some in a very splendid style.* The second atlas is that, which is attached to the Essay on New Spain. It is in the folio form and consists of thirty-two maps and tables, geographical, physical, and statistical. The octavo edition of the Essay on New Spain is accompanied by the map of Mexico and the neighboring countries, and a table representing the profile of the tableland of New Spain and the tract of land between the Pacific

* The edition of this work in octavo is in two volumes, and contains a selection of nineteen engravings, chiefly colored.

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and the sea of the Antilles. The duty of asserting the right of literary property is certainly one of the first, which devolves on a literary journal. We cannot forbear therefore to quote the complaints of M. de H. in reference to two very reprehensible violations of this right, with respect to the principal map of this atlas. Mr Arrowsmith, whose labors in this department of geography are so justly celebrated, published in 1805 his *New Map of Mexico, compiled from original documents.* This is M. de Humboldt's map on a larger scale, and so grossly borrowed, that the explication of the signs is left in French; and in a certain unlucky passage, where in M. de Humboldt's map we read 'the table land of Toluca is elevated fourteen hundred toises above the level of the ocean,' Mr Arrowsmith or his copyists have abridged this fact into the simple word '*ocean*,' which stands alone among the *mountains* of Toluca. This bears some analogy to an error, which in his essay on New Spain, book iii. c. 8, M. de Humboldt has pointed out, in the *Geographie Mathematique, Physique, et Politique.* The learned and ingenious author of that work has confounded (vol. xv. p. 116 and 117) the river *Tacoutche-Tesse* or *Oregan* of Mackenzie with the Rio Colorado or Del Norte, in consequence of finding on Don Antonio Alzate's map of Mexico, at the junction of the Rio Gila and Rio Colorado these words, in Spanish, Rio Colorado ò del Norte *cuyo origen se ignora*, (whose source is not known.) The map of Alzate being here indistinctly engraved, and nothing but *origen* (source) being distinct, the celebrated geographer alluded to hastily confounded it with the *Oregan.* For the rest, it would appear from the proceedings last winter of congress that the identity of the Oregan and the Columbia, which M. de Humboldt regards as questionable, was considered at Washington as ascertained. But to return to Mr Arrowsmith's dealings with the map of Mexico, no one can deny the justice of the discontent of M. de Humboldt, nor the good reason he has to complain that 'simple copies of his productions should be circulated under foreign names.'* Lest any one accuse us of want of national courtesy in making conspicuous mention of the foregoing fact, we add, and are sorry to do it, that after having borne high testimony to the courage of Pike, in the pursuit of his expedition, M. de Humboldt adds that the map of Mexico attached to his book, is a *reduced* copy

* Voyage; Introduction, p. 21.

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of the map of New Spain, deposited by M. de H. in the department of state at Washington in 1804. That any individual should have been disposed to make use of the labors of an illustrious foreigner, thus entrusted to the safeguard of the national faith, is matter to us of great regret; that being disposed, he should have been permitted, is still more unpleasant; and we cannot but hope that the whole had its origin in misconception.

In addition to the Atlas Pittoresque and the Atlas of New Spain, each part of the Historical Narrative is accompanied with four or five maps, so that when this division of the work is completed there will be a third atlas in three folio volumes. This being sold separately* will be equally useful to the possessors of the quarto and of the octavo edition of the work. An enumeration and account of the maps published up to the year 1817, may be found at the close of the fourth volume of the octavo edition of the Historical Relation.

We have thus laid before our readers an account of the principal works of M. de Humboldt on America. It was our intention before closing this article to give something like an analysis, with extracts, of the two volumes, of which we have placed the title at the head of our article. This we have not left ourselves room to do, but we have made a translation from the first chapter, which may serve as a specimen, instructive as well as amusing, of their contents.

'We were horribly tormented in the day time, by the mosquitos, the *jejen*, small flies or poisonous *simulia*, and by night by the *zancudos*, a large species of gnats *(cousins)* formidable even to the natives. Our hands began to swell; and this swelling increased from day to day, till our arrival on the banks of the Temi. The means resorted to, to avoid these little animals, are very extraordinary. The good missionary, Bernardo Zea, who passes his life amidst the torments of the mosquitos, had constructed near his church, on a scaffold of trunks of palm trees, a little apartment, in which he could breathe more freely. We ascended thither at night, by means of a ladder, to dry our plants and write our journal. The missionary had correctly noticed that the insects abound most in the lower stratum of air, within twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. At Maypurès, the Indians leave the village at night, to go and sleep on the islets, in the midst of the cataracts. There they enjoy some repose, as the insects ap-

* The *Atlas Pittoresque* is also sold separately.

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pear to fly an atmosphere surcharged with vapor. Every where we have found fewer in the middle, than on the sides of a river; and also that we suffered less from them, in descending than in ascending the Orinoco. Those who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, as the Orinoco or the Rio de la Magdelena, can scarce conceive to what degree, at every moment of life, one may be tormented by insects flying in the air; to what degree the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions almost uninhabitable. However accustomed one may be to bear pain without complaint, however lively an interest one may take in the objects he is pursuing, it is impossible not to be constantly distracted by the *mosquitos*, *zancudos*, *jejen*, and *temperanos*, which cover hands and face, penetrate the clothes with their *proboscis*, prolonged into the shape of a needle, and which forcing themselves into the nostrils and mouth, make you cough and sneeze whenever you speak in the open air. In consequence in the missions of the Orinoco, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the *torment of the flies*, presents an inexhaustible topic of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions which they address each other are these, 'How have you found the *zancudos* tonight? How is it today in point of mosquitos?' These questions bring to mind a *Chinese* compliment, indicative of the former savage state of the country. The salutation of the *celestial empire* was formerly, '*Vou-to-hou*, have you been incommoded the past night *by serpents?*' We shall presently see that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river of the Magdalen, and especially at Choco, the country of gold and platina, one might add the Chinese compliment of the serpents to that of the mosquitos.

This is the place to speak of the geographical distribution of the tipulary insects, which presents appearances worthy of note. It does not appear to depend solely on the heat of the climate, the excess of the humidity, or the thickness of the forests, but on local circumstances difficult to characterize. It may be remarked in the first place, that the plague of the *mosquitos* and *zancudos* is not so general in the torrid zone as is commonly thought. On the high table-land of more than four hundred toises above the ocean, in the very dry plains which are distant from the large rivers, for instance at Cumana and Calobozo, there are not perceptibly more of them than in the most inhabited parts of Europe. They increase prodigiously at New Barcelona, and more westerly on the coast toward cape Codera. Between the little port l'Higuerote and the mouth of the Rio Unare, the ill fated inhabitants are accustomed to stretch themselves on the ground, and to pass the night buried in the sand three or four inches deep,

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leaving nothing out but the head, which is covered with a handkerchief. You suffer from the stings of insects, but not insupportably, in descending the Orinoco, from Cabruta toward Angostura, and remounting it from Cabruta toward Uruana, between the 7° and 8° of latitude. But beyond the mouth of the Rio Arauca, after passing the strait of Baraguan, the scene changes all at once. From this point onward, there is no more peace for the traveller. If he have any poetical recollections of Dante, he will think that he is entering the *città dolente;* and that he reads upon the rocks of granite of Baraguan these memorable lines of the third canto of the Inferno,

> Noi sem venuti al luogo, ov' i' t' ho detto
> Che tu vedrai le gente dolorose.

The lower strata of the air to the height of fifteen or twenty feet are filled with venomous insects as with a condensed vapor. If one places himself in any dark spot, as the grottos found in the cataracts by overhanging blocks of granite, and directs his eyes towards the opening illuminated by the sun, he sees clouds of *mosquitos*, more or less thick, according as these little animals cluster together or disperse, in their slow and measured movements. At the mission of San Borja, the mosquitos are more oppressive than at Carichana, but in the *Rapids*, the Aturès, and above all, at Maypurès, the annoyance attains its *maximum*. I doubt whether there is a region on earth, where man is exposed to more cruel torments in the rainy season. On passing the fifth degree of latitude, one is a little less stung; but in the High-Orinoco, the stings are more piercing, because the heat and the absolute stillness of the air render it more burning and irritating in its contact with the skin. 'How happy the inhabitants of the moon must be,' said a Saliva Indian to father Gumilla, 'it is so beautiful and light, it must be clear of mosquitos.' These words, expressive of the infancy of a people, are quite remarkable. In every quarter, the moon is for the American savage, the abode of the happy, the region of plenty. The Esquimau who places his riches in a plank, a trunk of a tree thrown by the currents on a coast devoid of vegetation, sees in the moon plains covered with forests. The Indian of the forests of the Orinoco sees there open savannas, whose inhabitants are never stung by mosquitos. Farther toward the south, where the waters of the rivers begin to assume a tinge of yellowish brown, which bear in general the name of *aguas negras* or *black waters*, on the banks of the Atabapo, of the Temi, of the Tuamini, and the Rio Negro, we enjoyed a repose, I had almost said, a happiness unlooked for. These rivers, like the Orinoco, traverse immense forests; but the *tipulary* insects, as well as the crocodiles, avoid the *black waters*. Are these waters, a little cooler and chemically differing from the white, ungrateful

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to the larvæ and nymphæ of the *tipulæ* of the gnats, which may be considered as real aquatic animals? Some small rivers, whose water is either deep blue, or yellowish brown; the Toparo, the Mataveni, and the Zama, are exceptions to the general rule of the absence of mosquitos from the dark waters. These three rivers swarm with them, and the Indians themselves called our attention to the problematical causes of the phenomenon. In descending the Rio Negro we breathed freely at Maroa, at Davipe, and at San Carlos, villages situated on the frontiers of Brazil. But this relief was short, our sufferings recommenced in entering the Cassiquiaire. At Esmeralda, at the eastern extremity of the high Orinoco, where the *terra cognita* of the Spaniards ends, the clouds of mosquitos are scarcely less dense than at the great cataracts. At Mondava we found an old missionary, who said to us with a sad air, that "he had passed his twenty years of mosquitos in America." He would have us look at his legs, that we might one day be able to tell "*por Allà* (beyond the sea) what the poor monks suffer, in the forests of the Cassiquiaire." As every sting leaves a little blackish brown spot, his legs were speckled to such a degree that it was hardly possible to recognise any white skin, through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the genus Simulium abound in the Cassiquiaire, which has *white waters*, the Culex or the *Zancudos*, on the other hand, are proportionably rare. You scarce meet any of them, while in the rivers with black waters, in the Atabapo and Rio Negro, there are generally *zancudos* and no mosquitos. It has been already observed that in the little revolutions, which agitate from time to time the order of the observance of St Francis, when the father guardian wishes to inflict a punishment on a lay brother, he sends him to Esmeralda: a banishment, as the monks say, "where one is condemned to the mosquitos." Such is the geographical distribution of the venomous insects. What seemed very remarkable to us, but is confirmed by all the missionaries is, that the different species do not associate, and that at different hours of the day one is stung by different species. Every time that the scene changes, and according to the familiar phrase of the missionaries, other insects "mount guard," you have a few moments, sometimes a quarter of an hour, of rest. From half past six in the morning till five in the afternoon, the air is filled with mosquitos, who are not as is stated by some travellers* of the form of our gnats, *(culex pipiens)* but of that of a small fly. These are the simulia of the family of Nemocères in the system of M. Latreille. Their sting is painful like that of the *conops calcitrans*. It leaves a little reddish brown spot, formed of blood extravasated and coagulated, where the

* Kalm, Reise in Nord America, ii. 268.

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trunk has pierced the skin. An hour before sunsetting the mosquitos are succeeded by a species of little gnats, called *temperanos*, because they also appear at sunrise. They remain scarcely an hour and a half. They vanish between six and seven in the evening, or, in the missionary phrase, after the *angelus* (*evening prayer.*) After a few minutes of rest, you begin to be stung by the *zancudo*, another species of *culex*, with very long legs. The zancudo, whose trunk contains a piercing sucker, causes the keenest pain and swellings which last several weeks. Its noise is like that of the gnats of Europe, but stronger and more prolonged.

'I have been informed that from time to time these insects migrate, like the apes (*singes Alouattes*) that live in a gregareous manner. Species, whose sting has never before been felt, appear at certain places in the commencement of the rainy season. We were told on the Rio de la Magdelena, that at Simitì no other *culex* was formerly known than the *jejen*. The nights were tranquil in that quarter, for the *jejen* is not a nocturnal insect. Since the year 1801, the great blue winged gnat (*culex cyanopterus*) has appeared in such abundance that the poor inhabitants of Simitì know not how to procure a comfortable night's sleep. In the swampy canals of the isle of Barû, near Carthagena, there is a little white fly called *cafafi*. It is scarcely visible to the naked eye, and causes highly painful swellings. It is necessary to wet the cotton mosquito nets, that the *cafafi* may not penetrate between the threads. This insect, happily rare, ascends in the month of January, by the canal or dike of Mahates, to Morales.'

After several other facts and observations, M. de Humboldt closes his chapter with these remarks:

'I have thus collected, at the close of this chapter, all that we have observed in the course of our travels, with respect to *phenomena* singularly neglected by naturalists hitherto, although they exercise a great influence on the wellbeing of the inhabitants, the salubrity of the climate, and the establishment of new colonies along the rivers of equinoctial America. I should not have allowed myself to treat the subject, with a detail which might seem trifling, if it did not connect itself with more extensive physiological views. As our imagination is not powerfully arrested but by that, which is physically grand, it belongs to the philosophy of nature, to study what is small. We have seen that winged insects, concealing in their trunks a liquor, which irritates the skin, render vast regions almost uninhabitable. Other insects equally small, the *termites*, create important obstacles to civilization, in many warm and temperate portions of the equinoctial zone.

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They devour paper, pasteboard, and parchment with frightful rapidity. They destroy archives and libraries. Whole provinces of Spanish America do not contain a document, which has been written more than a hundred years. What development can the civilization of a people hope, where nothing unites the present to the past, where it is necessary many times to renew the deposits of human knowledge. Where the monuments of genius and reason cannot be transmitted to posterity! But in proportion as you ascend upon the table-land of the Andes, these evils disappear. Man there breathes an air more fresh and pure. Insects do not trouble the occupations of the day, nor the slumbers of the night. Documents may be collected into archives without fear of the voracity of the termes. The *moustiques* are no longer to be feared at a height of 200 toises. The termites, still quite frequent at 300 toises of elevation, become very rare at Mexico, at Santa Fè de Bogota, and at Quito. In these great capitals, situated on the ridge of the Cordilleras, there are already libraries and archives, which the inhabitants display an enlightened zeal in augmenting from day to day. These circumstances, which I do but indicate here, unite with others, which assure to the alpine region a moral preponderance over the lower region of the torrid zone. If we admit, in accordance with the ancient traditions preserved in both hemispheres, that at the period of the catastrophes which have preceded the renewal of our race, man has descended from the mountains to the plains, we may admit, with more assurance still, that these mountains, the cradle of so many different nations, will remain for ever, in the torrid zone, the centre of civilization. It is from their fertile and temperate table-lands, from these islets scattered in the aerial ocean, that the lights and benefits of social institutions will spread over those vast forests, which extend to the foot of the Andes, and which are inhabited, in our days, by tribes, whom the riches of nature herself have maintained in indolence.'

ART. II.—*A Report to the Secretary of War of the U. S. on Indian Affairs, comprising a narrative of a Tour performed, in the Summer of* 1820, *under a Commission from the President of the U. S., for the purpose of ascertaining, for the use of the government, the actual State of the Indian tribes, in our Country: By Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D. D.* Newhaven, 1822, 8vo.

THE subject of this work appears to be one of rapidly increasing interest, in this country. The extension of our states

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and territories westward is daily giving greater political consequence to questions, relative to the condition of the yet existing nations of aboriginal inhabitants. Philologians, both abroad and at home, have of late years pursued with zeal the comparison of the native dialects of this continent. The well conducted expeditions, which our government has fitted out, and the enterprizing tours of individuals have brought to notice tribes and nations before unknown; and lastly the establishments of the various missionary societies, and the success which has attended the great efforts now making for the civilization of the Indians, have turned the eyes of a great part of the community to their condition and prospects. It was in connexion with some of these societies, that the tour of Dr Morse, of which the narrative is given in this volume, had its origin. Being in the service of the Society in Scotland, for propagating Christian knowledge, and the Northern Missionary Society of the state of New York, Dr Morse was led to make an offer of his services to the government of the United States, which was accepted. In pursuit of his object the Dr undertook a tour to Green bay, in the summer of 1820; and those who recollect--as so many among us may--the idea which prevailed, not a generation since, of the effort required for a visit to Niagara, will be struck with the improvements introduced in the means of conveyance, in this quarter. Dr Morse started from Newhaven for Green bay, on the western side of lake Michigan, May 10th, and returned to that city, Aug 30th of the same summer, not having passed more than two thirds of the time on the road. The next summer Dr Morse also made a visit to York, in upper Canada, for the sake of an interview with Sir Peregrine Maitland, the governor of that province, on the subject of his mission. The volume before us consists of a narrative of these two excursions and a large appendix, containing documents of various kinds and various degrees of interest. As the personal observations of Dr Morse were almost wholly limited to those, which he had an opportunity of making on his hasty visit to Green bay; the greater part of his materials rest of course on the authority of the gentlemen, who furnish them. A considerable part of these is already before the public, particularly most of the accounts of the missionary establishments among the Cherokees and Choctaws, and the accounts of the Indians in our high

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latitudes, by Mr Harmon; from whose journal Dr Morse has made an extract of some length. Indeed the only exception we have to take to this volume, which we have read with great interest—and this is, perhaps, the highest compliment in our power to pay to a closely printed volume of five hundred pages—is, that more choice was not used in selecting the materials, and more care bestowed in arranging them. Had 'the whole been digested into one body,' according to the judicious suggestion of Mr Calhoun, and the mass of materials, contained in the appendix, been woven into one continuous discourse or treatise, of about a third of the size of the present volume, it would have been likely to enjoy an extensive circulation. As it is, the size of the work and the manner in which it is put together, will confine it principally to those, who are willing to take some pains to master the contents of a volume. We must be permitted also to object to the practice of splitting up documents into paragraphs, with running titles in italics, to tell their contents. This is proper in a scientific treatise, written in paragraphs, and it is very well in a newspaper designed for popular circulation; but certainly the present work is not intended for a class of readers, who cannot tell the subject of a document, till it has been thus dissected and labelled.

The condition of the native inhabitants of this continent, especially of those parts of it included within our own settlements or on whom the wave of population is daily encroaching, is a very interesting, a very curious, and a somewhat difficult subject. It is common to speak of them as a much oppressed and wronged race, to deplore their extinction, and to form projects for their preservation and civilization. Many questions, however, seem to be confounded together in this subject, and it will aid us materially, in coming to a right conclusion, to separate them.

Are they then a much injured and oppressed race, or rather is their gradual extinction and disappearance a great and crying injustice? No one, directly challenged on this point, perhaps, will answer in the affirmative. It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that barbarous tribes have but a partial and imperfect right in the soil; that they cannot allege a prior occupancy of the forests and plains, which they do not in any civilized sense

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occupy.* If this be so, a civilized company of emigrants have a right to land and settle on a savage coast. They certainly have a right so to do, if, as in most cases in our country, a regular agreement and treaty be had with the natives, by which they transfer their right, perfect or imperfect, to the new comers. Thus far then all will agree, and will allow that the pilgrims of New England and the quakers of Pennsylvania were lawfully and rightfully settled. But here begins the difficulty. The settlers possessing the arts of civilized life, enjoying the blessings of government, and backed by powerful countries beyond the sea, are likely to advance in population, much more rapidly than any equal portion of the natives. Forests will soon disappear and be replaced by cornfields. This feeds the white people, but it starves the red people; and yet what hardy moralist will say, that the settlers shall not cut down the trees, because it will destroy the covert of the deer? Thus we see, the very first step to feed and support the new comers aims at the extinction of the savages. To cut down forests is to apply, in the modern phraseology, the most effectual check to their increase. This is only the first step. The settler brings with him the art of extracting a strong liquor out of potatoes and rye, which taken in small quantities and with great discretion is a cordial; but, in large quantities and without discretion, a poison. The savage has an ungoverned appetite for this liquor; and though it be always made penal to furnish him with it, it is impossible, in the nature of things, to enforce the restriction, and it is put within his reach. This not only produces the fatal consequences peculiar to itself, but, by the contagious nature of all vice, it leads to other vices, to quarrels, to violence, to murders; and thus to wars of retaliation, punishment, and self-defence. Cannon, and musketry, and ammunition now come in aid of the silent operation of other causes; and the savage foes are rapidly cut off. Collaterally with this, they take our diseases, and small pox, with aggravated ravages, hastens their extinction. This has been the immediate agent of breaking up and destroying several mighty tribes, and the volume before us furnishes proof that it is still at work. By the operation of these causes, the Indian population is thinned, crowded together, driven off: a melancholy spectacle to the survivors, and brought about, as

* See the authorities cited by Dr Morse, p. 279.

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we have stated, partly by the vices of the settlers; but yet not by any of that tyranny and oppression commonly urged. In a high moral sense, we certainly would allow, that to distil whiskey, knowing that the Indians would get it and be ruined by it, is criminal; but this cannot be said of giving them the small pox, which has the opposite quality of mercy, and '*curses* him who gives and him who takes;' nor can it be said of the disastrous result of Indian wars, growing out of the savage manners of the natives, and a just self-defence against them. We hope we shall not be understood to palliate any act of injustice and cruelty, of which doubtless many have been committed against the Indians. But it must be remembered, that many also have been committed by them, against the whites, and we are strongly inclined to think that this private score of oppression, cruelty, and guilt is nearly balanced. We maintain only, that the extinction of the Indians has taken place by the unavoidable operation of natural causes, and as the natural consequence of the vicinity of white settlements. Wherever, by the interference of the state, they have been preserved, it has been by a greater violation of their *supposed* rights, than that which has led to their extinction. Are they 'lords of the soil?" they may then sell it to whom they please; and that will be the first trader well furnished with whiskey. Are they not lords, and do they even require reservations made inalienable by government, to prevent their total extinction? then they have not been driven from their own property. It appears to us therefore that the whole theory of injury and oppression—resting on the rapid and total extinction of so many nations and the impending disappearance of all—is unsound on any principle, which would not wholly deny the right of settling, on any terms, upon a barbarous coast. We have hitherto left out of view one consideration, which destroys even the shadow of plausibility in the argument which we combat. It is this, that most of the aboriginals—as we call them—certainly, all probably, hunted and fished in the streams and forests of this country, merely, by the right of the strongest. The traditions of their wars among themselves, of their conquests, and defeats were very distinct, at the time of the discovery of America. The Peruvians, Mexicans, and Lenni-Lenape were none of them *aboriginals*, in the literal sense of the term. Some of them, at a very late period, and all at *no*

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very remote period, had driven out some still 'more oppressed and injured race.' The Spaniards would never have reached Mexico, but for the alliance of the Tlascalans, with which nation the Mexicans would not make peace, because the supply of prisoners of war for human sacrifices would fail. The Eries, who gave their name to the lake, were exterminated by the Iroquois. And at the present day, Cherokees and Osages, Sioux and Chippeways are much more dangerous foes to each other than whites to either. Without regarding therefore their barbarous modes of warfare, or their treatment of prisoners, it is quite plain that they have no just cause of murmuring, at the progress of the whites, who had they, from their first landing, used no other means of extending themselves and extinguishing the Indian claims than the sword, would have stood on as good a right, as the Indians themselves.

But if not an injured and oppressed race, still is not their extinction and disappearance from the face of the earth a great calamity, a subject of melancholy reflection? Dr Morse, at the close of his report, thus expresses himself: 'In these circumstances, they become insulated, among those who despise them as an inferior race, fit companions of those only, who have the capacity and disposition to corrupt them. In this degraded, most disconsolate and heart breaking situation, in which man can be placed, they are left miserably to waste away for a few generations, and then to become extinct for ever! This is no fancied picture. In a few years it will be sad reality, unless we change our policy toward them; unless effectual measures be taken to bring them over this awful gulf, to the solid and safe ground of civilization. How many tribes, once numerous and respectable, have in succession perished, in the manner described, from the fair and productive territories, now possessed by and giving support to TEN MILLIONS.' In confirmation of these feelings of his own, the Doctor quotes the following impassioned passage from a sermon of the Rev. Mr Clarke, of Amherst (Mass.) 'I hear too the voice of the savage sounding from the bosom of the trackless forest. And there is in that cry a wild and native eloquence. "You have stripped us of our hunting ground, all in life that we held dear; you have corrupted our morals; our tribes, already incalculably diminished, have nothing before them but the dreary idea of being swallowed up, unless it be the more fearful apprehen-

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sion of perishing for ever in our sins. Once we were the heirs of your soil; we now only ask to die the heirs of that salvation which is revealed to you in your bibles." A cry like this has been uttered and is heard. Already the heralds of salvation have gone to look up the remnants of their depopulated tribes and point them to a Savior. Their sun is setting in the west, and we should give evidence that we had their unpitying nature as well as their soil, were we willing to see it go down in total darkness. If the few that remain may live forever, it alleviates the retrospect of their wrongs, and creates one luminous spot in the Egyptian cloud, that hangs over the place of their fathers' sepulchres. I would give any price for their forgiveness and blessing; and it cheers my heart, that my country is beginning to pay the long arrears, that are due to that injured people.'

We shall presently have an opportunity of saying that we wish success as heartily as any one can, to the efforts making, particularly among the Cherokees and Choctaws, for the instruction and civilization of the Indians. We have made these quotations for the sake of offering a remark on the supposed melancholy fact of the disappearance and extinction of the natives of this country. We are much mistaken, if it be not one of those confusions of ideas, which result from rhetoric turned into logic. Has any thing happened to the native inhabitants of this country, which has not happened at the same time to the whites, which has not always happened in all ages and to all the tribes of men? The natives driven from the soil, destroyed, extinguished! What then, would they not have died; is it the Europeans, that have made them mortal and their generations transitory? To hear the language sometimes used, in this connexion, one would suppose it to be thought, that but for the arrival of the Europeans, the aborigines would have been immortal on earth; that it was the discovery of Columbus, that

Brought death into the land and all their woe.

If this is *not* the melancholy event, that is deplored, if it is granted that the Indians would have died in the course of nature, then nothing is left to lament but that, in proportion as the Indian generations passed off, civilized generations have come on. And is it a real subject of complaint that hunting grounds are turned into cornfields, that their vast forests which

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yielded a precarious subsistence to wandering savages, are the seats of prosperous and civilized villages? Had not the Europeans come, the Indians would have died in the course of nature as before, and been succeeded by other generations of Indians, to lead a barbarous and wretched life, and die like their fathers. The Europeans came; and—by causes as simple and natural, as they are innocent—the barbarous population, as it has passed off, has been replaced by one much better, much happier. Does any one doubt that man, the human mind, the human soul, stands higher in a civilized, than in a barbarous country? And is it a cause of melancholy, that these dreary wildernesses, as our fathers found them, have been turned into the happy abodes of civilized christian men? But 'the Indians are disappearing, wasting away!'—So are we; we are no more permanent than they, we are all disappearing, and wasting. But while we do abide, it is better that we be civilized than savage; and it is no just cause of melancholy reflection, that so much barbarity, heathenism, and moral degradation, have been succeeded by so much improvement and civilization.—'How many tribes once numerous and respectable have in succession perished, in the manner described, from the fair and productive territories, now possessed by and supporting *ten millions of people!*' We can scarce persuade ourselves that it is really intended as the climax of a mournful case, that ten millions of civilized men, prosperously cultivating the arts of peaceful life, and governed by its laws and principles, have succeeded to perhaps the twentieth part of that number of wandering, abject barbarians. When we wish for the progress of knowledge, christianity, and happiness, it is not surely red and black men alone, that we wish to have them; and we would ask what plan or device of benevolence acting upon the Indians could, in ages, have brought forth the glorious result of ten millions of a population like ours. Let others then mourn over extinguished Pequods, and lament the vanished tribes of Naticks and Narragansetts;—for ourselves, while we would not insult the inferiority of their savage races, we rejoice in the memory of the pilgrims. Ample experience has shown that the contemporary existence of the Europeans and savages was impossible, and the natives of Pennsylvania, under the mild influence of the principles of Penn, have vanished more rapidly than those of Mexico and Peru, under the merci-

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less oppression of Mitas and Repartimientos. Since then it was not possible that the savage races could be perpetuated and the civilized settlements flourish, we see neither matter of regret nor commiseration in the course which events have taken. Somewhere in the course of the work before us, it is in substance said, that if the governments in New England had taken the proper measures, the Indians would have existed there to the present day. We profess ourselves unable to comprehend the advantage of such a result. It is a very plain alternative of an Indian and a civilized population. For ourselves, we like our neighbors and fellow citizens so well, and have derived from history and observation such ideas of the Indian character, that we are thankful our forefathers took no effectual steps (supposing there were any such) to perpetuate it. At the same time, however, the truth ought to be told. Our fathers really omitted nothing which seemed practicable for promoting the welfare of the Indians. At one period there were thirty Indian churches within a small circuit of Boston,* all built by private or public charity,—some served by pious white men,—some by natives, on whose education no pains had been spared; while an uncommonly vigilant police watched over the rights and property of their race. If this was not all that could be asked of men, who had their own children, their own community, their own interests to work hard for, we are much deceived; and in short we regard the disappearance of the natives in New England as full and final proof, that their preservation, within the limits of a white population, is impracticable.

We beg leave then to repeat, that the commiseration, of which we have been speaking, seems founded on a figure of speech, badly applied to real life. Men have talked of the melancholy vanishing of the native tribes, as if but for the Europeans, the successive tribes would not have vanished; and forgetting that the hunting ground of fifty savage families would feed and does feed a large city of civilized christians. Had the Indians been murdered to make way for these strangers, it would have been a deed of undying infamy; and such deeds, we know, were done in many parts of the continent of America. But among the alleviations, which providence has connected with our mortal nature, is this, that it provides a way for happy improve-

* Neal's history of New England.

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ments, without cruel substitutions. It is not necessary to kill a bad man unless the case be extreme ;—he will die. It is not necessary to exterminate a savage tribe ;—place the germ of civilization in their soil—and such is its living principle, such the *vis conservatrix* of the arts of civilized life, that it will strike root, shoot up, and spread. Place a settlement of civilized men on a barbarous shore, and extend to them reasonable political muniments, and they will be sure, in the course of ages, to supersede the barbarous population, and by necessity ;—for if barbarity were more enduring, more permanent, more conducive to the increase and stability of population, more congenial to the human nature, as it would in this case be proved to be, then it would be better than civilization.

One more remark and we close this portion of our reflections. The inconsiderateness of the commiseration of the supposed disastrous lot of the natives is in nothing more apparent, than in the suggestions made for the benefit of the savage tribes, which still subsist. We lament that they have vanished : we would take measures to preserve the present stock. But what is it we would preserve ? Their languages ? that first great bond and symbol of national identity, curious as many of their languages are in their structure, and perhaps the only historical monument of their ancient emigrations, affinities, and fortunes ? Would we preserve these ? O no. It is recommended at once, to hasten these into oblivion. Dr Morse, in his appendix, expressly says, 'as fast as possible, let Indians forget their own languages, in which nothing is written, and nothing of course can be preserved, and learn ours, which will at once open to them the whole field of useful knowledge.' Is it their mode of life, tenure of property in common, their manners,—that which makes them in all externals to be what they are :—is it these, which we deplore as lost, and would fix and perpetuate where they still exist ? No. The whole drift of Dr Morse's speculations on the subject is to gather the Indians all into convenient settlements, wean them from the chace, teach them individually to hold a farm in fee, and plough and dig it. Is it their national faith, the religion of their fathers, their traditions, that we would cherish and perpetuate among them ? Far from it. Their religious conceptions are notoriously of the grossest and most degrading kind, their traditions mere bloody recollections of prisoners scalped and tomahawked.

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Is there any thing left then that we wish in fact to preserve? Nothing, in the last analysis, but the copper color; and why a civilized, christianized person, speaking our language, subsisting by regular labor, is any the better for being copper colored, we cannot see. But some will not leave them even this. Dr Morse quotes a respectable Frenchman, who strongly recommends intermarriages, and is evidently not unfriendly himself to the suggestion; and the advantages are that it will ameliorate the manners of the natives, and *the offspring be nearly white.* All this may be well, but what becomes meantime of the Indians. The very efficacy of this course is to hasten their disappearance. This the shrewder natives themselves understand. They know that their identity consists in their manners, languages, mode of life, and religion. They know that to change these, to make them speak English, live on farms, and practise the civilized arts would be most directly to annihilate them as Indians! If this is the tendency of their civilization, and if, on a large scale of benevolence, we wish the promotion and extension, not of Indian virtue, Indian piety, and Indian knowledge, but generally of virtue, piety, and knowledge, what is the best course to be pursued in our land? If, when the pilgrims were about embarking for New England, the English government had wished to do a grand work of benevolence—to spread knowledge, virtue, and piety throughout the then savage continent of North America; whether would it have been the more prudent and promising course, to secure the Indians on the soil by inalienable reservations, and then penetrate their land with missions; or do what was actually done—prohibit all violence and cruelty, and leave civilization and christianity to spread and be propagated by the multiplication of civilized and christian men.

Let no one do us the injustice to think, that in these remarks we disparage the exertions making so successfully to establish *colonies of civilization*, in the western wilderness. The establishments at Brainerd and Eliot, and in the Arkansas territory are admirable in their plan, and must be the means of incalculable good. After what we have said, it is superfluous to add, that we do not look to these schools and establishments as likely to effect what would be in fact a contradiction in terms, the establishment of communities of men in their physical descent Indians, but possessed of our arts and refinements and

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language. Could this be done, it would be entailing the disadvantage of a physical inferiority, a degraded color, on men otherwise equal to their white neighbors. But these establishments will perform far more practicable and benevolent services. In the change of races, in the process now going on upon the frontiers, of substituting the white for the native population, much suffering, vice, and misery are undoubtedly produced. The lawless character of the pioneers of civilization, the base self-interest of the private traders and hunters, to stimulate the passion of the Indians for intoxicating liquors, the languishing existence of the tribes, who have lost the scanty and imperfect virtues of barbarity, and acquired only the vices of civilization, must cause, on the frontiers, and among the Indians near them, much misery in the power of these establishments to relieve. The rescue and education particularly of the children of these unhappy tribes is certainly an eminent work of charity, and as it is not to be expected that those, who have been trained to all the arts of civilized life, will return to the forests for husbands and wives, intermarriages between the educated natives and whites will take place, and thus the absorption of the former in the mass of the latter be hastened.

We should regard the erection of the institutions in question as highly propitious, were it only as calculated, by degrees, to furnish the government with persons well prepared to discharge, conscientiously and faithfully, toward the natives the duties of agents, overseers, interpreters, and whatever other function is required. We have no doubt every thing has been done that the government could do, to protect the interest of the Indians; but in general civil governments can command only money and force. But gold and the sword, though efficacious agents, often leave much to desiderate, in the manner of operation. The instrumentality of the members of these establishments, whose sole object is to protect, benefit, and serve the natives—factors of benevolence, who come not to cheapen beaver and buffaloe, but to teach the ignorant and serve the friendless—soldiers of the cross, bound on no expedition of violence—must be most benign. Hitherto in the nature of things, the Indian has hardly known the white man, but in a form scarcely improved above his own, that of a skilful, thrifty savage. The twilight of civilization between them and us has been at least

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as near to darkness as to light; and much of the good, it might have been in their power to receive from us, has been obstructed by the prejudices they have imbibed against us, from the sorry samples of white men which they witness. The missionary colonies will present them the character of their powerful white neighbors, under a new and genial aspect. The establishments already founded, and others in contemplation, will form the nucleus of settlements of a kind scarce ever witnessed in the world, surely not on our western frontier. If the secular spirit can be kept out, with the increase of these establishments, and they continue to apply their resources as they multiply, with the zeal, disinterestedness, and singleness of view, which are too apt to be confined to infant establishments, they will prove blessings to the western country. The first furrows turned up in that wilderness of humanity will be planted with good seed; and we shall see the fruits of it in a milder and softer character in the population of the new states, which spring up in the valley of the Missouri and of the Mississippi.

There is another feature in the missionary establishments of the present day, which distinguishes them most advantageously from many of the older missions. We mean the union of the arts of civilized life with moral and religious instruction. Dr Morse proposes to call 'education families' what have hitherto been called 'mission families.' But if *mission* has gotten to be too exclusively a theological term, *education* is too nice and polite a term; and if a change is to be made—of which we see no need—*civilization* appears to us the most expressive. This includes all the stages of the process, from instruction in the first arts of life, to communicating the last religious truths. Our missionaries have abandoned, if they ever pursued, the inverted course of former times, by which purely doctrinal instruction was addressed to a rude savage, wholly ignorant of the meaning of the abstract ideas which it involved, and unprepared for the views which it opened. All the establishments are now provided with persons capable of performing the duties of farmers and mechanics, as well as with instructers and pastors. We beg leave respectfully to suggest, that this principle might be acted on much farther. We observe that the first step taken at the missionary establishments in the way of promoting the objects of the mission, is to build a school-house, send for the children, and begin to

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teach them to read and write English. The idea of such a course of proceeding is borrowed from home. But the least advantageous way of teaching a child a language is to put him down to a book; and considering the manners and habits of our Indians, their inaptitude to book-learning must be peculiarly great. So too, we should judge, would be confinement within four walls and the restraint of a Lancaster school. M. Von Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, teaches his poor children in the fields, in the woods, in the workshops, at meals; and so, in the last address of Dr Worcester to the Choctaw mission, it is exhorted to do. The school room is but one among many places of instruction. The principle of imitation, the power of the natural speaking voice, the delight of personal agency, and that intenseness and heartiness, with which the youthful hands take hold of the implement, which it is made a mark of confidence to be allowed to handle, unite to give efficacy to this out-door method; and establish its preference for such subjects as these, over the dull and constrained discipline of a school. We hasten, however, to drop this topic, feeling somewhat ashamed to surprize ourselves here, from our snug closet, dictating to men, who have subjected themselves to voluntary banishment from the world, and gone among the savages, which we only write about.

We cannot forbear, in closing, to say a word of the foreign mission school at Cornwall, in Connecticut, an institution, in our judgment, admirably devised, and capable of becoming highly useful. Its object is:—'The education in our country of heathen youths, in such manner, as with subsequent professional instruction, will qualify them to become useful missionaries, physicians, surgeons, schoolmasters, or interpreters; and to communicate to the heathen nations such knowledge in agriculture and the arts, as may prove the means of promoting christianity and civilization.' A detailed account of this school is given p. 264 of this work: and it appears to be highly deserving of the liberal patronage, which the government of the United States has extended to it. The opinion is expressed by Mr Daggett, the principal of the school,* that the climate of New England is too unfriendly to the constitution of the islanders of the South Sea, to encourage the prospect that the school can be extensively resorted to, by them:—and that it

* See his letter, Appendix, p. 273.

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is, in consequence, likely to be principally useful to the aborigines of this country. Considering how wide a field is open in our vast western country, and how immediate is the utility of what is there done, perhaps it would not be matter of regret should this be considered the main—not to say exclusive—object of the institution. We feel no hesitation in the opinion, that the Sandwich islands are a less prominent object of this species of charity, than the savage parts of our own continent.

Several very interesting specimens of the composition of natives, who have been educated either at Cornwall or at the missions of the south, have been inserted by Dr Morse in his appendix. Those written at Cornwall are said to be given, with a very few corrections and additions by the Rev. principal. We mean not to express the least doubt of their substantial authenticity; but would observe, that all such corrections and additions detract essentially from the interest, which is taken in the performances. They are made, we presume, with an idea that the pieces are somehow better for having them. We regard such pieces as injured in just proportion as they are altered from the orthography, grammar, and composition of the authors.

Since committing to writing the foregoing remarks, we are sorry to perceive, by the newspapers, that the flourishing establishment supported by the United Foreign Mission Society of New York, at Harmony, among the Osages, has been interrupted and threatened at least with the suspension of its operations. In the treaty of Fort Clark, concluded with the Osages, November 10, 1818, by which the Indian title was extinguished to a tract of land estimated at more than fifty millions of acres, it was stipulated that the United States should support a trading house, in the neighborhood of the Osages, *in perpetuity*. In pursuance of this stipulation, a trading house had been erected on the Marias de Cein, and near it was the flourishing missionary establishment in question. An article in a Washington paper informs us, that the Osage Indians have consented to relinquish this stipulated trading house, in consideration of a quantity of merchandise. The result has been a determination on their part to destroy their village, and 'thus bury all traces of it, *and of other things*.' 'This is a blow,' continues the article we quote, 'at the missionary establishment, which has just been organized on the

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Cein, and near the factory, the effects of which were soon visible. About fifteen children, boys and girls, had entered this asylum of benevolence, and were making very rapid improvement in learning and promised in every respect to do well.—"This prospect," says our correspondent, (who happens not to be a missionary,) "is nearly blasted for the present. Within the last four days they have lost the greater part of their children; the parents going off, were unwilling to leave them at so great a distance from them, and for this reason have taken them away." There remained at the date of our correspondent's letter (26th of Aug.) four boys and three girls, but it was expected these, too, would soon be called to follow in the track of their wandering parents.'

ART. III.—*Essays on various subjects of Taste, Morals, and National Policy. By a citizen of Virginia.* Georgetown, 1822. 8vo.

THE greater part of these Essays were originally written for the Port Folio, and are now, with the exception of three or four, republished from that journal. Without intending to depart from our practice of not entering into an examination of the contents of contemporary journals, we feel unwilling to pass in silence a sightly volume, filled with matter highly entitled to respectable notice, and coming from a portion of our country, where we are not often invited to a purely literary banquet. The state of Virginia, in many respects one of the most remarkable members of the national confederacy, furnishes a striking example of the truth of a maxim, as applied to the different parts of our own country, which is often made, with respect to America at large, when compared with Europe, in the article of literary cultivation. For various reasons, which are now well understood, some of which we have on former occasions submitted to the consideration of our readers, the reading and reflecting portion, in America, outweighs the writing and book-making. Mind is active, curiosity alive, and the demand for a considerable degree of intellectual power and cultivation, great in America; but paper is dear, the capitals invested in the manufacture and

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sale of books small; that precise sort of patronage demanded for authorship not abundant; our large cities too numerous and distant; and for these reasons the writing and printing of books do not keep full pace with the progress of reading and thinking. They would advance unquestionably much faster, did not the regular production of good books in England put it into the power of the trade here, by cheap reprints, to supply the appetite for reading so abundantly, that the community is not forced to provide the means of greater encouragement at home. On the other hand, the density of the British population, the facilities for inland trade, the patronage of the government, of the universities, and of other public establishments, which by procuring the publication of *many works of immense expense greatly increase the book*-selling capital, with other causes which we need not enumerate, have pushed the book-making business to the other extreme; and it affords as much too exaggerated an index of the state of intellectual cultivation in England, as it does in this country, the reverse. True scholarship here appears but rarely before the public, in the form of a book. In England, every gentleman who has travelled can publish his journal; every curate and fellow of an university can cause the text of an oration of Demosthenes, or a play of Euripides to be printed, and if he has taught them to a few private students, can subjoin the notes, quas partim huc undique collegit partim scripsit; every professor in an university can mould his lectures into a treatise; and every man of leisure write something or other, and send it to the press: and it must be a poor book indeed, if hot-pressed paper, and perhaps engravings and maps, backed with the circulative power of the wealthy booksellers, cannot get enough copies sold to pay the printing. Now something of this comparative process obtains, in the different sections of this country. The portion of it to the north of the Potomac bears much the same relation, in this respect, to the southern portion, which England does to America. The four large towns, (much less efficient indeed than one great capital), the greater density of population, and various causes, which lie deep in the national character of the respective sections of the country, have produced a much greater external literary activity to the north than the south of the Potomac. Almost all the books printed in America are

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printed in the former portion of the country, and by natural consequence a considerable part of those written are here produced. Still we are far from inferring from these facts, a proportionable literary inferiority on the part of the southern states. We presume most of the good books printed either in England or America find their way to the most solitary plantation of the Blue ridge. We have even been inclined to think that the planter's life, crowding his occupation into one part of the year, and leaving him the rest to an honorable leisure, would be more favorable to habits of reading and study, than the more uniformly laborious and professional life of our northern citizens.

The volume before us is no ordinary specimen of the literature of Virginia, and a good sample, we should think, of the studies and meditations of her well educated citizens. It contains a series of essays, on the following subjects; the future destiny of the United States, on simplicity in ornament, on American literature, on density of population, on classical education, on architecture, on national debts, on style, on beauty, on banks of circulation, on rhyme, on duelling, on instructions to representatives, on scientific pursuits, on the theory of Malthus. The miscellaneous nature of these topics naturally leads us to expect upon them all, rather the views of a general inquirer, than the fruit of profound speculation on a few favorite or professional subjects. The characteristics of the essays throughout are good sense, clear perception, absence of all dogmatism, and freedom from passion and a polemical spirit. There is no effort to astonish with brilliant paradoxes or overwhelm with arrogant declamation; and though many of the subjects of the essays have elsewhere led to angry controversies, our author has treated them throughout with the urbanity of a gentleman. This feature of his manner is distinctly visible in the following passage in the preface.

'As the author's objects were to investigate truth where it was intricate and perplexed, and to speak fearlessly and impartially what he had deliberately investigated, he has not allowed his respect for names to give a sanction to error, whenever he thought he could detect it. He has yielded to no opinion because it was fashionable, and has flattered no prejudice, either popular or local. Thus in his argument in vindication of the practice of duelling, or on the binding force of instructions to

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representatives, public opinion is decidely opposed to him in the northern states, and divided in the others. And some of his doctrines on the subject of banks and national debts are repugnant to sentiments that prevail in every part of the Union, and especially in the southern states. But he trusts that the spirit of free inquiry has not betrayed him into a presumptuous disrespect for the opinions of others, or induced him to condemn on a hasty and superficial examination. He has been led to his conclusions by that process of reasoning which he has herein developed, and he will not be slow to renounce them whenever their fallacy shall be shown.'

The literary execution of these essays corresponds with their more internal character. The style is neither negligent nor painfully elaborate; but evinces at once ease and care. There is no parade of ornament, no affectation of plainness. It discovers a familiarity with polite literature, both modern and ancient, but is not burdened with quotations. Should we name a fault in it, it would be its occasional languor. Many of the subjects present, on every side, views of deep interest to the human heart; but the language is apt to want glow.

It would evidently be impossible and unprofitable to enter into a minute analysis of these Essays, or engage ourselves in the discussion of the several subjects. We will, however, particularize a few, and hazard one or two remarks in connexion with the extracts we make.

The Essay on American literature is, upon the whole, conspicuous for the soundness of its views. It should be read indeed with the allowance, that it was written some eight or ten years since, and the intellectual as well as physical condition of our country is advancing too rapidly, not to change its aspect even in this short interval. It adds to the interest with which we read the remarks of our author, on this subject, that he treats it with particular reference—as indeed he does many others—to the condition of things, in his own state. And though he uses language, with regard to all branches of literature among us, which we think he would not have used, writing now and in one of the eastern capitals, yet we like his instances.

'We have also a native example of the improvement effected by exercise in Marshall's Life of Washington. Perhaps there is no book in which there is a greater difference in the different parts. Whilst the first volumes very generally disappointed ex-

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pectation, the last has never yet received the praise to which it is fairly entitled. Though it is manifestly a defence of that political party to which Mr Marshall belongs, and was probably so intended by him; yet he has called to his aid a great deal of good sense; much ingenious argument, and no ordinary knowledge of human nature. His style too is all the while acquiring elegance, and improving still more in life and spirit. The subject of the first volumes is, without doubt, less fitted to display the higher powers of an author; but where it could not be embellished, it might have been abridged. Livy had no better materials for the first books of his history, and yet how entertaining is every part of his immortal work!

'In considering "the Life of Washington" as a specimen of literary talents in America, a caution must be used, which is also applicable to almost all our native productions; we must regard not so much what the writer is, as what, from the intrinsic evidence of the work itself, it appears he might have been. The fact is, that with the advantage of merely a private, and but an ordinary, education, he had passed the best years of his life, industriously engaged in the duties of a profession, which, however it may have improved his powers of discrimination and logical deduction, had left him little leisure to acquire that various knowledge which are indespensable to the accomplished historian; and that refined polish of style, which the delicacy of modern taste requires in every writer. Those great masters of historical sagacity and chaste elegance, the Greek and Roman historians, were turned over day and night, and studied for twenty years, before Hume, or Robertson, or Gibbon, ventured upon their respective histories; but probably those fine models were not known by our American annalist, except through the medium of translations; and many of them not even in this less perfect and less impressive form. To make the comparison fair, as it regards this subject, we should ask, how they would have written under his disadvantages, or how he would have written had he enjoyed the benefits of their study and education. But the writers themselves have furnished us with some *data* for answering these questions. They have occasionally tried their powers in clearing up some important fact, involved in doubt and obscurity; and have endeavoured, by the mere force of analogical reasoning, to demonstrate the truth of some one of the conflicting opinions. Let any of these attempts be compared with the similar attempts of Mr Marshall, as with his argument in the case of Jonathan Robbins;* and in precision, discrimination, orderly arrangement—in short, in every part of that rare

* Delivered in the House of Representatives in the year 1800.

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faculty of connecting a long series of undisputed propositions, in a chain, by which the mind is unresistingly conducted to the most recondite and seemingly inaccessible truths, he will be found as superior to them, as they are to him in the general character of historians.

'We have also a striking example of what native genius, improved by ardent study, can do, in the instance of the late John Thompson, of Virginia, who, at an age when men are chiefly engaged in acquiring ideas, rather than endeavoring to impart them, attained a pure and copious eloquence of style, and a facility of prose composition, to which no English writer, not even Chatterton, affords a parallel. The "letters of Curtius" have indeed little to recommend them but the beauty of diction; but it is surely no mean praise to do that well, of which all are ambitious, and which no other has ever accomplished, without the advantages of longer study and experience.'

The views taken by our author on the subject of classical education are liberal and sound. Here too we think we may say, however, that either from his remoteness from those points of our country where classical literature is most cultivated or some other cause, he hardly does justice to the point, to which it has already advanced among us. The author says, he 'would have a question concerning the Greek accents discussed with all the laborious research and critical acumen, which could be displayed at Oxford or Cambridge;'* having previously observed, that the scholars of this country are inattentive to the minutiæ of classical literature. We do not suppose that our author meant particularly the Greek accents, beyond any other part of the Greek grammar: as in that case, his example would be remarkably unfortunate, the accents in the Greek being less attended to in England, than in any other country. In the Greek extracts, made into the most respectable works, the accents are generally omitted, and we have before us a learned history of Athens, with a long Greek motto on the title page, where the accents are intended to be written, but in nearly every instance, the grave for the acute; not only at the end of words, but even at the beginning and in the middle, where the former could never be right. But even as to the details of classical criticism in general, we doubt whether Oxford or Cambridge would have produced two essays more learned than Mr Pickering's

* p. 304.

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Memoir upon the pronunciation of Greek, and professor Moore's Remarks upon it; neither of which certainly was offered as any thing more than an occasional performance.

Our author, however, has done good justice to the argument in favor of classical literature, and vindicated its study against some popular objections. Of all these, that, which denounces it as the study not of things but words, is the most superficial objection. There ought to be no bigotry on this subject, and we may grant, that a man may be a proficient in any department of natural science, may even be a model of good writing, like Dr Franklin, may distinguish himself as a statesman, nay, may charm the world with wisdom, poetry, and nature, like Shakspeare; and like him too, in the language of Jonson, have 'small Latin and less Greek:'—but the question is not what can be done in the secret primitive organization of the mind, nor what miracles Providence may work on distinguished intellects. No body thinks to make Shakspeares, Franklins, or Washingtons by a more or less judicious course of education. If any one were so simple, we doubt still whether he would fix on deer-stealing and holding noblemen's carriages at a play house, like Shakspeare; or setting types as a journeyman printer, like Franklin; or surveying with a chain and theodolite, like Washington, as, upon the whole, the best methods, respectively, for training up rivals to those great men. Sir Richard Arkwright was originally a journeyman barber, and followed his trade in a cellar under the name of 'subterraneous shaving.' The greatest proficient in oriental literature, which this country has produced, the late Mr Harris, was an indifferent copper-plate engraver. Such instances are quoted to prove that a classical education is not necessary to great eminence in useful science, or even to profound literature. But we have strong doubts whether there be another barber of the day likely to invent a spinning jenny; or another engraver's apprentice, who will make himself master of the Semitic dialects. The question is, what kind of school education is the best for the mass of young, volatile, bright or stupid, docile or froward spirits, who, on the present plan, are put down at the age of eight to the Latin grammar.

But it is said, still, that the study of the languages is the study not of things but words. This, however, is a most

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narrow discrimination. What becomes of ideas, of thoughts, of feelings, of the art of expression? It may perhaps be assumed, without rashness, that in all free countries, *communication* of mind with mind is the most important object of education of every kind. This communication is effected by written and spoken words, so that this object, so much sneered at, so invidiously contrasted with things, turns out, after all, to be itself the one thing—humanly speaking—needful. It is indeed almost beyond the limits of pardonable paradox to have the name of things conferred on hexaedral crystals and asymptotic lines, that always approach and never touch; while the great vehicle of thought and feeling, the band which unites, and the engine which moves all the social combinations of men, is derided as 'words.'

If any one then will grant that, after all, words are among the most important of things, but will still qualify, and say that classical study deals not with words, as the signs of thought, but in a merely grammatical view, we deny altogether the assertion. The study of classical literature, like poetry, like architecture, like statuary, does indeed require a combination of seemingly opposite things, some very high and some very humble. An accomplished statuary must, on the one hand, be a good stone-cutter, and on the other, must have a soul filled with all grand and sweet images, and be able to embody ideal beauty. The architect must know what pressure can be put on different sorts of timber, and what kind of mortar will bind strongest and shrink least, and must have also courage to plant his moles against the heaving ocean, and to hang his ponderous domes and gigantic arches in the air; while his taste must be able to combine the rough and scattered blocks of the quarry into beautiful and elegant structures. The poet must know, with a schoolmaster's precision, the weight of every syllable and what vowel follows most smoothly on what consonant; at the same time, that he must be inspired with images, with visions, with thoughts, beyond the power of language to do more than shadow forth. This mixture of great and little seems to be the essential condition of our natures, that lay hold, on the one side, of eternal life, and tend, on the other, to dust and ashes. The surgeon must at once have a mind that penetrates the dark recesses of organic life, and be able to hold a lancet in his left hand to cut into the

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eye. The lawyer must be able to reason from the noblest principles of human duty; and must comprehend at a glance the mighty maze of human relations, and must, at the same time, be conversant with a tissue of the most arbitrary fictions and artificial technology that ever disgraced a liberal science. The general must be capable alike of calculating for a twelvemonth in advance the result of a contest, in which all the power, resource, strength, and spirit of two great empires, on land and at sea, enter and struggle; and he must have an eye that can tell how the stone walls and trenched meadows, the barns, and the woods, and cross roads of a neighborhood will favor or resist the motions of a hundred thousand men, scattered over a space of five miles, in the fury of the advance or the agony of flight, covered with smoke, dust, and blood. The merchant must be able to look, at the same moment, at the markets and exchanges of other countries and the other hemisphere, and combine considerations of the political condition, the natural wants, the tastes, and habits of different parts of the world, and he must be very apt at figures, understand book keeping by double entry, and be as willing to look after a quarter chest of tea as a cargo of specie. In like manner, the student of classical literature must be conversant, it is true, with grammar, prosody, and syntax; he must, as has been ingeniously, though invidiously said, be able to 'conjugate, decline, and derive;' but, on the other hand, he deals more directly than any one else with the finest intellectual processes. He marks the effort of the mind to discriminate and express its most delicate perceptions; he traces the secret source of the pathetic, the sublime, the agreeable, to the deliberate or instinctive choice, now of the phrase, which gathers in the widest circle of associated images, and now of the expression, which presents the leading thought, in its most simple form; and his profession is to be the minister of the soul and understand the whole system, by which the unseen spirit converses with kindred beings and future ages. His science is not the invention of the schools, the dream of literary monks. Tenses, and modes, and conjugations were not made within the walls of a library; but by thinking, speaking, and acting men:—by the primitive lawgivers, the pioneers of civilization; by elder bards, poets, and prophets of infant humanity; by the mind of man struggling,

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through its articulate organs, to converse with other minds. The grammarian came, ages after, found the phenomena, and gave them their names; but to suppose the structure of languages to be the grammarian's work would be to suppose that Newton made the stars or Werner the mountains. The student of classical literature, moreover, becomes acquainted with some of the most distinguished recorded efforts of the human understanding; he hears the speeches of Demosthenes, is present in the school of Plato, and listens to Cicero in the temple of Concord, with Julius Cæsar before him, and the senators around. Is it said there are translations of the Greek and of the Latin? Besides that half the worth of the study is that a man exercise himself in being his own translator, let any one sit down and try to make a written translation of one of the more elevated passages of the Greek and Latin authors, such as the description of the death of Socrates by Plato, or the passage beginning, 'it was now evening,' in the oration for the crown, and he will be prepared to say how much of an ancient classic is preserved in a version. In some schools, it is a practice to take an English *poet*, and write him into grammatical *prose*. A passage in the Paradise Lost, treated in this way, will afford an idea of an ancient author in a *faithful* version, as it is called. And as for a liberal version, a free translation, a poetical translation; —it is not too much to say that, beyond the mere thread of the story, Pope has come no nearer the work of Homer, in the translation of the Iliad, than in the Rape of the Lock, or the Epistle to Abelard.

But it was not our intention to enlarge so much on this point. One remark always occurs when vindicating the worth of classical studies, viz: that it is in general denied only by those, who are themselves strangers to these studies. The repetition of this remark, at the present time, calls upon us for an act of justice toward a distinguished individual of our own country, with respect to whom, on a former occasion, we inconsiderately gave currency to an error. In a light article* in our number for April 1821, we quoted, with assent, the suggestion of the writer then under review, 'that the late Dr Rush would not have written against the utility of the learned languages, had he not himself been ignorant of them.'

* Review of Mr Barrett's Grammar.

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Whatever judgment we entertained of the Essay against the utility of these languages, from the pen of this distinguished philosopher, there is no reason for charging him with ignorance of these languages. Few men probably, on the contrary, actively engaged in professional pursuits, have been more familiar with languages, than Dr Rush. Besides being at home in the French, he read Spanish and Italian, with ease; and had made all that acquaintance, with the Latin and Greek, which can be formed by the careful study of them, begun in early life and never remitted. In his youthful days, Dr Rush was under the care of some of the best of the ante-revolutionary teachers, many of whom, in all parts of our country, have left a reputation not yet eclipsed by their successors, notwithstanding the general improvements in school education. At the university of Edinburgh, he still kept up his study of the languages. Dr Ramsay has particularly applauded the latinity of his thesis, with the caution that it was not the work of one of that class of literary artisans, at the capital of Scotia, who still hold out, against the express words of Ecclesiastes, and are far from ceasing because they are few. One of the earliest of Dr Rush's performances was a translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, which no young physician would have undertaken, without a respectable familiarity with Greek. Notwithstanding the theories of his subsequent years, we are well informed that Dr Rush continued to the last, to draw more frequently on the classics, even in conversation, for embellishment or illustration, than is usual among merely professional men, and that he retained his recollection, particularly of the Latin poets, undiminished to the last. We have been at pains to make these statements, as we regard it our first duty to cherish the fame of our distinguished countrymen, and should esteem ourselves signally unfaithful to the public, could we acquiesce, still more could we share, in an injury done to an honorable name.

To return to our author; we have time to notice but one more of his Essays, that on 'duelling;' with regard to which he adopts an opinion, not usual with writers on the subject, and is disposed to think the practice of use to society. After urging, with sufficient ingenuity, the arguments on this side of the question, often heard in conversation, he closes his Essay, with the following remarks:

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'Besides the preceding considerations, which are common to the whole civilized world, there are some which are peculiarly applicable to ourselves, and which will not be disregarded by those who are not content with first appearances, and who are not indifferent to the interests of their country in a distant futurity. Nations, in their progress towards wealth and refinement, are in danger of becoming enervated, and of losing with their ferocity, that courage and energy of character which are essential to their defence. The sense of honor, however, is found to supply their place; and, when aided by discipline, to make every modern civilized nation, however luxurious, an over match for any savage nation, however fierce and brave. Should we not be careful, then, how we weaken that sentiment which contributes so largely towards national security? And this the rather, because, insulated as we are from the rest of the world, we are not likely to be often involved in war, so that the military spirit may go to decay among us, for want of occasions to exercise it; and after a long period of time, having neither foreign wars nor sufficient causes of internal rivalship, to call forth our energies, we may gradually sink into supineness, and either become a tempting object of attack to military enterprize or defend ourselves from subjugation, by the jealous and unsocial policy of the Chinese. If this view of our situation be correct; the practice so vehemently decried, and so liable to partial abuses, may perhaps be regarded as the institution which perpetuates the vestal flame of honor among us; and preserves, in undiminished force and purity, that courage, and courtesy, and generosity, and fidelity to engagements, which our commercial habits,* and possibly some of our political institutions have a tendency to weaken. These virtues constitute the real "Corinthian capital" of civilized society, which I trust may exist, as well in a commonwealth of equal citizens, as in a state compounded of different ranks and *grades*.

The southern states, too, should beware how they hazard the diminution of those elevated and honorable feelings which are supposed to characterize them, and which go so far to redeem them from the reproach for one of their institutions, that has been so lavishly heaped upon them.

Upon the whole, we may say that, should the practice of duelling be deemed instrumental in preserving those virtues which constitute honor, it seems somewhat unreasonable to complain, that half a dozen brave men are sacrificed in a year, for the sake

* At least such seems to have been the opinion of Goldsmith, when he says,

"Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails."

Traveller.

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of cherishing and maintaining the best features of our national manners, when we feel no hesitation in devoting thousands to destruction, in any petty matter of national dispute.'

This Essay, we are informed in the preface, is among those recently written; but we apprehend that if our author had it *now* to write, he would hold a different language; and cease to exhort our brethren of the south to cherish the institution of duelling, as redeeming them from the reproach of slavery. Two subjects filled a considerable space in the public attention during the last season, one connected with the subject of slavery, and one with that of duelling, as they exist severally in the southern states. With regard to the first of them, the conduct of the magistrates and citizens of Charleston, on the delicate and trying occasion of the last summer, was marked with every thing, which prudence and humanity could dictate, and will not suffer in the comparison with what has been done, in any important and difficult crisis, in any part or period of our country. One thing only, in reference to this event, which could have been avoided, is matter of regret, that it should have been officially associated with the Missouri question, and that the liberty should have been taken of implicating one of the most distinguished citizens in our country, by tracing any part of the conspiracy to the sentiments expressed by him, when discharging, in the public counsels, his duty as a public servant. But with respect to the event itself—distressing and deplorable as in its nature it may be—every thing was done, that could have been asked of high minded, honorable, and merciful men. As to the other of the two events, to which public attention has been drawn the last season, no language is strong enough to express the disdain, with which the public mind has been affected. There is scarce any subject of interest enough to find its way into the public papers, where men do not take sides. A general burst of indignation has in this instance been heard; and any early feeling of partiality, which might have disclosed itself, has been wholly absorbed in the shame and humiliation of the sequel. Till now there was a kind of plausibility in remarks, like our author's, on duelling. Such remarks were often heard in conversation, and it was thought that the public peace was promoted, by subjecting him, who violated it in the article of honor, to this responsibility. In

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the old school way of going out unexpectedly to a retired spot, where the injured party fired a half loaded pistol at a distance of sixteen good paces, and with chances of its missing, a thousand to one—while the challenged party, as a matter of course, threw away his fire and both shook hands,—the practice was, we do not say justifiable, heaven forbid, but a kind of grown folks' play, a species of *sham fight*, that might, in a corrupt state of society, be productive of good. But this ghastly intentness of design, this practice for weeks and months, this long training in the art of shedding human blood, and this protracted, renewed, cherished purpose of murder, are truly savage; while this close negotiation of rules and postures, times and places, and this interchange of ribaldry in the prints are matter of humiliation to every one, who is obliged to bear a part of the disgrace of it, as an American. The public example is beyond measure deplorable. Are there no laws, no magistrates in Carolina and Georgia? Do the grand juries there really think, as they seem to, that it is of no consequence, that men shall for months openly and publicly pursue the purpose to kill, and nothing be done to lay the strong arm of the law upon them?—Have they well weighed the effect on society of taking off the salutary restraints, which public sentiment had hitherto every where imposed on duelling, and which forced it to be perpetrated with secresy, despatch, or in foreign jurisdiction? If so, let others pity the slaves,—we commiserate the masters. And it is some comfort to those, who believe that virtue and vice are their own reward, to think that, in the nature of things, the event, to which we are alluding, must, since its first agitation, through all its miserable vicissitudes, have been beyond description harassing and tormenting to all immediately concerned;—thus, in some degree, visiting on them the outrage done the community.

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ART. IV.—*A Journal of Travels into the Arkansa territory during the year* 1819, *with occasional observations on the manners of the aborigines. Illustrated with a map and other engravings. By Thomas Nuttall, F. L. S. Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.* Philadelphia, Palmer, 1821.

ANY one who surveys the map of North America at the present day, and compares its features with those which it wore scarcely more than twenty years ago; cannot fail to be struck with the great changes it has undergone. Those of us who, before this period, derived our initiation in geography from Morse or Guthrie, recollect impressions which were very foreign from the state of things, that has since been ascertained to exist. The river Missouri, which has of late years been a fertile source of interest and wonder, was then only known as a tributary branch of the Mississippi of doubtful magnitude and extent. The Arkansa and other western streams were known little more than in name, and the importance assigned to them was far beneath their real magnitude. On the other hand, the waters of the west, almost from the sources of the Mississippi and St Lawrence, were supposed to be gathered up by a fabulous Oregan or river of the west, a stream of great extent, which no European had seen, the existence of which depended on Indian rumors, and which, after crossing about half the continent, was supposed to discharge itself into the Pacific somewhere about latitude 43°.

The expedition of Lewis and Clarke first removed the veil from these western solitudes. The journey of Pike, and the subsequent adventures of trading parties and military explorers, have given a new geographical aspect to this extensive country. We now see the Missouri stretching far to the north and west, not a tributary, but itself a principal and mighty river; not of secondary or doubtful magnitude, but beyond doubt the largest river of the known world. The Platte, the Arkansa, and other tributaries of this prodigious stream, would in the old continent be rivers of the first rate magnitude. These, with the Ohio and other eastern branches, draw off the waters of a tract of country now familiarly designated as the 'valley of the Mississippi.' To ears accustomed

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to associate with the term *valley* the idea of 'a low ground between hills,' in which a few shepherds might feed their flocks, or a few tenements find shelter from the wind and storm, this name, first applied to the country of the Mississippi, we believe, by Volney, sounds singularly large. Here is a valley, in whose fertile shades there repose more inhabitants than the United States contained at the beginning of the revolution. A valley, over which two thirds of the continent of Europe might be spread out, and hardly suffice to cover it.

We have spoken of the Missouri as the largest river known upon the face of the globe. We shall be understood of course as including the part of the Mississippi which is below its confluence, and of which the Missouri is undoubtedly the true continuation. According to the best authorities, the Missouri brings into the common channel four times as much water as the Mississippi; it is at least twice as long, and some of its principal branches are even longer than the last named stream. The length of this majestic river from its remote sources in the Rocky mountains, to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, is between four and five thousand miles. During three thousand miles of this course its apparent size is hardly diminished, and even at the Mandan villages Mr Breckenridge informs us, that its full channel appeared to him not less broad or majestic than that of the Mississippi at New Orleans. Still higher up, it receives tributary branches, which might compare with the Danube or the Indus in magnitude. We know of no other river which draws from such an extent of country or connects together climates so remote and dissimilar. The Amazon, formerly accounted the chief of streams, hardly exceeds three quarters of the length of the Missouri. The Macquerrie of New Holland, which from its size and distance from the sea in the direction of its course, was a few years since imagined to exceed all other rivers in extent, has since been 'ridden down into bogs and morasses.' There remains but one stream which, for the palm of superiority, may hereafter come into competition with the Missouri, and this is the Niger. But when shall we know the course, the destination, or the outlet of the Niger? No modern geographical problem has excited so much enthusiasm for its solution, and none has more completely set at defiance the

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efforts of enterprise and perseverance. Like a mysterious divinity, the Niger holds its course in a wilderness impenetrable to civilized man, and slaves and savages are the only attendants on its way. A hundred Europeans have laid down their lives in African deserts with their faces towards this goal of expectation, but hitherto only one of them all has tasted the waters of the Niger, and returned to tell it.

We owe much to those individuals, who from love of science or love of fame, become our guides and pioneers in new regions, and bring knowledge to our doors from distant quarters, at the expense of personal hazard, sacrifice, and privation. The journal of a traveller, in an unexplored country, sets forth adventures and scenes far different from the itinerary, which portrays the abodes and characters of civilized society. The one is often a record of pastime and gratification, the other is the diary of toil, exposure, and suffering. The *voyageur* of the forest has not the choice of inns, of packets, or of mail coaches to expedite his course and remove inconveniences from his path. We are not called to sympathize with him for imaginary grievances, and for the disappointment of artificial wants, encountered from jolting vehicles, poor beds, and ill furnished tables. Our interest in his career is kept alive by real evils and endurings, of which the secure and luxurious part of the community can have little conception. We behold him foregoing for months and years the indispensable comforts of civilized society. We see him with incredible toil and difficulty threading his way through a trackless wilderness, or pushing forward his solitary canoe upon unknown waters; now temporizing with thirst and hunger in the uncertain hope that chance may throw an animal or a rivulet in his way, now terminating his day of toil by a night's slumber on the wet ground without food or fire; now staking his life on the precarious faith of savages; now straining his powers of flight and stratagem to escape from plunder or destruction. These adventures are not rare concomitants to journeys of discovery. So common are they, that journals are sometimes monotonous from the very frequency of their recurrence. We need not look to foreign countries for examples of the difficulties to be overcome in wild or unsettled regions. The adventurous journey of Lewis and Clarke, and the romantic expeditions of Pike, are replete with details of

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hardship and danger, which the highest intrepidity, perseverance, and good conduct, could alone have overcome.

We may place the author of the volume before us in the list of those travellers, who have pursued a favorite science with singular devotion, through embarrassing difficulties, and at no inconsiderable hazard. Mr Nuttall, from an early attachment to natural history, and from the attractions offered by the unexplored wilds of North America, has followed our plants and minerals with indefatigable perseverance, not only to the confines of civilization and cultivation, but into the remote and desert recesses of the continent. We have few individuals, at least men of education, whose survey of our territory has been equally extensive. The present volume offers us but a small part of the author's scientific peregrinations. From his other publications we learn that he has visited the maritime parts of the United States, from New England to Georgia, and to New Orleans. The tour of the lakes he has also made, passing round lake Erie on foot, through lakes Huron and Michigan by canoe navigation, thence afterwards by the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers into the Mississippi, and down that river to St Louis. He was one of the party which in 1810 ascended the Missouri as far as the Mandan villages, of which expedition an account has been furnished us by Mr Breckenridge. Mr Nuttall is spoken of, in the work of Mr B., as a young man of genius and acquirements, singularly devoted to his favorite pursuits, 'which seem,' says he, 'to engross every thought, to the total disregard of his personal safety, and sometimes to the inconvenience of the party he accompanies. When the boat touches the shore, he leaps out, and no sooner is his attention arrested by a plant or a flower, than every thing else is forgotten.' An inquiry is made for him by the Canadian boatmen, when impatient to proceed, not without reproachful epithets; and the uniform reply is, *Il est après ramasser des racines.*

The volume before us contains the narrative of a journey made chiefly in the year 1819 from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansa, thence up that river as far as the Grand Saline. A digression to the banks of the Red river by the Pottoe and Kiamesha, and the descent of the Arkansa and Mississippi to New Orleans, constitute the remainder of the journal.

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Mr Nuttall left Philadelphia the 2d of October 1818, and arrived at Pittsburg on the 15th. From this place he proceeded in a skiff to Louisville, where after waiting in vain for the descent of the steam boats, which the lowness of the water detained, he determined to purchase a flat-bottomed boat, and set sail for the Mississippi with only two companions. This measure he afterwards found to have been an imprudent one, since the destruction of his boat, a kind of event by no means uncommon, and which, as it afterwards proved, was several times very narrowly escaped, would probably have plunged him into embarrassment and distress.

The narrative of the voyage down the Ohio is much like the accounts we are accustomed to hear from other travellers in that quarter, excepting that Mr Nuttall intersperses geological and botanical information with his other remarks. His stops for the night are made, sometimes at a flourishing village, and sometimes at a miserable tavern or log house, destitute of comforts, and filled with drunken and profligate backwoodsmen. He finds himself mixed with a tide of emigrants of various characters and views, some hoping and some repenting, but all carried forward by a sort of contagious impulse. 'A stranger, who descends the Ohio at this season of emigration, cannot but be struck with the jarring vortex of heterogeneous population, amidst which he is embarked, all searching for some better country, which ever lies to the west, as Eden did to the east. Amongst this crowd are also those, who, destitute of the means or inclination for obtaining an honest livelihood, are forced into desperate means for subsistence.'

On his way, Mr Nuttall is subjected to various frauds and impositions from his transient acquaintances, both resident and migratory. At times his boat is aground and he cannot procure, from a fellow canoe-man, a lift of an oar to set him afloat again, without a douceur of eight or ten dollars; at other times he is well nigh being robbed for confiding his baggage to a treacherous pilot. We should gather from his book, that it is customary in this western country to denominate rogues, knaves, and outlaws of every description, by the general title of *Yankees* and *New Englanders*. How far this epithet may be deserved, we take not upon us to decide. It will be conceded, we believe, that the states of New Eng-

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land do not themselves so abound with characters of this description, but that justice and social order are still able to maintain their ground. And if rogues, who spring up among us, find it at any time more convenient and safe to remove their residence into other parts, where the arm of the law and the tone of morals are more favorable to the successful exercise of their callings; far be it from us to complain of their absence, or urge their return.

Mr Nuttall arrived at the mouth of the Arkansa about the middle of January, after a voyage very perilous to his little skiff, among the snags and sawyers of the Mississippi. A *bayou* connects the White river with the Arkansa, through which the water runs in opposite directions at different seasons of the year. 'Leaving this bayou,' says he, 'we entered the Arkansa, which was very low, but still red and muddy with the freshets of the Canadian. Most of the larger streams, which enter into it from the south, are charged with red and turbid water, while those of the north are clear. Every where I observed the chocolate or reddish brown clay of the salt formation deposited by the southern freshets. The Arkansa had here a very gentle current, and was scarcely more than 200 yards wide, with its meanders on a small scale similar to those of the Mississippi. In consequence of the unrestrained dominion of the inundation, no settlements yet appeared in this quarter.'

With painful exertions the boat was forced up the river, several days being requisite to ascend the first sixteen miles, in some of which they were obliged to wade more than three hours in the water to tow the boat over the extensive bars, which resulted from the sudden falling of the river produced by a corresponding ebb of the Mississippi. 'No change,' says he, 'yet exists in the vegetation, and the scenery is almost destitute of every thing which is agreeable to human nature; nothing yet appears but one vast trackless wilderness of trees, a dead solemnity, where the human voice is never heard to echo, where not even ruins of the humblest kind recal its history to mind, or prove the past dominion of man. All is rude nature as it sprang into existence, still preserving its primeval type, its unreclaimed exuberance.' Over a large tract of country no settlement or even habitation has been attempted, the lands being wholly overflowed in freshets as

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far as the Mississippi. On one side of the Arkansa 'the floods cover the whole intermediate space to White river, a distance of thirty miles. Within this tract cultivation can never take place without recourse to the same industry which has redeemed Holland from the ocean. The singular caprice of the river, as it accidentally seeks its way to the sea, meandering through its alluvial valley, is truly remarkable. The variation of its channel is almost incredible, and the action which it exercises over the destiny of the soil can scarcely be conceived. After pursuing a given course for many ages, and slowly encroaching, it has at length cut through an isthmus, and thus abandoned, perhaps, a course of six or eight miles, in which the water, stagnating, at length becomes totally insulated, and thus presents a lagoon or lake.'

A few miles higher up is the post or town of Arkansas, situated on a prairie as elevated as the Chickasaw bluffs, and containing thirty or forty houses. Cotton and rice are cultivated here with success, but the growth of the place proceeds slowly, owing in some measure to the uncertain titles of the neighboring lands. Several enormous Spanish grants remain still undecided, that of the Messrs Winters of Natchez calling for no less than one million of acres. This claim, besides a great portion of the neighboring prairie, embraces much of the finest land on the northern border of the river, and extends for nearly one hundred miles along its bank.

From Arkansas to Cadron (or Quadrant) a distance of about three hundred miles by water, there is a succession of small settlements or plantations, the greatest uninhabited interval not exceeding thirty miles. Mr Nuttall proceeded up the river in a large skiff bound to Bairdstown settlement. An account of the country, its Indian tribes, its botany, geology, and a description of some remarkable hills, constitute this portion of the itinerary. Above Cadron, at the distance of about two hundred miles, is Fort Smith, the highest garrison of the United States on the Arkansa river. It consists of two block houses, and lines of cabins or barracks for the accommodation of seventy men whom it contains. It is situated at the junction of the Pottoe, on a rising ground of about fifty feet elevation, surrounded by alluvial lands and uplands of unusual fertility.

After Mr Nuttall had remained some time at Fort Smith, a favorable opportunity was presented for crossing the wilder-

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ness which separates the Arkansa from the Red river. A company of soldiers was despatched by order of government, to expel some white residents, who had settled beyond the Kiamesha, on the territory ceded by the United States to the Osage Indians. To this expedition Mr Nuttall attached himself. The country between the two rivers, sometimes level, and sometimes rough and mountainous, afforded a rich botanical harvest of new and interesting plants. The traveller, enchanted by the beauties of these untrodden regions, seems to forget fatigue and danger, in contemplating the luxuriant scene around him.

'Our route,' says he, 'was continued through prairies occasionally divided by sombre belts of timber, which serve to mark the course of the rivulets. These vast plains, beautiful almost as the fancied Elysium, were now enamelled with innumerable flowers, among the most splendid of which were the azure larkspur, gilded coreopsides, rudbeckias, fragrant phloxes, and the purple psilotria. Serene and charming as the blissful regions of fancy, nothing here appeared to exist but what contributes to harmony.'

By the beginning of June the prairies began to be parched with drought. 'All the lesser brooks and neighboring springs were dried up, and the arid places appeared quite scorched with the heat. Still there prevailed throughout these prairies, as over the sea, a refreshing breeze, which continued for the greatest part of the day. The swarms of musquitoes which prove so troublesome along the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, are here almost unknown, and never met with, except on the immediate alluvial borders of the rivulets.

'In my solitary, but amusing rambles over these delightful prairies, I now for the first time in my life, notwithstanding my long residence and peregrinations in North America, hearkened to the inimitable notes of the mocking bird (*turdus polyglottus.*) After amusing itself in ludicrous imitations of other birds, perched on the topmost bough of a spreading elm, it at length broke forth into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic, that ever I had heard from any thing less than human. In the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased to loudness, it oftentimes flew upward from the topmost twig, continuing its note, as if overpowered by the sublimest ecstacy.'

The chief population, except Indians, which is met with in these western wilds, consists of fugitives from justice, or per-

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sons whose moral character renders an abode with civilized society uncongenial to their habits. The condition of these people is represented as sufficiently deplorable. Situated on a sort of 'land debateable,' between the Osage Indians and Cherokees, they are the subjects of continual abuse and plunder from both these tribes, without having the means of security or redress.

At the Red river, Mr Nuttall became a sufferer for the indulgence of his botanical propensities. Having delayed about two hours behind his party, then on their return, he was led astray by a false track, and was never afterwards able to rejoin his companions. He was too remote to hear the guns fired as signals for him, and after great exertions he only succeeded in gaining their camp half an hour after the party had left it. Not a moment was to be lost, and a guide was hired to find their trace, and if possible to overtake them. 'We travelled,' says he, 'as fast as possible for about ten miles through a horrid brake of scrubby oaks, but all to no purpose, and, after firing a gun which was neither heard nor answered, we returned again, as I dared not venture alone and unprepared through such a difficult and mountainous wilderness. My botanical acquisitions in the prairies proved, however, so interesting as almost to make me forget my situation, cast away as I was amidst the refuse of society, without money and without acquaintance; for calculating upon nothing more certain than an immediate return, I was consequently unprovided with every means of subsistence.'

In consequence of this disappointment, Mr Nuttall was obliged to remain two or three weeks at the cabin of a settler, and at length, as the best convoy that offered, to put himself under the guidance of three whites going in pursuit of their horses stolen by the Cherokees. After wandering a week in the mountains with great toil and difficulty, they succeeded in gaining the garrison at Fort Smith.

On the sixth of July Mr Nuttall continued his voyage up the Arkansa. After passing the mouths of the Canadian and Grand rivers, he entered a stream called the Verdigris. An interesting account is given of the country about these rivers, also a description of the customs and manners of the Osage Indians, too long for us to transcribe. An excursion was made up the Grand river to visit the Osage salt works, situated near

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the residence of a white hunter, Mr Slover. This excursion is described as follows:

'This morning I walked with Mr Slover to see the salt works, now indeed lying idle, and nearly deserted in consequence of the murder of Mr Campbell, by Erhart, his late partner, and two accomplices in their employ. Melancholy as were the reflections naturally arising from this horrid circumstance, I could not but congratulate myself on having escaped, perhaps a similar fate. At the Cadron I had made application to Childers, one of these remorseless villains, as a woodsman and hunter, to accompany me for hire, only about a month before he had shot and barbarously scalped Mr Campbell, for the purpose of obtaining his little property, and in spite of the friendship which he had uniformly received from the deceased.

'But to return to the subject. We proceeded two miles, along the hilly and woody skirts of the river, and through the adjoining prairie to the saline, which appeared to be a gravelly alluvial basin, of about an acre in extent, and destitute of all vegetation. A small fresh water brook, now scarcely running, passed through this area, and the salt water, quite pellucid, issued copiously to the surface in various directions. In one place it boiled up out of a focus of near six inches diameter, emitting fetid bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen, which deposited a slight scum of sulphur. All the springs are more or less hepatic, which circumstance is attributable to a bed of bituminous and sulphuretted slate-clay, visible on the margin of the stream, and, probably, underlaid by coal, through which the water rises to the surface. In the adjoining heights, a coarse grained sand stone occurs, answering the purpose of mill-stones. The stream then contracts at the entrance of a ledge of slaty rocks, and, about half a mile from its immediate outlet, the water is perfectly fresh. The only well dug upon the premises for the salt water, was about five feet deep, and quarried through a bed of dark coloured limestone, containing shells and nodules of black hornstone, similar to the chert of Derbyshire. This salt appears to be concomitant with a coaly or bituminous formation. No marine plants appear in this vicinity, as at Onondago, where we meet with the salicornia of the sea marshes. When the works were in operation, one hundred and twenty bushels of salt were manufactured in a week, and the water is said to be so strong, that after the second boiling, it became necessary to remove the lye. No mother water, or any thing almost but what is volatile, appears mixed with this salt, which is of the purest whiteness on the first boiling, and only takes about eighty gallons of water to produce a bushel. Hitherto these springs have been unaccompanied by any fossil remains of quadrupeds.'

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Mr Nuttall had already been visited with attacks of a remittent fever, which, while it lessened his ability for the further prosecution of his enterprise, seems not to have damped his resolution.

'*August* 11*th*.—To day I left the trading establishment of the Verdigris, to proceed on a land journey up the Arkansa, accompanied by a trapper and hunter named Lee, who had penetrated across this country nearly to the sources of Red river, and followed his present occupation for upwards of eight years. We crossed the river, and proceeding through the alluvion, entered the prairie, over which we continued in a westwardly course, encamping in the evening upon the banks of a small creek, about twelve miles from our place of departure. The prairies or grassy plains which we entered upon, a mile from the river, exhibited the same appearance as below, and on the opposite side of the river. The rock of the hills, like those of the prairies near the garrison, consisted of a ferruginous sand stone.——

'Our route was directed towards the Salt river, or first Red river of the Arkansa, called by Pike the Grand Saline, and about eighty or ninety miles distant from our encampment.

'12*th*.—We continued our journey about sunrise, proceeding over the plain in a southwest direction.———The day being oppressively hot and thirsty, I very imprudently drank some very nauseous and tepid water, which immediately affected my stomach, and produced such a sickness, that it was with difficulty I kept upon my horse, until we arrived at the next creek for shelter, where we encamped and remained for the rest of the afternoon. Our horses were still tormented with the clegs or green-headed flies of the prairies, which goaded them without intermission.

'About ten o'clock this morning, we crossed the trace which the Osages had made, going out to hunt in a body of two or three hundred men and their families. Its direction was south or towards Red river. Two or three miles further we crossed their returning track. We were no way anxious to meet with Indians, as they would, probably, rob us of our horses, if not of our baggage, and ill treat us besides, according to the dictates of their caprice and the object of their party. To day we came about twenty miles.

'13*th*.—We were again on our way soon after sunrise, and still continued through plains destitute of timber.——

'No change yet appears in the vegetation; and the superincumbent rock continues arenaceous. No mountains or picturesque prospects present themselves to amuse the eye. Occasionally indeed the monotonous plain is diversified by the view of low and broken ridges, often presenting isolated hills, deserted by the more friable materials with which they were once sur-

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rounded, and presenting the fantastic appearance of artificial tumuli and piles of ruins. In the course of the day we passed three or four of these hillocks, of considerable elevation. About six miles from our encampment, to the right, there are two of them nearly together, and two also which are separated from each other, nearly opposite to the others on the left. The Indians remark them in the regulation of their routes, and, on some of them, they have made elevated interments. This fondness for burying in high places has not subsided among the aborigines, and, probably, gave rise to the erection of artificial hills over the remains of the dead. Blackbird, the chief of the Mahas, was interred, at his particular request, on the summit of a hill which overlooked the village; and both the Mahas and the Arikarsees made choice of the summit of a neighboring ridge for their general place of sepulture.——

'14*th*.—We remained to day on the banks of the Little North Fork, to recruit our horses, that of my companion being from the first totally unfit to travel from a large wound upon its back. I now experienced a relapse of the remittent fever, attended with delirium. Being about three o'clock in the afternoon when it came on, I was exposed to a temperature of between 90° and 100°. It was with difficulty that I could crawl into the shade, the thin forest being every where pervious to the sun, so that I felt ready to burn with heat; by forcibly inciting a vomit, I felt relieved. Mr Lee, profiting by our delay, began to trap for beaver, and the last night caught four of these animals. Scarcely any thing is now employed for bait but the musk or castoreum of the animal itself. As they live in community, they are jealous and hostile to strangers of their own species, and following the scent of the bait, are deceived into the trap.

'15*th*.—At night I again experienced an attack of fever, without any preceding chill, and attended with diarrhœa. It continued thirty-six hours, the paroxysm being only divided for a short space by an intermediate chill.——

'17*th*.—This morning at the suggestion of my companion, for the purpose of trapping, we went about five miles lower down the rivulet. In proceeding this short distance, I fainted with the effort, and was near falling off my horse. All the remainder of the day, and the succeeding night, I experienced the fever under the exposure of a burning sun and sultry air. Shade was not to be obtained, and the night brought with it no alleviation but darkness.

In the evening, Mr Lee suggested the propriety of our returning to the Verdigris, before I became so weak as to render it impossible; but the idea of returning filled me with deep regret, and I felt strongly opposed to it, whatever might be the consequences.——

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20*th.*—Mr Lee now said nothing more about returning, as his horse was become incapable of carrying either himself or his baggage. We had no method left of proceeding, at present, but by making double journeys, and employing my horse to convey the whole. The flies still continued to annoy us, filling our blankets, linen, and almost every thing about us with maggots. To compensate, however, in some measure, for these disgusting and familiar visitors, we had the advantage of the bee, and obtained abundance of excellent honey, on which, mixed up with water, I now almost entirely subsisted, as we had no other food but venison, and were without either bread or vegetables.——

'21*st.*—The fever had now rendered me too weak to bear any exercise; and it was become impossible to find any thing which would suit my feeble appetite. In the commencing coolness of the weather, I had, however, a reasonable hope of recovery.——

'26*th.*—While Mr Lee was absent this morning, examining the beaver traps, which he had set, to my surprise I observed on the opposite side of the creek, an Indian busily examining our horses; after viewing them a few minutes, he chased them down the creek in a gallop towards our encampment, and after looking at me also with caution, instantly disappeared without paying me a visit. I need not say how unwelcome this intelligence was to my cautious companion, who had not now to learn the rapacity of the savage hunters, having nearly lost his life, and all his property, last autumn, by falling in with the Cherokees near the banks of the Canadian. We delayed not a moment to leave our encampment, expecting nothing more certain than an unfriendly visit or clandestine theft. My own situation was indeed extremely critical, as I could not possibly walk, and even required assistance to get on and off my horse: thus to have had it stolen would have been to leave me to perish without hope. As we passed along, something, which I imagined to be an Indian, dodged near us twice, from amidst the high grass, like some unfriendly animal of the forest, and slunk from our observance. This evening I felt extremely unhappy, and became quite delirious; when reclined, it was with difficulty that I could rise; a kind of lethargy, almost the prelude of death, now interposed, affording an ominous relief from anxiety and pain.

27*th.*—Three days were now elapsed since I had been able to taste any kind of food, and to add to the miseries of sickness, delirium, and despondence, we experienced as many days of unremitting gloom, in which the sun was not visible even for an hour.

30*th.*—Being a little recovered, we now ventured out some distance into the priarie hills; but, after travelling a few miles without much pain, my mind became so unaccountably affected

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with horror and distraction, that for a time, it was impossible to proceed to any convenient place of encampment. This evening my companion killed two bison, the first we had seen on the route, but neither of them were fat, or any thing like tolerable food. I here spent a night of great misery and delirium, and felt exceedingly cold from the sudden decrease of the temperature.

'*September* 1*st*.—We proceeded about ten miles over wooded hills, with the expectation of soon arriving at the Salt river, which we imagined to lie before us, either to the west or southwest, but were entirely deceived, and my companion now appeared to be ignorant of the country. We saw nothing far and wide but an endless scrubby forest of dwarfish oaks, chiefly the post, black, and red species.——

'3*d*.—We continued on about twenty-six miles through the same kind of deeply undulated country, abounding with clear grit springs, but the land poor, and covered with scrubby oak, except occasional prairie, openings, and narrow valleys. At length we arrived on the banks of a small clear brook, dammed up by the beaver, where we obtained a ford. Towards evening, greatly fatigued, and with our course directed more towards the west, we observed clouds of sand to arise at a distance, which we were satisfied must originate from the beach of some neighboring river, and, in about an hour after, we came upon the rocky bank of the First Red Fork or Salt river, which, though very low, was still red and muddy, bordered with an extensive beach, similar to the Arkansa, and not greatly differing from it apparently in point of magnitude. Along the argillaceous banks I observed saline incrustations, and, on tasting the water, I found it to be nauseous, and impotably saline. Our horses, however, naturally fond of salt, drank of it with the utmost greediness. Though gratified by the sight of this curious stream, which we had so tediously sought, I now lamented the loss of the fine spring water lately afforded us by the barren hills. This extensive stream constitutes the hunting boundary of the Pawnees and Hietans. Its first view appeared beautifully contrasted with the broken and sterile country through which we had been travelling. The banks of cottonwood *(populus monilifera)* bordered by the even beach, resembled a verdant garden in panorama view. A few days journey to the west, Mr Lee informs me, that there are extensive tracts of moving sand hills, accompanied by a degree of sterility little short of the African deserts.

'4*th*.—We continued a few miles up the banks of this saline stream, crossing it from point to point. But the following day (5th) we concluded on leaving it, studying our safety from the Osages, whose traces became now more and more evident. We pursued our course along the sand beaches of the river, now op-

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pressively hot, and about noon turned out into a shade. Here, unfortunately, while Mr Lee was busied about his beaver traps, his horse got into a miry gully, and could not be extricated. In this dilemma, no resource for proceeding remained for my companion, but to construct a canoe, and so descend by water.——

'On the 8th, my companion launched his canoe, which so exactly answered his purpose, that it would have sunk with any additional loading. Although I had now so far recovered as to possess a little appetite, we were, for several days, destitute of any kind of food, except the tails of the beaver, the flesh of this animal being now too lean and musky to be eaten. The game appeared to be driven out of the country by the approach of the Indians. I still continued my route along the beaches of the river, which proved almost insupportably hot, and I severely felt the want of fresh water, though it now, from necessity, became possible for me to swallow this tepid brine.——

'9*th*.—About noon we arrived at the entrance of the Arkansa, and were once more gratified with the taste of fresh water. Here the stream, now at its lowest depression, was almost colorless, and scarcely any where exceeding the depth of three feet. We travelled down it nine or ten miles, and saw the ascending smoke of the general encampments of the Osages, whom, if possible, we wished to avoid. By the multitude of traces upon the sand, it was easy to perceive that the whole village and its accompaniments were in motion.

'10*th*.—We still saw the smoke of the Osage fires in all directions, and hourly expected a discovery. As I passed along contiguous to the river, now alone, one of the Indians saw me in the wood, but did not venture to come up, dodged out of sight, and then ran along with haste towards his encampment. This wolfish behavior, it may be certain, was not calculated to give me any very favorable anticipation of our reception. I could not help indeed reflecting on the inhospitality of this pathless desert, which will one day perhaps give way to the blessings of civilization. The scenery was not without beauty; wooded hills of gentle slope every where bordered the river; and its islands and alluvions, still of considerable extent, are no way inferior to the lands of the Ohio.

11*th*.—To-day with all our caution, it became impossible to avoid the discovery of the Indians, as two or three families were encamped on the borders of the river. They ran up to us with a confidence which was by no means reciprocal. One of the men was a blind chief, not unknown to Mr Lee, who gave him some tobacco, with which he appeared to be satisfied. About the encampment there were a host of squaws, who were extremely impertinent. An old woman, resembling one of the imaginary

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witches of Macbeth, told me, with an air of insolence, that I must give her my horse for her daughter to ride on; I could walk;—that the Osages were numerous and could soon take it from me. —At length, they got to pilfering our baggage; even the blind chief, who had showed us a commendatory certificate which he had obtained at St Louis, also turned thief on the occasion. We had not got out of the sight of these depredators, before another fellow came after us on the run, in order to claim my horse, insisting that it was his, and I could no way satisfy his unfounded demand, but by giving him one of my blankets.

'Mr Lee, as he descended, now observed two men on the shore, who hid themselves at his approach, and began to follow him as secretly as possible. They continued after us all the remainder of the day, till dark. We knew not whether they intended to kill or to rob us; and endeavoring to elude their pursuit, we kept on in the night, amidst the horrors of a thunder storm, the most gloomy and disagreeable situation I ever experienced in my life. In consequence also of the quicksands and the darkness, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could urge my horse to take the river, which it was necessary repeatedly to cross. In one of these attempts, both myself and it were on the point of being buried before we could extricate ourselves. Dressed in leather, I came out of the water drenched and shivering, almost ready to perish with cold. After some persuasion, I prevailed upon Lee to kindle me a handful of fire, by which I lay alone for two or three hours, amidst the dreary howling of wolves, Mr Lee not wishing to trust himself near such a beacon. Nothing, however, further molested us, and, after cooking and eating a portion of a fat buck elk, which my companion had contrived to kill in the midst of our flight, we continued our journey by the light of the moon. After proceeding about twenty miles farther down the Arkansa, unable to keep up with Lee and his boat, at noon we agreed to part. I took with me some small pieces of the boiled elk, with a portion also uncooked, and furnished myself, as I thought, with the means of obtaining fire, but when evening arrived I was greatly mortified to find all my attempts to obtain this necessary element abortive. My gun was also become useless, all the powder having got wet by last night's adventure.

'14*th*.—Fatigued with the sand-beaches, as hot and cheerless as the African deserts, I left the banks of the river; and after travelling with extreme labor through horrible thickets for three miles, in which the *Ambrosias* were far higher than my head on horseback, I at length arrived amongst woody hills, and a few miles further came out, to my great satisfaction, into the open prairies, from whence, in an elevated situation, I immediately recognized the Verdigris river. At night, though late, I arrived on its wide

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alluvial lands, lined with such an impenetrable thicket, that I did not attain the bank, and had to lie down alone in the rank weeds, amidst musquetoes, without fire, food, or water, as the meat with which I had been provided was raw, and spoiled by the worms.

'15*th*.—With all the advantage of daylight, it was still difficult to penetrate through the thicket, and ford the river. Towards evening, I again arrived at the trading establishment of Mr Bougie, an asylum, which probably at this time rescued me from death. My feet and legs were so swelled, in consequence of weakness and exposure to extreme heat and cold, that it was necessary to cut off my pantaloons, and at night both my hands and feet were affected by the most violent cramp.'

We have confined ourselves chiefly to the narrative part of this volume, and have omitted to notice a great deal of curious information highly interesting to the botanist and geologist, but not admitting of condensation. Besides a multitude of new and previously undiscovered plants, our author met with the *ixia celestina*, a beautiful plant discovered long ago by Bartram, in Florida, but not seen since by any one until now. The *bow wood*, or osage apple, (called by Mr Nuttall *maclura,)* a tree which has excited much curiosity, was met with in thickets upon the Red river. Among other curiosities was a species of *rhus*, perfectly resembling the *rhus cotinus*, or smoke tree of our gardens, and perhaps identical with it.

Concerning the Indian tribes who still maintain their foothold in our forests, Mr Nuttall has furnished minute and characteristic information. To the various traits drawn of them in the body of the work, he has subjoined an appendix of several sections, containing,

1. An account of the ancient aboriginal population on the banks of the Mississippi and contiguous country ;
2. The history of the Natchez ;
3. Observations on the Chickasaws and Choctaws.

We understand that with a view to future publication, he has collected vocabularies and formed comparisons of the languages of the numerous tribes he has visited ; and made extensive observations on the aboriginal antiquities of the western country.

To the public in Europe as well as America Mr Nuttall is advantageously known by his scientific publications. His work in two volumes on the *Genera* of *North American plants*, the fruit of much industry and research, is replete with com-

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prehensive and philosophic views of natural affinities; although we could wish, for the benefit of the already cumbersome science to which it belongs, that its innovations on previous nomenclature had been made with a more sparing hand. His *Geological sketch of the valley of the Mississippi* embodies information, which probably no other individual was qualified to give. Besides various scientific papers of a very creditable kind in the different journals and transactions already published, we are yet to expect from him a Flora of the Arkansa territory, and the work already alluded to on aboriginal antiquities and language.

In the recent appointment of Mr Nuttall as curator and lecturer at the botanic garden in Cambridge, we hope he may find a resting place from his wanderings, as pleasant and advantageous to himself, as it will be welcome to those who may receive the benefit of his instructions.

ART. V.—*The testimony of Christ's second appearing, containing a general statement of all things pertaining to the faith and practice of the Church of God, in this latter day. Published by order of the Ministry in union with the Church. Second edition, corrected and improved.* 12mo. pp. 620. Albany, 1810.

SCARCE any one has travelled toward the west of New York, from this part of the country, who has not stopped a day or two, to admire the lovely scene of the Taghkannuc valley. Had it been in Wales or Switzerland, it would have been renowned throughout the world. Nothing can surpass the gracefulness of the sweep of the hills which inclose it, or the charm of the various prospect which it presents of native forest and cultivated field, in one part stretching up the hill side, and in others spreading out on wide and rich plains. The road after you have entered the valley passes alternately under thick groves of beach and maple, along the margin of deep meadows, and sometimes across a dashing brook, which sinks on one side of the road, beneath the broad stones that cover it, to rise up on the other and wind its way through fields and pastures below. Among these natural objects to arrest the traveller's attention, it will also be turned to what man has here done. He will perceive on the one hand a thriving American village, with

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its usual appendages of church, tavern, and *store*, and some additional apparatus, called accommodations by antiphrasis, designed for the reception of those who resort to an innocent mineral spring, on the mountain's side. On the opposite quarter he will perceive a village, smaller and more pleasantly situated, consisting of a few large buildings wearing somewhat of a factory appearance and painted dull yellow, with the barns and offices indicative of a large family. In the centre of the settlement, he will perceive a small neat white church, in a decent inclosure—an advantage which it possesses in common with very few of our village churches ;—a trim grass plot around it ; and a pavement of marble slabs leading to its two doors. The lands about this settlement he will find to be more neatly cultivated, than the majority of American farms ; and the whole appearance of things that of unusual comfort, and permanence. If he happen to pass this village on Sunday, at the hour of public worship, he will be struck with a still more singular spectacle and discover at last the secret. Instead of the irregular resort to church, which prevails in other places,—groupes of men, women, and children in their gayest dresses, thronging the road, without any unusual solemnity of manner ; instead of the collection of gossippers about the door and in the porch, who stop till the first hymn has made a good beginning, before they enter the sanctuary ; he will see sundry processions of men and women, leaving the several dwelling houses in the settlement, and with every external mark of gravity and seriousness, dressed in a plain uniform, moving in order to the place of worship ; and when arrived there, entering it with decorum, and repairing to their plain wooden benches,—the men on one side and the women on the other,—and maintaining till the commencement of their service a more grave and reverential deportment, than is commonly found among the mass of any congregation. The extraordinary mode, in which their worship is conducted, will not surely diminish his curiosity, and he will, as well by that, as what he has already observed, have a desire awakened to know something more of this singular fraternity.

The work before us is sometimes called the 'Shakers' Bible ;' but it does not appear that there is any propriety in giving it this name, or that they attribute any thing beyond historical authority to it. Its division into chapter and

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verse is perhaps the only foundation of the popular name. It is however a work of some interest, being an authorized and official explanation of the principles of the community of Shakers, a historical account of their origin and progress, and a somewhat tedious treatise on the history of true religion, deduced from the Mosaic and Christian systems, through the alleged corruptions of the latter, to the establishment of the new and pure church, in their own community. The work bears no name on the title page, but the preface to it is subscribed by David Darrow, John Meacham, and Benjamin S. Youngs, with respect to whom the following information is given in a note to this preface.—'Note. David Darrow now (1808) in the fifty-ninth year of his age was among the first in America, who received the testimony of the gospel in the year 1780. John Meacham (being then a youth, under the care of his father Joseph Meacham, in union with the family) received the testimony the same year 1780, and is now in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Benjamin S. Youngs received the testimony in the year 1794, and is now in the thirty-fifth year of his age.' The first edition of this work appeared in 1808, at Lebanon in the state of Ohio, where a colony detached from the establishment at New Lebanon, in New York, is settled, and the present edition, revised and corrected by the authors, was published two years after at Albany. Notwithstanding the appearance of this work, as the production of the three persons above named, the late president Dwight states that it 'is supposed to have been written by a man whose name is Wells, who is said to have been educated to some extent in learning and science.'* Dr Dwight does not give his authority for this opinion: and we would observe, that not only is the preface subscribed by them; but the work is spoken of therein, as their own production. By whomever executed it is done with considerable skill. That a great part of a work of this kind should be exceedingly tedious, impertinent, and absurd, is a matter of course. It contains, however, the marks of considerable acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and a taste of general literature. In point of style, it would do no discredit to higher sources than it proceeds from, and is better written than many better books. We have thought that a brief account of so singular a community, abstracted from so authentic a source, might

* Dwight's Travels, iii. 150.

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not be unacceptable to our readers. To save the necessity of repeating a *caveat* of our own, we would premise that we give the statements on the authority of the work before us, unless some other be indicated; and the reader will observe that we often also borrow its language.

The original germ of the society of Shakers, according to our authors, is traced to the Quakers, the last people who were persecuted to death, for the testimony which they held. Having, through distrust of Providence, sought in England the protection of the secular arm, they gained an honorable standing in the world; but lost that degree of light and power with which they at first set out.—A remnant, however, of the Quakers remained faithful, till the arrival of the *French prophets* in England in 1706, who opened their testimony in and about London, and were the means of a great awakening. This, however, was but a transient effect, and the residue of their spirit was confined at last to a small body of people gathered into a society, under the special ministry of James and Jane Wardley, among whom was a particular work of preparation for the true and real manifestation of Christ. This work began in Bolton and Manchester, in the county of Lancashire, in England, about the year 1747. This, therefore, may be considered as the first date of the Shakers.

James Wardley, a tailor by trade, and Jane his wife, who wrought at the same occupation, had been Quakers; but having received from the French prophets a further degree of light and power, erected a society of their own. This was effected on their removal from Bolton to Manchester, where they lived a number of years in Canon street, with John Townley, a brick layer by trade, who possessed considerable property. In his house the society increased to the number of about thirty. John Townley contributed chiefly to the support of the community, they being mostly in low temporal circumstances, and was much injured in consequence by his persecutors.

Thus far the new sect appears to have found its materials among the straighter elements of the society of *Friends*, with an accession from the French prophets. A new ingredient was soon added. John Townley, the patron of the society, had, it seems, 'a *measure* of faith' in the Wardleys, but his wife became a powerful member of their society and received

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the gift of prophecy. John Hocknell was the brother of *Mrs* Townley, (if we may apply this secular but convenient prefix,) originally a member of the church of England, and afterwards a zealous Methodist. Having visited his sister Townley at Manchester, and conversed with James Wardley, he received a faith in his testimony and became one of the society. According to the account given by Mary Hocknell, his daughter, who was living at Watervliet, when the work before us appeared, John Hocknell, being also a wealthy man, gathered a small church of the new faith in his own house in Cheshire. His wife Hannah, with her relations of the *Dickins* family, being wealthy and high spirited, was offended with these proceedings. Three of the Messrs Dickins, her brothers, procured John Hocknell to be imprisoned at Middlewich. He was, however, soon released, and his wife, to the great mortification of the Dickinses, joined the society. It was at this early period, that the discipline of the society, as far as respects their religious service, appears to have been organized and to have suggested the name, which its members still bear. We do not choose to undertake to give this, in any but the precise words of our authority.

'Sometimes after assembling together and sitting a while in silent meditation, they were taken with a mighty trembling, under which they would express the indignation of God against all sin. At other times, they were affected under the power of God, with a mighty shaking; and were occasionally exercised in singing, shouting, or walking the floor under the influence of spiritual signs, *shoving each other about*, or swiftly passing and repassing each other, like clouds agitated by a mighty wind. From these strange exercises, the people received the name of *Shakers*, and by some were called *Shaking Quakers:* but from the time of James Wardley's ministration to the present day, they have been most generally known and distinguished by the name of Shakers. —The work which God promised to accomplish in the latter day was eminently marked out by the prophets to be a work of *Shaking;* and hence the name, (though by the world intended for derision) was very properly applied to the people, who were both the subjects and instruments of the work of God in the latter day.'*

The accession of John Hocknell and a party of Methodists just mentioned, took place in 1776, and the society continued,

* In confirmation of this, several passages of the Old and New Testament are quoted, as Is. ii. 19, 21, *in Lowth's version*, and Heb. xii. 26.

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with a gradual increase of light and power, till, in 1770, 'the present testimony of salvation and eternal life was fully opened, according to the special gift and revelation of God, through *Anne Lee*, that extraordinary woman, concerning whom so many strange things have been conjectured, and who at this time was received by the society as their spiritual *Mother*.'

Anne Lee was born in 1736 at Manchester, in England. Her father was a blacksmith by trade, and Anne was brought up in his house, in that eligible part of the city, called *Toad lane*. She was herself educated to the trade of a cutter of hatters' fur; and had five brothers and two sisters. She was married in early life to Abraham Standley, a blacksmith, and had four children, all of whom died in infancy. At the age of twenty-two, she became a member of Wardley's society, then in its infancy, and having been, as far as we can collect out of the technical jargon of the work before us, remarkably docile, as a disciple of the leaders; and being, it would seem, of a susceptible nature, adapted to violent religious excitement; and perceiving perhaps the advantage to be attained on the principles of the sect, which conceded to the one sex an equality in all the prerogatives usually arrogated to themselves by the other, Anne became at last the acknowledged leader of this vulgar fanaticism, and in 1770 bore her first testimony. This testimony appears to have been the injunction of celibacy, as the perfection of human nature, and the holding forth of herself as a divine person. She was from this time received as the spiritual parent of the faithful, honored with the title of Anne the Mother, and styled by herself *Anne the Word!*

After Anne was received and acknowledged as the spiritual mother of the society, the mode of conducting their religious service consisted in singing and dancing, shaking and shouting, speaking with new tongues and prophesying; all which gifts continued progressively to increase in the society. Shortly after the public testimony of Anne, to which we have already alluded, the thing appears to have reached that point, where the mob generally regards itself as authorized to interfere; and the assemblies of the new sect were frequently disturbed and insulted by the populace. On one occasion Anne herself was arrested, during the progress of their worship, which was 'under great power,' (as the neighbors had probably experienced to their cost,) and committed to prison. The next day

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she was put into another prison 'called Bedlam;' where she was confined several weeks, says the work before us, without any sustenance, but what was conveyed to her by a believer, by means of a pipe stem thrust through the key hole: a statement which will serve as a specimen to what extent, among other gifts, Anne and her disciples possessed that of veracity.

She was soon released from the madhouse, and continued to proclaim her testimony in England, 'which was rejected by the generality,' till it ceased about a year before she received her mission and revelation touching America, 'by which she saw the future increase of the work of God and the establishment and glory of Christ's kingdom, in this land of freedom.' Here we cannot but pause to make the reflection, that we perceive as yet no principle to account for the perseverance of these deluded people, but that of the persecution they experienced. An accidental assemblage at first of heated fanatics of the lowest class and of various names, there is scarce a possibility that they would not gradually have died away. Could the warden, by an inquistorial power have brought the whole society to the stake, it is not impossible that it might have been exterminated. But to put men and women into jails and madhouses for their faith, is not only to give it publicity, but it is to make it proud of its importance: to kindle all the selfish passions in its defence, and more than all, to give it a right to claim the glories of martyrdom.

But to return to our subject; the great event in the history of the new sect, the hegira of the Shakers, dates from the month of May 1774. It was at this time that Anne Lee, elder William Lee, one of her brothers, elders James Whitaker and John Hocknell, and Mary Partington and others embarked for America, on board the ship Maria, Captain Smith of New York. This event, though the spring of great increase to their sect, appears to have been fatal to the remnants, which remained in England. James and Jane Wardley, the original founders of the faith, were removed from the house of John Townley, the good natured bricklayer who had hitherto supported them, to the almshouse, where they died. John Hocknell, who had embarked for America in 1774 with Anne Lee, went back to England the next year, and again returned to America, with other members of the old society, which after these repeated drafts upon its numbers appears to have dwindled to nothing.

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On the passage to America, the vessel, in which this company was bestowed, sprang a leak, and was with difficulty kept from sinking. In the height of the peril, 'Mother and the elders put their hands to the pump and encouraged the seamen;' so that they arrived safe at New York in the month of August. They were now wholly without resource, and were obliged to seek their livelihood by their industry, a circumstance which led to their dispersion in various places. Anne Lee herself, in what capacity is not stated, abode in a family of the name of Smith, in Queen street, now Pearl street, where she was kindly treated and continued two years. Her associate Hocknell meantime had returned with recruits from England, and as he was represented at the commencement of this narrative as a man of substance, it is probable that he had converted his property into disposable funds, and thus brought over with him to America the means of founding a settlement. We accordingly find that, in the spring of 1776, the spiritual mother, gathering her children, moved up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Neskayuna, in the town of Watervliet; and in the month of September fixed her abode, where the church is now established, eight measured miles northwest from the centre of the city of Albany. In this obscure retreat, the Shakers appear to have enjoyed the liberty of professing their strange peculiarities, and gradually attracted more and more of the notice of the lower and more ignorant classes of their neighbors. The attention of the civil authority was also called to them, it being the most anxious period of the revolutionary war, in consequence of their refusal to bear arms. They suffered, however, at present, no molestation on this account.

Nothing remarkable appears to have happened to the society for three years, after its settlement at Watervliet. In 1779, says the work before us, 'a remarkable religious awakening took place in the township of Canaan, in New York,' which was followed in the next year by 'a general opening of the testimony,' at the village of New Lebanon, in that township. Of the means by which the peculiarities of this extraordinary sect were transplanted from Watervliet, a distance of forty miles, to New Lebanon, we are not informed. It is only stated, in general terms, that before this event happened, multitudes from this quarter had been in the habit of resort-

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ing for spiritual direction to Anne Lee. So great were the numbers of these pilgrims, that they were obliged to carry with them, to Watervliet, a supply of provisions. David Darrow, the senior author of the work before us, being employed in driving a flock of sheep with this intent, toward Watervliet, and the suspicion being prevalent, that some unlawful intercourse with the enemy was held by this society, he was pursued and with his sheep brought back to Lebanon. Here he was examined before some kind of a court, his sheep condemned to pay costs, and himself sent, for farther examination, to Albany. Being required by the authorities there to give security for his obedience to the laws, and not permitted by his religious scruples so to do, he with Joseph Meacham, the father of another of the authors of this work, was committed to prison. About the same time, and probably for like reasons, Anne Lee, and the chief members of the society at Watervliet were also cast into prison at Albany. Anne Lee was in the course of the season transported to Poughkeepsie, with the design of being banished—if our authors are correct—to the British army. Nothing however of this kind took place, and in the month of December, the whole party were set at liberty. They returned to their quarters at Watervliet, triumphant victims of persecution, and resumed their 'testimony' of course, with redoubled zeal. They were visited at this time, say our authors, by great numbers from distant parts of the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. But by what means the society had been able, during the four years of its establishment at Watervliet, not only to make itself known, but to gain converts in these remote quarters, the work before us gives no account.

The fact, however, is asserted without qualification, and seems pretty certain from the circumstance that in May 1781, Anne Lee and the elders started on a visitation to 'the distant parts from place to place where the gospel had been received;' a visitation on which they were absent two years, returning to Watervliet in August 1783. In July of the next year elder William Lee, the brother of Anne, died, and in a little more than a year, viz: in September 1784, he was followed by the mother herself; who 'having finished the work given her to do,' say our authors, 'was taken out of the sight of her believers, in the ordinary way of all living,' at the age of forty-eight.

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On the death of Anne Lee, the gift for the lead and protection of the believers fell upon elder James Whitaker, one of the original emigrants to America. The society continued to flourish under his administration, which however was shortly closed by death, at Enfield, in Connecticut, the seat of one of the earliest American establishments of this fraternity. From this time the administration passed into the hands of the American converts, and at first into those of Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, at New Lebanon, where the first American colony seems to have been settled, and which has gradually attained an apparent superiority even over the primitive Neskayuna, and may be regarded as the true metropolitan Seismopolis. Joseph Meachem and Lucy Wright had already distinguished themselves, in the year 1792, by organizing the different *families* of Shakers, by which name the several establishments are called. Having taken an active part in this organization, they were, on the death of elder James Whitaker, in 1787, acknowledged as the spiritual head of all the Believers. What the connexion is, however, between the several families in different places, we have not been able to gather from this work, nor from any other source of information. We have been told, in general, that each family is independent, and subject only in spiritualities to the lead of those, who, for the time being, are allowed to possess the most distinguished gifts.

'From the year 1785, say our authors, the testimony was withdrawn from the world, and rarely opened to any till about 1797.' During this period, we learn also from the same source, that a great change took place in the character of the society. Their exercises, outcries of conviction, and shakings passed away, and 'were succeeded by such righteousness, peace, and order, as never before had been established on earth.' The solution of this appears obvious. The original persecuted fanatics, of the lowest class of Manchester mechanics, had been succeeded by a large number of substantial persons, who under the influence of religious enthusiasm had put their society in possession of sundry valuable farms. Fields to till, forests to prune, and their produce to sell, lead to a very different life and character, from that with which the founders of this sect in the blind alleys of Bolton and Manchester began. In 1792, their families were organized, and their property by a verbal compact constituted common stock. In

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1795, a written compact to the same effect was entered into. In 1800, one of the deacons at New Lebanon is said to have broached the doctrine before the brethren, that as they were not an incorporated society, each member could claim wages for his labor and a share in the stock. This overwise officer was however excommunicated, and only received back on humble submissions. It is not easy to understand, meantime, how possessions so large as they are said to hold have been kept together so long, without the usual legal protections of corporate property. Joseph Meacham died in 1796, and Lucy Wright remained in sole possession of the chief gift or lead, and of the title of Mother. Henry Clough followed her the next year, and under his administration, the practice of sending out preachers, expressly to assist in gathering new families, began. Elder Clough died in 1798, and was succeeded in the gift by Abiathar Babbot. The following year elder John Hocknell, the last of the fathers that came from England, but who does not appear ever to have possessed *the lead*, died at Watervliet. Anne Lee, William Lee, James Whitaker, and elder Hocknell were supposed, by their disciples, to be the *four creatures* of the prophet Ezekiel.*

In the year 1801, a religious excitement prevailed in Kentucky, and from that period to 1805, something was done to enlist converts to *shakerism* in that quarter. In 1805, John Meacham, Benjamin S. Youngs, and Issachar Bates were chosen and sent as missionaries from New Lebanon to the converts in the western states. An account of what transpired, during the four years alluded to, is contained in a pamphlet called *Kentucky revived*, published in 1808, which we have never seen. At the time the work before us was written, there were eleven brethren and eight sisters, employed as missionaries by the church at Lebanon, in the western states.

In the first number of the New Hampshire Historical Collections,† is contained an account of the settlement of Shakers in Canterbury in that state. As it will serve in some measure, to give an idea of the similar institutions, we shall make an extract from it :

* President Dwight's travels, iii. 168.

† We feel great pleasure in having an opportunity of recommending to the public notice the valuable work quoted in the text, of which five numbers have already appeared at Concord N. H. Its object hitherto has been to collect and publish in a series of numbers, 1°. Historical Sketches of Indian wars,

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'In the south-easterly part of the town of Canterbury, in New Hampshire, on an elevated and beautiful site, is the village of the "SHAKERS." The church at Canterbury was gathered in the year 1792, under the ministration of Elder *Job Bishop*, who is still their first minister; although the society first embraced their religious faith about ten years previous to that time. At present it consists of more than two hundred members. They have a meeting-house open at all times of public worship, where any discreet and civil spectator is freely allowed to attend. They have a Deacon's office, where all their public business is transacted, and where strangers are at first received on their visits to the society. They have also nine dwelling houses, of two and three stories, and several workshops both for men and women. Their mills and various kinds of machinery are moved by water on an artificial stream.

'They manufacture many articles for sale, which are remarkable for neatness and durability. Their gardens are perhaps the most productive of any in the country; and indeed all their improved lands exhibit the pleasing effects of industry and rural economy. They have for years supplied this section of the state with garden seeds, and take much pains to propagate those of the best kind. They occupy more than 1500 acres of land, lying principally in a body, which they have "consecrated to the Lord," and which they enjoy in common. They cheerfully pay their proportion of the public taxes, and share all the burthens of government, except the bearing of arms, which they deem to be unlawful; and in return, they claim from government only that

battles, and exploits; of the adventures and sufferings of captives. 2°. Topographical descriptions of towns and places in New Hampshire, with their history, civil and ecclesiastical. 3°. Biographical memoirs and anecdotes of eminent and remarkable persons in New Hampshire. 4°. Statistical tables, tables of births, diseases, and deaths. 5°. Meteorological observations. The five numbers, which have appeared, contain a very valuable and interesting series of papers under most of these heads. No state in the union has the advantage of possessing so classical a work on its history as New Hampshire, and we are rejoiced to find proof in these numbers of the zeal with which historical studies are still cultivated there. The narratives under the first head are particularly engaging; that of Mrs Johnson's captivity wants only to be a romance to surpass all common romances in interest. The editors observe in their preface, 'No longer ago than 1750, there were hordes of savages roaming about the different parts of the state, and so late as 1781 their last depredations were committed in the town of Shelburne. In almost every town on the borders of our greater rivers have been discovered traces of Indian fortifications, dwellings, implements or weapons. The memory of Indian irruptions is now fresh in the minds of our aged people.' We are happy to perceive by the notice in the last number of this work, that the publishers propose to enlarge the plan on which it is conducted, and give it the form of a monthly literary journal. As they state that its continuance depends on the encouragement it may receive, we cannot but recommend it to the attention and patronage of the American public.

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protection and support guaranteed to other citizens. The income of their manufactures, together with their agricultural products, yields their temporal support; and what they become possessed of more than is necessary to their wants, they devote to charitable purposes, agreeably to their church covenant.

'Fifty-four persons, old and young, have departed this life in the society since it was first organized—a period of forty years. This number is small, in comparison with the mortality of other parts of the state; and furnishes strong proof how much temperate habits tend to prolong life.'

These remarks in the historical collections serve as a preface to a short account of the faith and discipline of the Shakers, furnished by two respectable individuals of the community at Canterbury. It contains little or nothing new on the subject, and a considerable part of it is taken up with a notice of the alleged misrepresentations of their sect in Merrill's Gazetteer of New Hampshire, and President Allen's Biographical Dictionary. As a contribution toward the history of this sect in New York, we shall quote the last paragraph in this statement. Valentine Rathbun, there mentioned, was a baptist minister, who in 1780 in the time of the general awakening, became a convert to this faith, but in about three months relapsed, and published a work, entitled *Brief hints*, against the new faith. D. Rathbun, as well as Taylor and West, mentioned also in this paragraph, have likewise published accounts of the Shakers.

'It is evident however, that he [President Allen] has drawn his description from the accounts of Valentine and Daniel Rathbun, Taylor, West, and others, whom we well know to have early apostatized from our society in New York, in consequence of having been disappointed in their views of obtaining pre-eminence among them; and through whose instigation, several riotous and lawless mobs were afterwards excited to commit the most inhuman and cruel outrages on the society, whose profession and conscience forbade them to resist, or render evil for evil. In defiance of all law, these mobs were frequently led forward by those infuriate apostates, by whom many of the society, both men and women indiscriminately, and in their own dwellings, were often scourged and beaten with savage barbarity. In one of those crusades, a son of Valentine Rathbun, being a member of the society, of lawful age and a married man, was struck by his father with a large cane, inhumanly beaten, his skull laid bare for three inches in length, and at last left weltering in his blood, with doubtful apprehensions with regard to his fate! This is that civil authority, as it is called, by which our assemblies

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are said to have been suppressed! Yet strange as it may seem, the libellous productions of these apostates from truth and charity are not only credited, but transcribed and held out to the public as a *standard of undoubted authenticity.*'

The editors of the Historical Collections make the following remarks at the close of their article on the Shakers of Canterbury.

'It should be mentioned as a practice highly creditable to this sect, that the members of their societies never make use of ardent spirits except in cases of sickness, being aware of the evils intemperance brings upon society. Another practice not unworthy of imitation is, they refuse to be trusted even in the smallest sum. They transact their secular concerns with much probity and uprightness; and though they may have suffered reproach from their singularity of life and manners, they have become a proverb for industry, justice, and benevolence.'

With regard to the number of Shaker settlements in the United States, it is stated in the Connecticut Gazetteer,* that there are at least fourteen. We have reason to think however that at present there are a few more. The following are all of which we have heard by name:

Alfred,	Maine.
Gorham,	do.
Enfield,	New Hampshire.
Canterbury,	do.
Harvard,	Massachusetts.
Shirley,	do.
Hancock,	do.
Enfield,	Connecticut.
New Lebanon,	New York.
Neskayuna,	do.
Union,	Ohio.
Shakerstown,	Kentucky.
Shaker town,	Indiana.

We have reason to think that there are a few settlements of Shakers in the western states, in addition to those here enumerated. The size of these communities varies from two to five hundred members. We have heard their whole numbers estimated at 6000, and the value of their lands at 800,000 dollars.

With respect to the religious opinions of this sect, they complain like all other sects of the misrepresentations which cir-

* p. 70.

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culate in regard to them. In the preface to the work before us the authors tell us, that 'nothing has hitherto been published which meets their approbation, except a small pamphlet, entitled *A concise statement of the principles of the only true church*, written to a deaf man, by particular request, and printed at Bennington, Vermont, in the year 1790, and a pamphlet published last year under the title of *The Kentucky Revived.*' It may be observed in general, that they claim the name of christians, and acknowledge the authority of the bible, of which their interpretations rival any thing, which the grossest ignorance and wildest fanaticism ever conspired to produce. But the deliberate worship of Anne Lee as a person of the Deity, throws at once an intolerable air of blasphemy and horrible ridicule over their belief, which we have no disposition to contemplate. We will only quote one of the least offensive of the speculations on this subject, of the work before us, that our readers may not think we speak with undue harshness. The authors of the work adduce the words of prophecy, 'I will *shake* all nations and the *desire* of all nations shall come,' and comment upon them, in the following manner.

'The effects of Christ's first appearing were far from fulfilling those promises in their full extent; for in reality that heaven, which was to be *shaken*, had not yet been built, neither was the appearing of Christ in the form of man, so properly the *desire of all nations*. But as his second appearing was to be manifested in that particular object (namely *woman,*) which is eminently the *desire* of all nations; therefore it was that the present work of God began in *shaking*, both as a preparatory and an increasing work for the full and final manifestation of Christ.'

With respect to most opinions in controversy among christians, the Shakers can scarcely be said to be on one side or the other. Their own language is so very peculiar, and is a jargon so completely *sui generis*, that it is difficult to reduce it either to the affirmative or negative of common theological questions. The work before us is filled with unfriendly allusions to the popular orthodox theology, but a favorite theme of discourse in their harangues is the doctrine of regeneration; and it is possible that they would admit some of the Calvinistic tenets; reserving to themselves peculiar explanations of them, by which they could be strained to accord with their mythology. Upon the whole, though we are not in favor of denying

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the name of Christian to any, who esteem it an honor to wear it, yet we cannot but think that those who call Anne Lee, Mother, in the same sense that they call God, Father, and sing praises to both, are christians of a very curious kind.

There is no one, who has not heard of the mode, in which the Shakers perform the duty of religious worship. Were it becoming to be amused with any thing which refers to such a subject, one would be amused with the ingenuity of their defence of their mode of worship. We cannot but extract a few sentences, from the work before us, on this subject.

'4. The manner of worship in the first appearing of Christ was not reduced to any form, but according as true Believers were moved by the Spirit, in various circumstances. They worshipped God in prayer, vocal or silent, in praise, in thanksgiving, in exhortations, and in feasts of charity, by which they expressed their love and union to each other.

'5. This various manner of worship continued, mostly, with all the true witnesses until near the time of Christ's second appearing, when many, like the guards of the night, sat in solemn silence, waiting for the break of day, denying their own wisdom and judgment, and performing no act of worship but such as they were moved to, by the inward light and evidence of the quickening Spirit.

'6. Being thus wholly cut off from the fruitless inventions and precepts of men, and wholly dependent on the author and fountain of life, they devoted themselves to do his will in all things wherein it might be made manifest. Hence the light and truth, and revelation of God increased among them, until, by the special operation of his power, they were moved to go forth and worship God in the dance: which had been expressly signified by the law and the prophets, as the peculiar manner of worship to be established in the latter day.

'7. And as the work of full redemption, and the worship of God attending it, were to be introduced in the line of the female; therefore it is particularly worthy of notice, that through the order of the female, both the example and promise were given, through all the law and the prophets, which may evidently appear from what follows.

'8. The deliverance of the children of Israel from under Pharaoh, and their escape through the Red sea, was a plain and striking figure of the day of full redemption, from the bondage and dominion of sin, as may appear from the song of Moses and the children of Israel. And therefore it was that *Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances.*

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'10. The first abode of the Ark of God, was in Shiloh, and it was there, at the yearly feasts of the Lord, that the virgins or daughters of Shiloh, went forth to *dance in dances.* This, *all the time that the house of God was in Shiloh*, was an abiding figure of the true worship in Christ, at the bringing in the Ark of the Covenant of God in the latter day.

'11. Also when the king of Israel returned, after the victory over Goliah the Philistine, (a type of Antichrist) *The women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing.*

'12. Again the final establishment of the Ark of God and his Testament, was prefigured when the typical Ark was removed from Shiloh to the city of David, being accompanied with the same solemn exercise.—*And David and all Israel played* [that is danced] *before God with all their might, and with singing.*

'16. But in the time of their captivity at Babylon, this sacred exercise was entirely lost from the people of God, and like the vessels of the sanctuary, profaned by the wicked in the service of the Devil. And hence the lamentation of the prophet Jeremiah. *The joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning.*

'18. The promise that this mode of worship should be restored to the people of God, in the latter day, evidently appears from the most express and pointed prophecies, given in the time of the captivity. Thus the Lord, by the prophet Jeremiah: "Behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling places:—*And out of them shall proceed thanks-giving, and the voice of them that make merry:—In the latter days ye shall consider it.*

'22. But as these things could not be fulfilled in Christ's first appearing, therefore he renewed the promises which were made through the prophets, saying, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." Which, in this particular, was more expressly alluded to in his parable of the younger son, who returned to his father's house, and being stript of his old garments, and clothed with the best robe, there was *Music and Dancing.*'

If any one think that the dancing of the Shakers resembles the worldly exercise commonly called by that name, he will widely err. We suppose that when their church was first organized in Toad lane, their corporeal exercises, which gave them the name of Shakers, were of a violent and boisterous character, like those sometimes witnessed in camp-meetings. But as we have had occasion already to hint, the character of Shakerism has wholly changed since the emigration to America. The name remains, but the thing is changed. The dancing now practised in their assemblies, if not as our authors

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venture to call it, 'solemn as eternity,' is any thing but gay. The assembly, in two portions, consisting of the two sexes severally, and disposed in ranks behind each other, dance forward and backward three or four times, and then in a shuffling manner on the spot, alternating from the one to the other, and accompanied by the monotonous singing of certain male and female elders. The appearance of so many, for the most part grown persons, the men without coats (which they lay aside for this part of the worship, called aptly enough *labor)* gravely engaged in this exercise, under the idea of paying christian worship, may awaken a smile at its oddity, but is upon the whole melancholy and disgusting. It forms, however, a part only of their religious service, of which extemporaneous preaching of a very ordinary character, and singing from a collection of their own, compose the other portions. With the exception of the dancing and the extremely illiterate and ordinary quality of their preaching, their mode of appearing in the place of worship is edifying; and more uniformly collected and solemn, than that of many more enlightened churches. As a specimen of the dexterity, with which they can evade an objection, we may state that when they were told that their mode of worship was opposed by 1 Tim. iv. 8. 'bodily exercise profiteth *little*,' they replied, 'It is that little we aim at.'

The most interesting aspect, under which this institution presents itself, is that of a new form of *monachism.* To enjoin celibacy on about two hundred and fifty men, and as many women, gathered into four or five families, each consisting equally of either sex, and without any aid from the laws of the land or the public sentiment toward enforcing the rules of the institution, is, to say the least, a bold experiment in anthropology. If public scandal say true, it has not proved altogether a successful one. Several persons have, from time to time, seceded from the various communities of Shakers, and some of these have published accounts, unfavorable to the purity of these establishments.* We must own, however, that

* We have given above the names of some of these individuals. President Dwight, in his second letter on the Shakers, has given some account of a book by Thomas Brown, who left the society of Shakers, entitled 'an account of the people called Shakers, their faith, doctrines, and practice; exemplified in the life, conversations, and experience of the author, during the time which he belonged to the society: to which is added a history of their rise and progress to the present day, by Thomas Brown, of Cornwall, Orange county, state of New York.' A duodecimo volume of three hundred and seventy-two closely printed pages.

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such accounts are not entitled to implicit faith, and the common principles of human nature, as well as charity, would lead us to think that it would be impossible to hold these societies together, were any of their leaders as insincere and corrupt, as some are represented to be. Considering that they have no legal power in their hands, and that society does not second their discipline, nothing short of extreme purity in those, who administer it, would prevent its rapid degeneracy and extinction.

When we look into the history of monastic institutions, we find them originating in as voluntary and self devoted a spirit, as that which enlisted the first converts to Shakerism; but we also find that these institutions were *kept up*, by means very different from those, by which their first establishment was effected; means which our Shakers can never command. Separate houses were erected for monks and nuns: the genius of Shakerism requires that the brethren and sisters in the faith be gathered together in the same families. Large bequests in lands and goods were made by the state and individuals on the most inalienable tenures to the religious houses; our governments will certainly give the Shakers nothing, nor incorporate them with powers to receive more than very frugal legacies. The whole power of government, ecclesiastical and civil, was exerted to enforce on those once devoted, the observance of the monastic vow; and to be built up alive into a stone wall was the mildest punishment for violating it. We presume that if any suspicion should get abroad, among the neighbors of a Shaker settlement, that any such means were put in practice against an apostate Shaker or Shakeress, two hours would not elapse without subjecting their abodes to a more violent shaking, on the part of the mob, than any thing ever witnessed at Neskayuna or in Toad lane. Or if this were not done, it is more than probable the grand jury would begin to stir in the business: and it would take more than the ingenuity of our authors to spiritualize the letter of the old common law. In fact, since the mode of settling things by judge and jury has gotten into vogue, monastic institutions have declined in the world; and certainly of all countries, ours is the last where they could be expected to revive.

It may be asked then what holds these families together, in defiance of the law of nature, unaided by the law of the land.

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To this a partial answer is obvious. Religious enthusiasm was certainly the first principle of the growth of the Shakers. It was accident probably, which gave their establishments an agricultural form in this country. Some substantial farmer became a Shaker, and threw his acres into the common stock. Indigent brethren came and settled with him, and thus the nucleus of a community was formed. If well administered, it is plain that the increase of such an establishment will be rapid. The surplus gains invested in new lands will increase the temptation to converts to share the abundance, and in short the thing grows because it is: as a snow ball, ready in itself to melt, gathers as it is moved. Moreover, we do not set it all down to mere direct interest. Their community doubtless finds recruits from the wide spread *caste* of the friendless and deserted. Many poor isolated beings exist scattered about, even in this happy land;—surrounded by prosperous families but amalgamated with none, and lonely in the crowd. Single females without friends and protectors, orphan children without relations, pilgrims in the world struck with melancholy by the way, widows, and fathers who have lost their children, all those who in one way or the other seem left out of the game or the battle of life, furnish recruits to the Shakers. The families of their neighbors cannot take them all in, and after human pity has been strained to the last degree of cousinship, there will still remain many forlorn individuals in the world. Can it be wondered that such persons are desirous of entering a community, which not only elevates them at once to competence, but divides with them a share of the corporate identity; and gives them a little consequence in the eyes of their fellows; and puts their rights, happiness and feelings, under the protection of a numerous society? We have been told that in the late war, the widows and children of some of those, who had enlisted in our army, and were slain on the frontiers, repaired to these asylums. One could forgive some absurdity in religious rites to a people, who stood ready to open their gates to the families thus left desolate. Some blacks may also be seen on their benches, specimens of a branch of that race rapidly disappearing among us. While slavery existed in New England, the children of the slaves were often exchanged by their masters, with the farmers from the interior, for vegetables, butter,

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and pork.* The household of our yeomanry is known to be simple; these little Africans, when carried back into the country, became members by adoption of the families in which they lived; were fed at the same table, and labored in the same field. The descendants of some of this class are still to be seen among us. Some of them having fought the battles of the revolutionary war, are now public pensioners: but most of them in the interior, are solitary beings, and separated by their color from the population around them. To a few individuals of this class, the gates of the Shakers have been opened. In short, there is no problem in the existence and continuance of an establishment, that gives a home to the houseless, powerful protection to the friendless, food to the hungry, and a little vulgar singularity and consequence to those, who would otherwise be unnoticed; nor while they have ample farms and large earnings will there be wanting shrewd and able leaders to manage them. That they should ever grow up into single powerful communities is manifestly impossible. And we shall show in the sequel of our remarks, that their own policy does not aim at it. Without acts of incorporation, it is scarcely credible that no minister of the law should teach the discontented among them the mysteries of a suit for wages or a prayer for a division of the property, 'hitherto held and enjoyed in common.' And should the societies seek to avoid this danger, by soliciting acts of incorporation, it is doubtful if they could be obtained, with powers to hold any great amount of property.

Opinion is somewhat divided as to the character of Shakers, in the intercourse with the world. The following account of them is given by President Dwight, who not having been very favorably impressed toward them, is not liable to the suspicion of exaggerating their merits.—'The members of the fraternity,' says he, 'are principally farmers, gardeners, and mechanics; and the business of all is done in the neatest and most

* In Dr Belknap's reply to Judge Tucker's queries, is contained an admirable history of slavery in Massachusetts. The Dr tells us, that 'Negro children were reckoned an incumbrance in a family; and when weaned, were given away like puppies. They have been publicly advertised in the newspapers "to be given away." In the country, the Negroes lived as well as their masters, and often sat down at the same table, in the true style of republican equality.' Histor. Coll. iv. 200. See also the report made to the house of representatives of Massachusetts, last winter, on the subject of the Negroes among us.

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effectual manner within their knowledge. Whenever they hear of an improvement, in any business pursued within their pale, they regularly possess themselves of it, if within their reach. Of course, whatever they do is well done; and whatever they offer in the market, is in good reputation, and sold at a good price. Among themselves they are said to be harmonious and friendly; and in their treatment of others to be fair, sincere, and obliging. In seasons, when the yellow fever has prevailed in New York, they have distinguished themselves by very honorable and liberal donations, to the poor of that city.'* When the city of Troy, moreover, near Albany, was desolated a few years since, by fire, the market carts of the Shakers, loaded with food and clothing for the sufferers, were soon in motion. In its present state, therefore, whatever excesses may be charged on the early founders of Shakerism, and whatever be the absurdities of its creed, so long as it confines itself to hard work within its limits and deeds of benevolence without, it is certainly a *monachism* of the most harmless kind, and entitled to the charitable judgment of the community.

In the accounts which we have had an opportunity of perusing, a silence apparently intentional is observed with respect to the precise mode, in which Shakerism has been propagated, nor have we been able historically to learn the origin of the several settlements, which, with extraordinary rapidity, have sprung up in different parts of the country, particularly in New England and the western states. Two modes have suggested themselves to us as those, in which it is most probable this extension of the Shakers has taken place. The one at which we have already hinted is the accidental conversion of substantial farmers in different parts of the country. As one of the fundamental principles of the sect is community of goods, the conversion of any one possessed of a hundred or two of acres of land constitutes, *ipso facto*, the nucleus of a new settlement. Provision is thus immediately made for the reception of as many brethren from the older establishments, or as many new converts, as occasion may invite to gather together. It is plain that though the interest of the Shakers would lead them to prefer the accession of wealthy converts, and to discourage a swarm of needy and shiftless proselytes, yet that a certain

* Dwight's Travels, iii. 158.

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quota of labor must be had, and that within certain limits, any accession to their numbers would be accepted. Whoever supposes that where a good farm is thus offered, to any one that will come and live upon it, a few absurd peculiarities and positive requisitions will keep every body aloof, considers little the magnetic nature of meat and drink. Mr Malthus tell us that there is many a child of our common parent Nature, for whom no cover is laid at her bountiful table. But he does not say, that there was ever a cover laid, which no one wished to make use of. There is no difficulty in hiring men to work in a snuff mill, where they breathe an atmosphere of pulverised tobacco. No one ever heard of a manufacture of white lead, that fell through, for want of people willing to inhale the fumes of ceruse; and sixpence a day is high wages for marching in the face of a battery charged with grape and cannister, through the breach of a city's wall. Will men do this for a scanty pittance of daily bread; and will they not go and live in a neat and healthy village, or a lawn sloping down to a pleasant stream, with the best of every thing to eat, drink, and wear, and under no harder conditions than a quarter part of mankind impose on themselves? We are told by Adam Smith that wherever there is money's worth, there will soon be money. In like manner, wherever there are man's food and clothing, there will be man. Beef and pudding, we believe to be far more convincing, than the highest strains of itinerant eloquence; and if the nameless and numberless sects which crowd our *Views of Religions*, barbarous denominations of Dunkers, Muggletonians, Halcyons, Preadamites, and Chrystians would but fall upon this device of the Shakers, and build their spiritual foundations on good mowing land and tillage, with a suitable proportion of woodland and cedar swamp, they would prosper as widely and rapidly.

In addition to the accidental origin, which some of the Shaker settlements may have had, in the conversion of substantial farmers, we believe that the principle of colonization has been very systematically acted upon by them. The numbers in the separate communities do not appear to exceed about five hundred; and as there is no reason why their increase should be checked here, there is every probability that the surplus is regularly sent off to new settlements formed on lands, purchased by the funds of this prosperous communion. It was thus, that

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the crowded population of the ancient Grecian cities was relieved. The most respectable citizens did not disdain to join colonies, and Herodotus and Thucydides, by a curious coincidence, both removed from the bounds of that Greece, for whose glory their writings have done so much, to the same colony on the coast of Italy. It is perverse enough that it should have been left to a vulgar sect of religionists alone, to imitate the example of the purest age of Grecian antiquity. How much more conformable to the policy of a great nation, like England, would it be, instead of putting their poor population upon the Sangrado diet—starvation and blood-letting—to ship them off to their vaunted Eutopias, in Canada or Australasia. To return, however, to the Shakers, as the fruits of their labors are constantly yielding an accumulation of wealth, the purchase of new spots for settlement is the most obvious investment of it. The nature of their community is of all others most favorable to this process of transplanting; as all the common ties of local attachment are broken among them; and *home*, in the common sense, does not exist. It is said that the great Frederic had three libraries exactly corresponding to each other in the size and shape of the rooms, and containing identically the same books, at Potsdam, Berlin, and Königsberg; so that at whichever of his residences he might be, he should be surrounded by the same objects. We suppose that the same uniformity exists among the Shaker settlements, and that it can hardly be called a change, to remove from one to the other.

By this well contrived policy many advantages are secured. The establishments are kept within managable limits, at the same time, that full scope is given to the indefinite multiplication of the members of the sect. It is plain that the purity of their discipline could be kept up, only by an extreme degree of watchfulness and personal influence. An institution like this cannot, like some human institutions, be wound up and then go a long time by itself. Obvious considerations show that it must be very diligently looked after. This is probably one reason of its flourishing. The great stumbling block to the prosperity of many of our social, literary, and moral institutions is, that they can be administered tolerably well, with very little care; and, strange as it may seem, it is much more difficult to get men to bestow regularly a very little care, than

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a great deal. Institutions, on the contrary, where much must be done punctually and vigilantly, or they cannot exist, are likely to flourish. The same punctuality and vigilance which are necessary to their very existence will usually make them prosper. But where much personal care is to be taken and much personal influence exercised, and especially where every thing is to be done in the teeth of public prejudice, it is clear that the experiment must not be attempted on too large numbers, in any one collection. Our readers are probably aware, that the office of leader is bestowed by impulse or revelation on him, who has the *gift* to assume it. In this there is no difficulty. We all act on this principle in real life. Among children and playmates, some one has this gift to take the lead in football and prison bas; and among grown folks some one has a gift to talk oftenest and be most listened to, and have his own way and make others follow it. Civil society provides the way, however, of settling whose gift shall prevail; and the town clerk and selectmen, on the first Monday in April, call the neighbors together to arrange the matter among the divers gifted individuals, as amicably as they can. As no such process exists among the Shakers, too large a community would be exposed to a collision of gifts for the administration of it, and the harmony of the brotherhood be disturbed. In what way this doctrine of gifts is applied in ordinary cases, the following anecdote will show. A youth of one of the Shaker settlements, of a cheerful, happy spirit, was once asked whether he had his liberty and could do as he pleased. 'Certainly,' said the youth, repeating doubtless what all are taught to believe, 'we do whatever we have a gift to.' On being asked therefore, what he should do, if he wanted, on a fine winter's morning, to go and skate on Enfield pond, he replied, that 'he should tell the elder that he had a gift to go down and skate.' Being asked further, whether the elder would probably permit him, he answered 'certainly, unless the elder had a gift that I should not go.'—'But if you still told the elder, that you had a gift to go down and skate, and go you must?'—'why then the elder would tell me, that I had a "*lying gift*," and that he had a gift to beat me, if I did not go about my work immediately.' This mode of reconciling a diversity of gifts might serve very well between the elders and the boys; but would be awkward among the elders themselves. Hence another

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advantage in the mode of colonization practised by the Shakers. The erection of new communities provides places for the more active spirits, that come up, who might not acquiesce in the subjection, in which the members are held to the chiefs of the society; and who by being thus put at the head of new colonies are safely disposed of. This is no trifling secret in government, nor a difficulty of rare occurrence. The old, jealous of being hurried off, and the young, impatient of being kept back, distract many a fine organization, by their diverse *gifts;* and the Shakers appear to us to have solved the problem with signal success. Besides thus keeping their numbers within managable limits and providing places for all their ambitious members, these colonies are admirably devised to secure that *training*, which, in an institution like Shakerism, must be essential. It is not necessary for them to stake the prosperity of a new colony on the docility or aptitude of a band of raw proselytes. The older families send out, under an experienced leader, a detachment of brethren of all diversities of gifts, whose place is filled by the new converts at home. Thus a perpetual circulation is kept up, and every new community is composed of persons educated in their useful arts, their ritual, their administration, and their jargon—by no means the smallest part of the enginery of such an establishment. With an organization like this, we confess we think the institution of Shakerism calculated for very extensive diffusion. Since the year 1780, when the first propagation of it in this country took place, to the present time, it seems, from the statements which we have offered above, that about seventeen or eighteen settlements have been founded, containing, on an average, at least three hundred members each. As far as we have any accounts of these communities, they are all flourishing; all in finely chosen spots, all well administered; all conspicuous for the neatness of their manufactures, the excellence of their agriculture, and the thrift of their management. By general consent, the suspicions on their morals, if any were ever well founded, are fast wearing off; and there is no reason to augur unfavorably for the spirit, with which their discipline will be kept up. While therefore, as we have already observed, it is manifestly impossible that great single communities of this sect should be built up, we see nothing improbable in a very great multiplication of their settlements.

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What effect this may have on the community is therefore a matter of some interest. We believe that in some application to the state of New York, they were rejected, on the ground that their principles, in forbidding marriage, were unfriendly to the welfare of society. We have no knowledge of the circumstances of the case, to lead us, in any degree, to call in question the justice of this mode of meeting their demands. At the same time, we foresee no social evil from their multiplication. We apprehend no essential check to the progress of population in the country from the diffusion of this institution: and we regard the example of neatness, good order, thorough workmanship, improved culture, and moral thrift, which they set, as an abundant recompense, for all the nation may suffer from them, on the score of numbers. We hold it very clear that the portion of the community of real national worth, the thrifty, industrious, prudent part of the public, who are able and willing to get along in the common way, will not join the Shakers. And for the rest, we see nothing but good in these places of refuge for the odd, the unlucky, the unhappy, the solitary, and friendless, who flock together, and build up their individual fancies, humors, sorrows and wants, their rustic ambition, their fanatical pomposity, or whatever else carries or keeps them there, into a thrifty, hardworking, inoffensive community.

Art. VI.—*Clio, Numbers* I. *and* II. *By James G. Percival.* Charleston & New Haven.

Mr Percival has now given to the public three volumes of poetry, and has acquired a flattering distinction in our land. All allow the force and brilliancy of his genius, and the skill of his versification. All have at times felt a pensive chord in their bosoms responding to the sweep of his melancholy lyre. Yet what is the reason that he is not received with quite that measure of general enthusiasm which would fairly correspond to his merit, and constitutes the choicest reward of every poet? It lies, we fear, somewhat deeper than the inelegant typography of his first volume, the indiscriminate profuseness with which he makes up his contents, the submissiveness of his imitations, or his frank defiance of public opinion in matters of religion; though even these objectionable points have undoubtedly had their force with different classes of readers.

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But the most formidable obstacle to Mr Percival's general popularity, is the same, we apprehend, which prevents the multiplication of editions of Southey and Wordsworth; we mean, a disinclination in those authors to consult the precise intellectual tone and spirit of the average mass to whom their works are presented. Theirs is the poetry of soliloquy. They write apart from, and above the world. Their original object seems to be, the employment of their faculties and the gratification of their poetical propensities; after which, the world is indulged with the favor of listening to the strains, that have charmed and soothed their own solitude. A few congenial souls, indeed, will always be found to sympathize with such effusions, and none may be inclined to question the genius from which they proceed; and sometimes, as is frequently the case with the present author, the inclinations of the poet himself may coincide with the general taste by a happy chance, and thus produce compositions, which deserve immediate, extensive, and permanent popularity.

But we do not wonder that the success of poets of this stamp is frequently incomplete. We have no idea of this abstracted and unsocial sort of poetry. Science may be prosecuted very successfully, without the least reference to any general standard of taste and feeling abroad. Hardly so with literature. One cause, we presume, of the literary excellence and lasting admiration attained by the works of the ancients, was, the practice of reciting them before an audience. Being composed with this view, they must have possessed more life and energy,—more direct appeals to human sympathy,—the power of being seized more vividly and readily by the comprehension, and especially, to a greater degree, the happy art of awakening and playing with the attention so as never to push it to the borders of ennui,—than if the author sat apart in his own closet, and sang or spun for no other object than the gratification of his own ear, and in reverence for his own standards of criticism alone. Thus, might it not have been because Homer charmed in person the ears of all Greece, that he has reached the hearts of all ages? Herodotus read his muses at the Olympic games. The master-pieces of the Augustan era were rehearsed in the court of the emperor. Boileau, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel, wrought most of their matchless compositions under the immediate expectation of reading them to

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coteries or individuals. We cannot but persuade ourselves that such a practice must be extremely efficacious, in securing a more general reception and popularity for works written under their influence, than for those written without it, all other circumstances being equal. The genius of a writer may be overwhelming; his learning prodigious; his ear attuned to the finest influences; his taste fastidiously pure; and his glances '*from earth to heaven*' as bright and as quick as inspiration can make them;—yet if he does not often glance too '*from heaven to earth;*' if he does not study the common susceptibilities of the mass of his readers, and industriously tune the key-string of his own soul, till it vibrates nearly in unison with the compounded note sent up from the general breathing of human nature, he may lay his account, and perchance his consolation, with being the poet of the few rather than of the many. To the cause thus imperfectly set forth, we are inclined to ascribe the limited circulation of Mr Percival's Clio, which certainly contains some of the best poetry that has yet been sung by 'degenerate Americans.'

It may be asked—would you have poetry written entirely in the spirit of *vers de société?* Shall the poet slavishly abandon himself to the tastes and ideas of others? Shall he not even aim at elevating the general standard as near as possible to ideal excellence? Shall he refuse to draw his chief resources from the workings of his own soul, that he may impart to his productions a peculiarity, a characteristic individuality, which shall touch some of the finest springs of curiosity and interest in his readers? Shall his profession be that of a dancer, in which every step and posture which is taken is calculated for show and effect? No, certainly—that were to rush into the opposite extreme. It is the fault which places the poetry of Moore so many degrees below the point of perfection. Scott might probably have failed in the same quarter, and Byron in the opposite, the quarter *solitaire*, had not a certain native tact or address, resembling what in common life is called a knowledge of the world, taught them to resist their respective constitutional tendencies, and hit the true point of nature and popularity. Our ideas may be a little further illustrated by instancing the French and German schools of poetry, which severally verge towards the extremes we allude to. Shakspeare, whose single name may be cited in compa-

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ny with schools of literature, will quickly occur to every reader, as maintaining the desirable mean in perfection. This is the true taste. While the bard is duly independent of extraneous influences, and pours into his strain all his own native fire and force, we would have him at the same time conscious, that there is an ear of scrutinizing and impatient taste abroad, which is listening to him; an ear, which will certainly be dissatisfied if he wastes his music on preludes, and voluntaries, and symphonies of his own wayward devising, and confines not himself within some modulated movement, to which the feelings of all his readers shall beat time, like the heads in the *platea* of an Italian opera.

The last minstrel was not in our opinion the worse bard, because,

> 'Gazing timid on the crowd,
> He seem'd to seek in every eye,
> If they approv'd his minstrelsy.'

Still, the poets of the soliloquist school may possibly complain that we do not faithfully represent their case. They may disclaim the *disinclination* which we charge upon them to consult and to hit that happy medium of taste and propriety, which awakens the interest, fastens the attention, and secures an eager perusal from the reading world. They may appeal to their love of applause and to their vanity, as being quite equal to what is felt by more popular poets. They may contend that their mortification at ill-success, and their restlessness under criticism are as acute and troublesome as those writers can possibly endure, who pen every line with the image of a staring public directly before their eyes. Very true. But is not this mortification and restlessness produced by the circumstance, that the world and the critics refuse to come up to your standard, and not that you have failed in attaining to theirs? Is there not a kind of feeling of insulted graciousness, of repulsed condescension which you experience, rather than of humbling acquiescence, at finding, that what has pleased and delighted yourselves in the composition, and been permitted to go abroad in public, has failed to please and delight every body in the perusal? And when you appeal, as Mr Southey and others sometimes do, to posterity, say fairly, whether you would not wince a little, if you could learn, that posterity also will neglect you; and whether you would not

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then appeal to a more remote posterity still for your reward, and so on, till posterity and poetry shall be no more.

If, after all, the recluse fraternity should strenuously deny the truth of our position; if they insist that they are as anxious as any poets to seize upon that mysterious medium of style, sentiment, spirit, and expression, which shall instinctively correspond to the tastes of the wide world of readers, and that they are willing to make every sacrifice to attain this end;—then, they do but force a more disagreeable alternative upon their goodnatured critics, who are endeavoring to account for the circumscribed popularity which awaits their excellent productions. Must we not reluctantly ascribe to them an *inaptitude* or *inability* to infuse into their writings a tone, precisely harmonizing with the natural inclinations and principles of taste implanted in the general mind? Certain early intellectual tendencies, voracious and undiscriminating habits of reading, seclusion from varied intercourse, or a partial feebleness or obliquity in the power of observation, may have prevented them from discerning, either in their own minds or those of others, the exact limits where delight ends and weariness begins, in the perusal of works of the imagination. Or nature, in bestowing on them nearly all her rarest and most precious gifts, may have envied them the last, and so withheld that power of delicate management, which would have instructed them to employ their talents in always producing results of irresistible fascination. Hence, in perusing the writers whom we are attempting to characterise, we are liable to be annoyed with a disproportionate stress laid upon certain ideas and sentiments; or, a strain of thought is dwelt upon too long, longer than we are willing to follow it out; or, our minds become cloyed by an unsparing profusion of beautiful images and poetical luxuries; or they are often strained and confused by the writer's breaking off from some leading track of thought to run into byepaths and labyrinths, thus holding the faculties in a painful suspense, until we are again brought back to the onward path. There is too little attention paid to those graceful transitions and natural juxtapositions of the thoughts, which carry the reader forward imperceptibly, and enable him to follow the poet in his highest flights without a wearied effort. A heavy indescribable weight will sometimes come over the eyelids, which are all the while dazzled with beauties, and offend-

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ed with but few faults. Our minds are constantly rousing themselves up to the task of pursuing pleasure; and the incipient nod is now and then only checked by our starting and exclaiming, how beautiful.

Whoever has attempted a fair sit-down to any of Mr Percival's volumes, must, we are confident, recognise most, if not all of the peculiarities above specified, and ascribe to their influence the frequency with which he has laid aside the book, and achieved a complete perusal only by repeated assaults.

Yet we will venture to say (for here closes the unwilling and unenviable portion of our task) that he, who has examined to any considerable extent the poetry of our author, must have received an ample reward, and found abundant and splendid exceptions and balances to the defects above enumerated. There certainly reigns in many parts of it the true etherial spirit. The vein is often as fine as any we have ever known. The pieces are not few, in which the soul of the author, rising as he proceeds, involves itself and the reader in a cloud of delicious enchantment. He possesses the rare and divine art of imparting to language those mysterious and unearthly influences which come to us from the strings of an Æolian harp. Without employing our senses as instruments, he can yet diffuse through our feelings something like the result of all the sweetest sensations. Other authors often obtain admiration and fame from the excellence and beauty of separate ideas and sentiments, and the skill with which they arrange them. These gifts are enough to make the fine writer; they may produce the deepest immediate impressions. But to these Mr Percival adds the power of exciting in the mind a pervading and continuing charm; an aggregate effect, separate from the original one, analogous to a secondary rainbow. As you wander through the garden of his poetry, you enjoy something more than the pleasure of gazing on individual specimens, or inhaling their successive sweets, or surveying gay beds and fairly ordered parterres;—for the air itself is occupied with a spirit of mingled fragrance. As mere music often speaks a sort of language, so our author's language breathes a sort of music. We are convinced that it is true poetry, since in reading it we have had exactly the same feeling as in surveying admired subjects in the sister arts of painting and statuary.

To descend however to praises a little more particular and

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discriminating,—the author's wide command of the English language deserves honorable notice. His rhymes are unhackneied, yet always very natural. He has scarcely a trick of the mere versifier. We meet with few inversions of the common order of syntax. He has drunk deeply of the best undefiled springs.

We are next pleased with his intimate familiarity with classical literature. It is evidently of a kind not borrowed from Lempriere. It generally appears in incidental allusions, which are rather forced upon him from a well-stored memory, than sought after for the purpose of display. It is doubly refreshing to meet with this property in our author; both as it furnishes a proof that the race of ripe classical scholars is flourishing among us, and also that the stock of classical images and ornaments is far from being exhausted. We are persuaded, moreover, that Mr Percival has caught from the study of Greek models, a certain Attic purity and severity of style, conspicuous in some of his best wrought pieces.

Besides this quality, we also observe, in every part of these volumes, proofs of very extensive and profound general knowledge. There is almost an encyclopædian familiarity with subjects in many departments of modern science. It is this ample store of images and illustrations, joined with his happy art of introducing them, which gives us confidence in the ultimate splendid success of Mr Percival's authorship. He is not to be named with those poets, who set up with a small stock of ideas, and a pretty talent, and soon write themselves out. We regard his powers and resources as inexhaustible, and if his spirit shall be elastic enough to try them all successively, condescending at the same time to feel and be guided by the pulse of public taste, (we do not mean merely the public of to-day,) he will acquire for the literature of his country an enviable renown.

Another peculiarity in these pages which strikes us agreeably is the felicitous art of weaving into the texture of a composition the names of common and vulgar objects, which a poet of ordinary powers would despair of introducing with success. Mr Percival overcomes in a moment the repulsive or unpoetical associations attached to such words, and invests them with an unwonted dignity and purity.

The scenery of our country, too, has to thank him for con-

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secrating some of its objects in his verse. His picture of the Catskill Mountains and Valley (Clio, No. I. p. 68) though laboring under some of the defects to which we alluded in the former part of the article, has already won the admiration of a critic in Mr Campbell's magazine. The following Address has scarcely a fault that we can discern. It may possibly be thought that the picture is not sufficiently individual, and that when travelling about with it in your memory, you shall not recognise by it the Seneca lake distinct from any other fine sheet of water. But this is a precarious objection. The author may not have meant it for a picture of that particular lake, but for a record of his feelings while accidentally gazing at different hours on one of the most beautiful of natural objects. But whatever may be the truth of this objection, certainly, every line of the piece presents a distinct image of beauty, and is in perfect keeping with the spirit of the whole, which was caught from the softest breathing of nature. Repetition, sometimes called the soul of poetry, here justifies that appellation. But we are affronting our readers thus to enact so long the part of a Cicerone, and one of our brethren has to apologize to them and our author for letting the extract escape him in our former review of Mr Percival's volume, (Jan. 1822.)

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail.
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

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At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
O! could I ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.—*Poems*, p. 129.

This extract reminds us that it is now time to introduce others from the two small volumes before us, which we shall do, partly for the sake of exemplifying and defending the criticisms already advanced, and partly to adorn the pages of our journal.

The opening Sonnet to Clio, No. I. is not only beautiful in itself, but also appropriate to the relative position in which it stands.

SONNET.

Come forth, fair waters, from the classic spring,
And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
And spurn awhile this being's base control.

How many a cup of inspiration stole
The bards from out your sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung.

And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks; there they strung
A louder harp, and show'd a prouder form;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

In the following crowded, classical, and animated picture, the occasional resemblance to Lord Byron ought not to be called an imitation so much as a successful attempt at rivalry:

LIBERTY TO ATHENS. ODE.

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as wav'd the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;

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As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those tow'rs,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crush'd and bruis'd by many a blow,
She cower'd beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have roll'd away;
The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp array'd;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode:
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaim'd the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury toll'd:

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The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones, that seem'd the words of heav'n,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driv'n:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burn'd,
And every eye, that dar'd aspire
To truth, has long in worship turn'd:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of scie[illegible]reign'd:
The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvass live,
Where music roll'd her flood along,
And all the charms, that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod;
On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chain'd city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord. pp. 10—12.

CONSUMPTION.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all, that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—*Virg.*

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O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter pow'r;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fall'n snow;

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And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set:
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss;
So, fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is giv'n
To the love she leaves, and then to heav'n,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day. pp. 35—38.

TO THE HOUSTONIA CERULEA.*

How often, the modest flower!
I mark thy tender blossoms, where they spread,
Along the turfy slope, their starry bed,
Hung heavy with the shower.

Thou comest in the dawn
Of nature's promise, when the sod of May
Is speckled with its earliest array;
And strow'st with bloom the lawn.

'Tis but a few brief days,
I saw the green hill in its fold of snow;
But now thy slender stems arise, and blow
In April's fitful rays.

* A very delicate and humble flower of New England, blossoming early in spring, and often covering large patches of turf with a white or pale blue carpet.

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I love thee, delicate
And humble, as thou art; thy dress of white,
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
Or wrapp'd in spiral plait,

Or to the glancing sun,
Shining through chequer'd cloud, and dewy shower,
Unfolding thy fair cross.—Yes, tender flower,
Thy blended colors run,

And meet in harmony,
Commingling, like the rainbow tints; thy urn
Of yellow rises with its graceful turn,
And, as a golden eye,

Its softly swelling throat
Shines in the centre of thy circle, where
Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair,
And catches as they float,

A cloud of living air,
The atom seeds of fertilising dust,
That hover, as thy lurking anthers burst;
And O! how purely there

Thy snowy circle, ray'd
With crosslets, bends its pearly whiteness round,
And how thy spreading lips are trimly bound,
With such a mellow shade,

As in the vaulted blue,
Deepens at starry midnight, or grows pale,
When mantled in the full moon's silver veil,
That calm ethereal hue.

I love thee, modest flower!
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful step, along thy studded bed,
At morning's freshest hour,

Or when the day declines,
And evening comes with dewy footsteps on,
And now his golden hall of slumber won,
The setting sun resigns

His empire of the sky,
And the cool breeze awakes her fluttering train—
I walk through thy parterres, and not in vain,
For to my downward eye,

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Sweet flower! thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy, that peace imparts. pp. 38—41.

In the foregoing extract, connected with the address to Seneca lake, our author comes in competition with Mr Bryant, as a fine observer of nature, a melancholy moralist, and a true poet. We recognise in the former a kindred spirit to that which dictated the Lines to a Waterfowl.

The admirers of Mr Bryant may also find cause of jealousy in the two following effusions, which will not compare unfavorably with Thanatopsis, having, we think, no greater resemblance to Akenside, than that exquisite and much quoted production has to the Grave of Blair.

SELF DEVOTION TO SOLITARY STUDIES ACCOUNTED FOR.

'And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heav'n,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyaunce, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty. Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fir'd
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is fill'd,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway;
In man refin'd to holiness, a flame,
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms

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Of the glad season; but, at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathom'd well,
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

He has his pleasures—he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books,
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard, and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days;
In these, and in the visions, that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
There is an elevating influence,
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old time:
And then he listens in his passionate dreams,
To voices in the silent gloom of night,
As of the blind Meonian, when he struck
Wonder from out his harp-strings, and roll'd on,
From rhapsody to rhapsody, deep sounds,
That imitate the ocean's boundless roar;
Or tones of horror, which the drama spake,
Reverberated through the hollow mask,
Like sounds, which rend the sepulchres of kings,
And tell of deeds of darkness, which the grave
Would burst its marble portals to reveal;
Or his, who latest in the holy cause
Of freedom, lifted to the heavens his voice,
Commanding, and beseeching, and with all
The fervour of his spirit pour'd abroad,
Urging the sluggish souls of self-made slaves
To emulate their fathers, and be free;
Or those, which in the still and solemn shades
Of Academus, from the wooing tongue
Of Plato, charm'd the youth, the man, the sage,
Discoursing of the perfect and the pure,
The beautiful and holy, till the sound,
That play'd around his eloquent lips, became
The honey of persuasion, and was heard,
As oracles amid Dodona's groves.
With eye upturn'd watching the many stars,

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And ear in deep attention fix'd, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory, and his hopes;
Till past becomes reality, and joys,
That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
And ask fruition. O! there is a pure,
A hallow'd feeling in these midnight dreams;
They have the light of heaven around them, breathe
The odour of its sanctity, and are
Those moments taken from the sands of life,
Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom,
Like islands flow'ring on Arabia's wild.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable, to dwell upon the lines,
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions, that were sanctified, and lov'd,
As something far too tender and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading. I have sat,
In days, when sensibility was young,
And the heart beat responsive to the sight,
The touch, and music of the lovely one;
Yes, I have sat, entranc'd, enraptur'd, till
The spirit would have utterance, and words
Flow'd full of hope, and love, and melody,
The gushings of an overburden'd heart
Drunk with enchantment, bursting freely forth,
Like fountains in the early days of spring.

PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught, but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

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The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and mov'd with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolv'd in ecstacy, to heaven.
'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measur'd file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness.—Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fir'd
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,

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The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,
The hand firm-clench'd and quivering, and the foot
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language, it employs.
So the poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,
And revels in the ecstacies of soul,
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,
The beings of its own creation, fair,
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,
When earth was peopled in its solitudes,
With nymph and naiad: mighty, as the gods,
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand,
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,
The image of a beauty, so divine,
So masculine, so artless, that we seem
To share in his intensity of joy,
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of nature, blown
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,
In deeds of energy, the rage within.
Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities; in the child,
Than in maturer bosoms. Art may prune
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts
To soft refinement, and amenity;
But all its energy has vanish'd, all
Its madd'ning, and commanding spirit gone,
And all its tender touches, and its tones
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid
Among the measured notes, that move as dead
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth

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On nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring
Came from the sun with zephyrs, and with showers,
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O! how I gaz'd upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,
That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That roll'd, in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,
The warning of its coming, and the sound,
That usher'd in its elemental war.
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heav'd their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure,
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand, that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White, as the snow of Zemla, or the foam,
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctur'd round,
In easy undulations, with a belt
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
Mantled in ebon darkness, strow'd with stars
Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell
The higher, as I gaz'd upon it, till,
Sphere after sphere evolving, on the height
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,
Intensely bright, roll'd like a fountain, forth,
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,
In overflowing richness, from the breast

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Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue,
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stor'd
With all, the patriarchs of British song
Hallow'd, and render'd glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.'

pp. 78—84.

The second number of Clio is much inferior to the first. We can only take from it The Coral Grove, highly original and imaginative.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their bows where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bath'd in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

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When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

pp. 64, 65.

Could the published poetry of Mr Percival be reduced to a moderately sized single volume, and printed in a style worthy of the contents, it would, we have thought, be an acceptable present to the world, honorable to our country, and valued by posterity. But already, we understand, another volume is announced from the same prolific pen; and as long as Mr Percival will continue to write, our experience of the past raises so high our hopes of the future, that we do not ask him at present to divert his energies from composition to revision and reduction. By and by, in the calm and leisure of his days, he will, we presume, take pleasure in revising his works sternly and impartially, and fastidiously select from them fewer perhaps than the world would do, on which to fix his seal of immortality. In the mean time, may we entreat him to let no false sense of independence, or inordinate admiration of lord Byron, tempt him any more to flout the cross, or to throw doubts on the soul's immortality. Religion may not be wanted by so ethereal a race as the poets. But reviewers and other common men very much need it in the course of their numerous temptations. What would become of the wretched herd of authors, if reviewers were freed from some higher motives and restraints than are to be found among the miserable elements of this world? Let poets be careful, then, how by the acuteness and philosophy lent them in some inspired moment of disappointment and hypocondriasis, they overthrow the labors of the Lardners and Paleys, falsify the demonstrations of the metaphysicians, and disappoint the dearest and most universal sentiment of mankind.

He must not complain of the severity of these sarcasms, who, besides throwing suspicion on the beautiful enthusiasm for virtue, the perfect purity of sentiment, and even the occasional eulogiums on religion which adorn the other portions of his works, has deliberately, in two or three treacherous stanzas, cut more than one humble believer to the heart.

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ART. VII.—1. *Sylla. Tragedie en Cinq Actes. Par E. Jouy, Membre de l'Institut. (Academie Française.)* Paris, 1822.
2. *Catiline. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By the Rev. George Croly, A. M.* London, 1822.

WE have selected these two tragedies, the Sylla of Jouy, (the well known Hermite de la Chaussé d'Antin,) and the Catiline of Croly, (the poet of 'Paris in 1815,') not only as the dramatic productions of two distinguished writers, but as affording each a characteristic, and we may add a favorable specimen of the present state of the art, both in France and in England.

It is a question of some interest, why the present century, which teems, especially in Great Britain, with literary talent in every department, and in none more than in serious poetry, should have done so little for the tragic drama; an age in which even prose may be said to be warm with the spirit of poetry; when fiction, rich with living pictures of man and nature, in all the varied extremities of wordly fortune, is daily, nay hourly, poured upon us: in which Scott, in strains of national enthusiasm, has so well recorded the superstitions, the feuds, the chivalrous character of his ancestors, and Byron has agitated the depths of the heart, with the most intense passion; whence is it that this age, in many other examples, so fruitful in nice yet fearless delineation of character and feeling, (the very elements of dramatic excellence,) can hardly produce one good tragedy—one, to which the present generation would willingly refer as a fair representative of their poetical merit, or to which they could refer with confidence, as likely to endure through all the caprices of literary and popular taste?

To whatever we are to attribute this deficiency, (the more remarkable as existing in that department of literature, which has been more successfully cultivated than any other,) the fact is certain, that in speaking of the English theatre, the thought turns to, and almost exclusively rests, on the glorious age of Elizabeth and James: while in the French drama, it ranges over a long reach of time, and the student is equally attracted by the chef d'œuvres of their three great dramatists, a period of a century and a half. Indeed the critics of their own nation are not yet agreed as to their relative merits; but it is

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certain that in Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire is comprised all that is of great estimation in French tragedy, notwithstanding the volumes, the 'magasin enorme d'ennui,' which have issued from the press since the publication of the Cid. During this period, while the English drama has taken the passing impression of the times, more than any other species of their literature, as may be easily seen from the characteristics of its different epochs, the French has exhibited the same general invariable physiognomy, somewhat affected, it is true, by the existing state of society and the genius of the individual writer, but so little, in all its essential principles, that it may be truly regarded as the only thing in France, which still retains the features that it bore two centuries ago. We still find the same bigotted deference to their own unities, to proprieties of situation, to nice adjustment of plot, to all but development of character; to rules so multiplied and refined, that, as La Harpe and Voltaire repeatedly declare, the great triumph of a successful tragedy is in overcoming the toils thus woven about the genius of the poet, by the fastidiousness of their own critics.

In estimating the defects of the French theatre, and explaining their origin, too much stress, we think, is laid by some modern critics on their imitation of the Greek. We do not mean that they have not adopted the Greek tragedians as their models, which is incontestable, but that they have constructed their drama much more out of the elements of their own *national character;* the great pervading defect of which, at least as regards dramatic excellence, is a want of deep and genuine sensibility. However they may exhibit it in external form, they evidently have it not at heart: their whole history shows this. Of a lively, acute turn of mind, they have ever excelled in superficial portrait painting, memoirs, letter writing, and fashionable gossip; active and subtle in their perceptions of physical science; in the science of mind, ingenious, but speculative and sceptical; light, brilliant, and captivating—no where true to nature, no honest warmth, no tenderness of feeling. Hence they have no class of compositions, like the old English or Scottish ballads, breathing the devotedness of feudal heroism, or mourning over the disappointments of blighted love, or in deep sympathy with the secret beauties of nature. Hence the English poets generally most admired by them are

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those abounding in dazzling and ostentatious periods, as Young, Thomson, &c. They have no sympathy for the sweet pastoral images so prodigally scattered throughout the minor poems of Spenser and Shakspeare, of Milton, or of Cowper. Hence in their drama, rhetoric takes place of action, style is more cultivated than thought, and the pomp of declamation is substituted for the vehement workings of passion. In short, all is artificial, yet all is French, and were it not too free a paradox, one might say, that art is natural to a Frenchman. Hence they have recourse to 'Rules' for want of an internal sense to regulate the measure of their sensibility. Life cannot be touched, blood cannot be shed upon the French stage: it would offend not their feeling, but their taste: of course the greatest opportunity for the display of the power of the Dramatist, the conflict of the last mortal agony, in short the most impressive exhibitions of passion, are sacrificed to theatrical squeamishness.* Hence instead of studying *men*, their poets study the '*rules*;' the question, with them, is not what is natural, but what is agreeable; and things are not painted in the eloquent colors of actual life, the alternations of joy and sorrow, the contradiction of tumultuous passion, the bustle of jarring interests; but every thing is squared and levelled by the arbitrary code of critical etiquette.

A keen perception of the ridiculous is justly esteemed another source of their dramatic inferiority. We do not mean that satirical humor, so powerful an element in the English character, but that frivolous heartless disposition to turn every thing into a jest, which is the natural growth of a state of society where manners are the chief object of solicitude, and all is regulated by the ceremonies of courtly breeding. Nothing can be more fatal to high poetical enthusiasm. It is hardly credible to what extent this feeling prevails on the French theatre, and how much it has constrained their greatest masters, not only in the delineation of powerful excitement, but in the most insignificant particulars. Voltaire tells us that were the corpse of Cæsar, or of the son of Cato to be exhibited to the eye of the spectator as in the English tragedies,† where

* It is however considered within the rules, for one of the French dramatis personæ to *kill himself;* a species of *denoument* of which their poets often avail themselves. This dispensation in favor of suicide shows a very curious state of sensibility.—See *Voltaire's Discours sur la Tragedie.*

† Since the time of Voltaire however they have grown to be less nice in the observance of this, and a few other inconsequential forms.

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they give occasion to the most splendid effusion of the poet's eloquence, 'the pit would cry out, and the ladies turn away their heads in disgust;' and he adds, 'that the grotesque names of Pierre and Jaffier in Otway's Venice Preserved, (a play founded on the same historical facts with the Manlius Capitolinus of La Fosse,) would have been sufficient to have damned it with the polite audience of Paris!'

'L'Anglais dit tout ce qu'il veut, le Français ne dit que ce qu'il peut. L'un court dans une carrière vaste, et l'autre marche avec des entraves dans un chemin glissant et étroit.'

The French poet does indeed walk in fetters!

But although the French drama owes so much more, both of its excellencies and defects, to the national character than to any classical derivation, much of its permanent form must be attributed to the influence of the period and still more of the vigorous intellect, under which it was developed. French tragedy feels even to this day the impulse first given to it by the lofty genius of Corneille. Here we would observe, that we think too much account has been made of the *romantic* (in opposition to the classical) tendencies of his mind; and hence critics lament exceedingly the insurmountable opposition, which he experienced in communicating this free spirit to the national drama. But if, by romantic, be meant the exhibition of the manners, the sentiment, and character, growing out of the social relations, the religious and military institutions of the moderns, in contradistinction to those of the ancients; if this be intended by the epithet *romantic*, we have little reason to think it was his talent. That he was an admirer of the Spanish literature; that his first great tragedy was modelled upon the Spanish,—that he preferred the irregular sallies of Lucan and of Seneca, to the purer classics of the Augustan age: in fine, that he would have given greater scope to the limits of time and place, than suited the tyrannic genius of Richelieu and the academy, no one will deny, for all his compositions, both in prose and poetry, bear ample testimony to it. But here all tendency to the romantic ceases. His characters and his situations are not fashioned after any thing existing in his own time, but after the boldest ideal of Roman heroism. His women have none of the tenderness of female delicacy, none of the sweet courtesies of modern gallantry, or social refinement. We have nothing in detail, all is general and undefined,—sub-

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lime and abstract sentiment, and splendid political dissertation. The man is lost in the statesman or the hero,—and private, individual feeling is swallowed up in the national. In fact, Corneille was an ancient, not of the Grecian, but of the Roman cast. Such an one, as, had he flourished in the last ages of the republic, would have created for them the national drama, which they so much wanted, building it upon the proud recollections of their heroic ancestors. Whenever he can indulge his natural vein, how does he triumph in this spirit of patriotism; how does it blaze out in all his greatest productions, even in the romantic Cid, still more in Cinna, and more than all in the Horace: and we have always dwelt upon this last play with deeper interest, (although esteemed by the connoisseurs of his nation inferior to either of the others,) since it exhibits, on every feature, the seal of his peculiar genius. In all this, however, there is nothing of a romantic tendency, and according to our notions of it, but little of the dramatic. Indeed, he seems to have been designed by nature for a great epic poet; and we have reason to regret that he did not cultivate this vein, instead of wasting the latter part of his life in fruitless attempts to rival the theatrical chef d'œuvres of his youth. But the times forbad it; still he led the way where succeeding dramatists have followed, and had he flourished at an earlier period, in the days of Francis I, or of Henry IV, or any age of high-toned chivalry and romantic honor, with 'a charter free as is the wind,' and a language as ripe for his purposes, as it was under the literary despotism of Richelieu and the academy, we do not believe that he would have given to French tragedy a more modern, romantic shape, or any materially differing from that in which he has now left it, elevated in majesty of sentiment to the height of his own genius, but accommodated in its essential costume to the genius of his countrymen. Nor do we believe that any other model could have endured in France.

Happier auspices attended the infancy and first bloom of the English drama, which, although emanating directly from the popular character, was yet fortunate in a period when that character was permitted to display itself in all its native raciness, neither depressed by the dull, assimilating forms of fashion, nor checked by any cold formula of critical anatomy. The last lingering of feudal heroism, and the dawn of modern

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refinement; when the rude spirit of the 'olden time' softening under the opening influence of taste and science, formed a singular union of knightly valor and lettered elegance in the young nobility, who were gathered round the court of a maiden queen. It was an age peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of poetry. The government of the kingdom, which in a preceding period had been divided among a factious aristocracy, was in its passage into the hands of the people arrested, and almost wholly concentrated in the persons of Elizabeth and her successor; who, possessed of learning themselves, were the patrons of it in others. The magnificence of the royal festivals, where

'Throngs of knights and barons bold'

were met to grace the lists, and dispute the prize of chivalry, was well calculated to kindle even a torpid imagination; but the beautiful fictions of Oriental mythology,* which, floating down the stream of popular tradition, had gathered around almost every object in nature, clothing it in their own magical coloring, must have appealed yet more deeply to the sensibility of the poet. Every hill, and dale, grotto, and fountain,

'About whose flowery banks
The nimble footed fairies danced their rounds
By the pale moonshine,'

were alive with poetry. These delicate spirits of the moderns were more intimately blended with rural and domestic occupations than the sylvan deities of antiquity. They were also of a finer and more ætherial texture, couching in the cowslip's bell, surfeiting on the honey of the rose, or decking the floweret with dewdrops. In contrast to these gossamer creations of a voluptuous Southern fancy, were those mysterious intelligencies, to whom the sad superstitions of the North had given

* Whether these elfin superstitions were imported into England by the crusades, or (at an earlier period) by the conquering Saracen into Spain, and thence diffused through the rest of Europe, we believe it is now pretty generally agreed, that they owe their existence to the luxuriant invention of the East. Scott, who gathers flowers of poetry even from the dreary walks of the antiquary, beautifully derives the *Fairies* from the *Peris* of Persian mythology; spirits who to the moral purity of our angels, superadd the personal graces of the Mahometan Houri. The conjecture is the more plausible, since the Arabians, (the only Eastern people with whom the Europeans had any intercourse) were very familiar with the Persian romances, and as they have no letter *P* in their alphabet, the word *Peri* would, without violence in their enunciation, be converted into *Fairy.—Vide Essay on Fairies of Popular Superstition.*

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an undefined control over the elements of nature and over the destinies of man; who, affecting the imagination through the terror of these mystical attributes, were of a more truly poetical complexion than the Eumenides of the ancients, which addressed themselves, directly, as it were, to the physical senses, in the fears which they inspired of their savage temper and hideous personal deformity. But if these shadows of superstition, not yet scattered by the lights of philosophy, gave to the age a rich illusive coloring of poetry, the state of society was peculiarly favorable to the purposes of the dramatic poet. Men were not constrained in the polished fetters of ceremony; neither was there that feeling of equality prevalent among them, produced by the general diffusion of knowledge and wealth, the former of which state of things is as destructive of individuality of character, as the latter of ideal elevation, and both of which are fatal to high poetical enthusiasm. In the chivalry that graced the court of his sovereign, the poet could find more than one model of a 'preux chevalier;' but his tribunal, fortunately for the English drama, was not so much the court as the people, who refused their applause to characters and sentiments not founded in simple intelligible nature. For this reason, the object with the old English dramatists was not as with the French, to picture some model of ideal excellence, and to produce one consistent harmonious impression, but to give a faithful transcript of nature;—nature in all her nakedness and variety of passion.—In short, they were to please an audience who acknowledged no 'rules' but those of nature,—who decided from feeling, not from taste. The English are accused by their politer neighbors of betraying a want of sensibility, in the pleasure they take in cruel heart-rending catastrophes; but in our opinion this is rather an evidence of sensibility, which, when excited, follows up without debate, the enthusiastic conceptions of the poet; and the less there is of genuine feeling in a people the more will they be disposed to hesitate, interposing the frigid rules of taste, and proscribing, as extravagant, emotions in which they cannot sympathise.

The principle, then, on which the old English Drama was bottomed, and which marks it from that of every other nation, was *veracity;* manifesting itself in the compositions of the inferior dramatists of that fruitful period, by the wonderful accuracy of detail and freshness of coloring, with which the whole

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material and visible world is expressed; and in those of the higher order, by the intrepid and profound views which they every where afford of the hidden heart, and mysterious character of man. The ill digested plays of the former class teem with pictures of whatever is lovely, and revolting in nature—the opening bloom of beauty, and the loathsomeness of corruption—all are sketched with a graphical fancy, to which even the rankness of the theme seems to add fresh luxuriance. In the higher order of poets, such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Jonson, this same principle of veracity is shown in their deep but literal views of character, their clear expositions of all its secret windings, the unshrinking fearlessness with which they follow it into every extremity of passion and agony; nay, devising the most extravagant situations, for its better development, and then copying it in all its frightful details. Like the Italian painter, who, we are told, tortured a criminal to death, by stabbing him repeatedly, but at slow intervals, with his own hand, transferring upon his canvass each new expression of anguish that lighted up the countenance of his victim. Although these situations are often forced and extravagant, yet the characters are always true to the situations, acting precisely as such men in life would have acted under such circumstances; in this respect, being directly the reverse of the French school, who are as precise in the proprieties of situation, as they are loose and indefinite in discrimination of character.

It is not our intention to go into an analysis of the dramatic genius of an age, whose merits and defects have of late years been abundantly discussed; the laborious editions of commentators have put it into the power of every man to decide in this matter for himself. These editions have not circulated very extensively in this country; but we know not whether this is a subject of regret, as with their many beauties is mingled such a strain of earthly sensuality, as must have prevented their reception upon any stage, but one where both the players and the audience were protected by masks, as was the case at least with the female spectators in Queen Elizabeth's days; a stain which no art can wholly purge away, since, (as has been well remarked,) it is not, as in Shakspeare, a casual excrescence on the surface, but deeply ingrained into the body of the piece.

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Without enlarging, then, upon the peculiar excellencies of these masters of the art, all of them concentrated, in a greater or less degree, in our divine Shakspeare, to whom these other stars repaired

'To fill their urns with golden light,'

we will only remark, first, that their neglect of all dramatic rules, must have been a matter of calculation with them, as best hitting the genius of the times, since many of them were accomplished scholars, and enjoyed therefore all the lights of Aristotle and the schools;—secondly, that they show perpetually both in the spirit of their characters, and their rich, natural imagery, how deeply they are indebted to the national ballads, those simple chronicles, which, emanating from the feelings and customs of the country, bear all the raciness and freshness of the productions of a virgin soil. In Fletcher and Shakspeare this is more discernible than in any of the others, and they alone have painted in all the sweetness of their old traditional poetry, that tender, uncomplaining, broken-hearted love, which seems to throw a sort of mournful radiance around its object,

'Carrying with it an infectious grief
That striketh all beholders:'

A character growing out of that deep and melancholy temperament not uncommon with the English, and nourished perhaps by their gloomy atmosphere, and the soft tranquil complexion of their rural scenery; a character to which we find nothing similar in the compositions of the Greeks or French. Antigone and Zaire come the nearest to it of any that we recollect; but the fascination of the Antigone of Sophocles is owing to filial tenderness, and that of Zaire to a certain open *naivetè*, bearing little resemblance to the deep suppressed feeling, which, 'like the worm in the bud,' preys on 'the damask cheek,' the more for its concealment. Fletcher seems to have possessed a more genuine poetical sensibility than any of his rival contemporaries, and in his Sad Shepherdess, has 'extracted all those liquid sweets' of English verse, which Milton, with more chastity but a less luxuriant hand, has borrowed and transfused into his Comus.

Shakspeare's Historical Dramas (no less than his Romantic,) in the glimpses which they every where afford of the feudal spirit of the 'olden time,' yet living in the romantic songs of

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his country, show how deeply he drank of these fountains of simple melody, which gushing, as it were, fresh from the heart, were much better suited to his purposes than the worn cisterns of ancient literature. Upon so trite a theme as Shakspeare, we will detain our readers by one or two observations only. It has been disputed whether his compositions breathe more of a melancholy or of a cheerful temperament. Foreign critics impressed with the wild sublimity of his imagination, and the sanguinary catastrophes in many of his tragedies, (to some of which his French translators have very injudiciously given a fortunate termination,) are of the former opinion; while his own countrymen dwelling on his unrivalled characterisations of a national humor, which they only can appreciate, have imputed to him a joyous and social disposition. There is however, we think, another trait of character conspicuous over both these, though almost always mingled with them in a greater or less degree; we mean a disposition to sarcasm—not the sarcasm of chill misanthropy, (as with Byron,) nor of a splenetic querulous temper, but of one who has such a deep insight into the hypocrisies of the heart, such a vivid perception of the vanities of all things human, that he cannot help giving vent to it in the fulness of his feeling, which accordingly he does more or less in all his leading portraits; in the moralizing vein of Jaques,—the facetious, but not less philosophical reveries of Falstaff,—or the shrewd raillery of Falconbridge;—and in a more serious tone, in the bitter heart wrung expostulations of Richard II, of Wolsey, and of Timon of Athens on the treachery of man, and the emptiness of earthly grandeur—in the cold sneers of Iago and of Richard III triumphing in their villany;—in the caustic bitterness of the fool in Lear;—of Edgar, and of Lear himself in the insanity of grief,—and in Hamlet every where. Here too we may find a reason why Shakspeare did not mould his characters after an ideal standard of beauty, as in the ancient and the French drama. He was too profound a philosopher, too knowing in all the fallacies and imperfections even of the most faultless, to impose either upon us or himself a model of imaginary perfection. And although foreign critics, among the rest Schlegel, his brilliant and enthusiastic commentator, pronounce the 'beau ideal,' where 'each conception is a heavenly guest,' to be the highest object and triumph of the poet, far beyond the literal imitation of human character, we cannot but think that

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the power of combining, as in real life, divine elevation of sentiment with the impurities of our earthly nature, shows a wider range of genius, and is of a far more practical and moral influence. If the critics are against us in this opinion, both Homer and Shakspeare are for us, and we may add to these names the great prose dramatist of our own day, who, in his complicated portraits has, like his divine prototype, exhibited equally their strength and their infirmities, perpetually disclosing the weak points, the *mortality*, as it were, of the characters which most command our admiration. This principle of Shakspeare may in a great measure explain and apologize for the deficiency often imputed to him, of a direct obvious moral resulting from the disposition of events in his tragedies, since the very exhibition of the contending motives of vice and virtue, as they are working in the bosoms of his agents, and the mental disquietude and torture occasioned by such contention, make each one of his dramatis personæ carry, as it were, a warning and a moral in his own person.

The deep spirit of feeling and of reflection, which had been the source of so much power and beauty in English poetry, settling into the sour fanaticism of the republic, entirely blighted these sweet and early blossoms of dramatic excellence. Even if the prejudices of this remarkable, but bigotted age, had not abolished theatrical exhibitions, the spirit in which they must have been conceived, would have been incompatible with their permanent success. The inspired doctrines of Christianity, however suited to some other kinds of poetry, are in their essence unfit for the dramatic. We revolt at the notion of bringing invisible deity and the awful mysteries of the Christian faith, in contact with our visible and ordinary concerns; and an enlightened taste is shocked at the profane familiarity with which they are personified in the ancient 'Mysteries and Moralities.' Moreover the omnipotence of such an agency, whatever dignity it may give to the subject, entirely destroys its interest as a drama, since there can be no uncertainty as to the disposition of events, where man is enlisted on the one side, and God on the other.

'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

This was sublime with the ancients, but would be blasphemy and nonsense with the moderns. For this reason, we

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have never taken that delight in the Athalie of Racine, faultless though it be in sentiment and eloquence of diction, that we have in some other of his compositions, where human passions and counsels are left to contend with each other in their unaided and uncontrolled vigor. Indeed the theme is almost too oppressive for any species even of narrative poetry, and although it fired the glorious muse of Milton to an unrivalled sublimity, yet it has left the divine epic open to the imputation of coldness and severity.

It is usually said that English poetry took the French costume in the effeminate reign of Charles II. But this is anticipating the period of the full influence of the French, at least, in relation to the drama. The subtleties of their criticism were not then quite as wire-drawn, as at the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. It was rather a period in which the elements of the old English spirit were contending for mastery with those of the French, and the bloated heroics of Dryden, and the stilted eloquence of Lee, had, after all, more of English impurity than of French artifice in the complicated extravagance both of their machinery and their characters; and Otway, the romantic and tender Otway, was undeniably in faults as in beauty, a delicate copy of the elder school.

Without however dwelling on the peculiarities of an age, whose best dramatic productions were but the faint lingerings of a brighter day, we will only add, that a good commentary on the taste of the times may be gathered from the well known fact, that four only of Shakspeare's Plays, were revived at the close of Charles II's reign; two of these, 'Macbeth and the Tempest, having been metamorphosed into operas, and accommodated with new scenes, machinery, flyings for witches, singing, dancing,' &c. 'still,' continues the Roscius Anglicanus, 'proved lasting plays!'

The proper æra of the consummation of a foreign influence in dramatic criticism was in the reign of Queen Anne, when Pope and Addison introduced a system of poetical taste, which had been perfected in the polite court of Louis XIV, and which controlled the serious drama in England for the greater part of the last century. The jealousies of political faction, which had distracted the kingdom during the regency of the Queen Mother, were harmonized under the courtly administration of Louis XIV, and the French drama, in common with every

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other species of literature, felt the influence of the new state of things, though in all essential points remaining true to the immutable basis of national character on which it rested. The age of chivalry had given way to one of refined gallantry; patriotism had subsided into loyalty; and the heroic spirit of the knight, into the courteous breeding of the gentleman. Louis XIV, that 'great actor of majesty,' if not possessed of supreme abilities in himself, had at least the power of discerning and commanding them in others; and by the splendor of his conquests, both in the arts of war and of peace, has made his reign a bye-word of excellence in French history. Beauty and wealth and talent, all attracted by the blaze of royal munificence, moved around a system, of which the grand monarque was the centre and animating principle. Every thing had reference to majesty, and the modish etiquette of court; and the drama, the peculiar subject of its patronage, was even more cramped in this 'golden hoop' of ceremony, than it had been under the iron yoke of scholastic pedantry, imposed by the academy.

These times were extremely favorable to the full expansion of a genius like Racine's, which might have wanted sufficient energy to brave the rude and stormy period of Corneille. Flexible, elegant, and always proper,—moving without effort under the tyranny of the rules,—overflowing with passionate tenderness,—above all, dainty to a degree unknown in any other country in choice of phraseology, and sweet even to cloying in the unbroken melody of his verses, his beauties were precisely those of a cultivated epicurean circle, with whom grace was more essential than vigor, taste than feeling, and harmony of language, than originality or depth of thought. Still the drama remained in all its essential principles as national as in the time of Corneille, and although the graceful genius of Racine borrowed its fire from the very altars of the Grecian muse, and his chef d'œuvres are almost paraphrases of Euripides, yet in their spirit they have little resemblance to Greek tragedy. His characters, as is well known, are as much after the French cut as those of Corneille are of the Roman, and with the *perruque* and *chapeau bordè*, the theatrical costume of the day, have put on the equally modish costume of the prevailing sentiments. One great cause of the popularity of Racine was, as we have observed, the exquisite finish of his versification, into whose

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whose secret charms their commentators seem to have pryed with the very microscope of criticism, pointing out and magnifying a thousand beauties, imperceptible to the eye of a foreigner. As these subtle beauties are not only untranslatable, but can never be properly relished by any but a native, Racine, though the most popular of the French dramatists in his own country, has perhaps fewer admirers out of it than either of his two great competitors.

We agree with those, however, who consider the example of Racine to have had, after all, less influence in forming even the dramatic taste of the age, than the imposing precepts of Boileau. This eminent author obtained an influence altogether disproportioned to his merits. Far inferior in depth of sagacity and in acuteness of wit to Horace or to Pope,—without a true relish for the highest beauties of his art, but with an exquisite scent in detecting its smallest blemishes,—with a light vein of raillery polished into the poetry of language, not of sentiment, —he has by a compilation of critical *dicta*, from the writings of the ancients and the prejudices of his own countrymen, and by condensing them into the brilliant and sententious pomp of French Alexandrine, digested a code of paramount authority in all the courts of criticism in his own nation; and which, through the interpretation of the wits of queen Anne's day, controlled the dramatic literature in England for the greater part of the following century. The influence of this system was to refine upon the precision of the ancient rules. The laws of the unities were consolidated into one memorable couplet. The old peculiarities of the French school were more strongly insisted on than ever. The poet, says Boileau,

'Orne, éleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choses;'

all, therefore, was splendid, imposing, and rhetorical; reason took place of imagination, and cold correctness of free and lofty enthusiasm. In short, it was a system, which, with all its studied accuracy, leaves the heart unsatisfied, showing that in poetry, at least, faultlessness is one thing and perfection another.

A sensible critic will have a much wider influence in determining the tastes of men, than a poet of a far loftier genius in any other walk than that of criticism. The poet, addressing himself to the enthusiasm or the sensibilities of his readers,

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finds sympathy only in a few; the critic appeals to reason, and is comprehended by all; the inspirations of the former may delight, but the arguments of the latter will convince. The poet teems with imagery—sentiment—fleeting beauties, which, touching the heart rather than the understanding, quickly *pass away;* the critic digests from all these his axioms, and, delivering them with authority, they are taken up, and *retained* in the memory. For this reason the didactic poetry of Boileau and of Pope has had a greater influence in determining the permanent tastes of their respective nations, than the sublime inspirations of Corneille and of Milton.—The French critic complains of the tyranny of rhyme:

> 'Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée,
> Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,
> Et, donnant à ses mots une etroite prison,
> Voulût avec la rime enchainer la raison.'

It was a great mistake in him; for rhyme, at least the English and French heroic measure, seems to be as peculiarly well adapted to didactic subjects, as it is ill suited to all the higher kinds of poetry,—of feeling and fancy. The antithetical structure of the couplet, one line of which is mathematically set against the other, is favorable to brilliant emphasis and satirical contrast; and in the simultaneous termination of sense and sound, each distich forms in itself a complete whole—something portable, as it were, that may be carried off and laid up independently in the memory. How many of the brilliant axioms, struck out by the vivacity of Boileau and of Pope, are treasured up in the recollection of every one, but which might have escaped and run to waste in the diffusive wilderness of our blank verse!

Much of the influence of Boileau, however, on dramatic, as on other poetry, must be attributed to the predispositions of his own countrymen; that of Pope, on the other hand, chiefly to his own genius. The soil had indeed been prepared for the reception of an exotic taste, but had the seed fallen under any other cultivation than that of Pope or of Addison, it might never have struck such deep root into a foreign mould, as to produce after harvests of the same stock for nearly a century. Of these two illustrious men, Pope, although no dramatic writer, like Addison, must be considered, by his general authority as a poet and a critic, to have had the greatest influence in diverting his

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countrymen from the study of those models of theatrical excellence, which flourished in the days of Elizabeth and her successor, to that of the 'rules' and the elaborate mechanism of the new school; in bringing the Muse, who had before sported in the capricious and unreproved liberty of a mountain nymph, into the circle of fashion, and instructing her to move there, with the brilliant decorum of a studied and heartless formality.*

Addison had certainly a more genuine sensibility to natural beauty than our great moral poet. This is shown abundantly in his eloquent prose compositions; especially in the delicacy with which he brought to light the neglected charms of Milton, and in the commendations which he paid to the unpretending and antiquated beauties of the glorious old ballad of Chevy Chace;—commendations, which in that age of conventional refinement, he dared not to venture upon without a suitable apology. His sweet and unaffected graces, however, seem to desert him, whenever he ventures into the company of the muses. All then is stately, showy, and uninteresting. The success of his Cato, which exhibited all the peculiarities and many of the excellencies of French tragedy, was the triumph of the new school of criticism. The French connoisseurs hailed it as the dawn of a purer taste in their neighbors. Voltaire politely compares its author to the czar Peter introducing civilization into the Russias; and takes occasion to regret that Shakspeare had not been reserved for the enlightened days of Addison. Heaven be praised that he was not. For then the premature lament of the good bishop Corbet on the flight of the fairies, had been in truth realized; and with the beautiful illusions of

* Pope's edition of Shakspeare is but another evidence of his artificial judgment, and of his distaste for the free spirit of the ancient theatre. The qualities in the great dramatist, which he most strongly eulogises, are those of the philosopher rather than of the poet, and he perpetually shows a disposition to apologise for his author's nonconformity to the severe classical system introduced by Ben Jonson. But a man's peculiar taste is more likely to be disclosed in the freedom of familiar conversation, than in set literary performances, where he must temper it in some measure to the public standard. The late publication of Spence's Anecdotes of his Contemporaries shows the natural vein of Pope in a still clearer light, than his printed compositions. 'It was mighty simple in Rowe,' says he, 'to write a play professedly in Shakspeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.' An age, indeed, which, as has been said of the age preceding, (in every thing relating to the drama,) was to his 'Hyperion to a Satyr!' We say nothing of his singular condemnation of blank verse, and his equally remarkable eulogium on Rymer, 'the best of English critics,' who deliberately discussed and censured the plays of Shakspeare by the rules of Aristotle.

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rural mythology, had vanished also much of the romantic sweetness and untutored graces of the old English poetry. Rowe had not sufficient intrepidity or vigor to turn the tide of modern criticism, although gifted with a vein of more natural feeling; and most of the succeeding attempts in the serious drama, down to the Irene of Dr Johnson, that last solid monument of French architecture, were more or less the growth of this classical school; to which many of the authors, as Theobald, Mallet, Glover, Mason, &c. scholars by profession, and tinctured with the pedantry of learning, were still farther led by the superiority of their knowledge of books to that of men; most of whose dramatic productions, not resting on the sure basis of national character, are now banished from the stage, and quietly gathered to the dust of the library.

While English tragedy was thus in a manner denationalized, the French remained true to the nice laws and primitive principles, by which it had been regulated in the days of Corneille, and this too, while the philosophy of the eighteenth century was urging its adventurous wing into every region of free inquiry, throwing off, one after another, the restraints of religion, and law, and education ;—a strong evidence how deeply, (in spite of classical pretension,) the French drama was founded in the enduring elements of the national character. Still, however, it caught something of the impression of the time from the versatile talents of Voltaire; but in no greater degree than would be naturally stamped upon every walk of science by the march of a great and independent genius. Inferior to Corneille in sublimity and Roman majesty of sentiment,—to Racine in the chastised expression and Attic grace of his eloquence, he surpassed them both in a variety and flexibility of mind, which, putting off the stiffened robe of antiquity, accommodated itself to a modernised and more liberal costume. He had, besides, what was rare with his countrymen, cultivated a knowledge of the literature of England, and during his residence in that country had particularly devoted himself to the study of its greatest dramatic genius, whose sublime compositions he has so often parodied in translation, censured in criticism, and imitated, (not to say pilfered,) in his plays. With these resources of genius and study, he gave to the French theatre a wider range of subject, drawing it from the eternal themes of Greek and Roman story, to more modern ground, and he moreover

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infused into it an engaging *naivetè*, a simplicity of feeling, much more touching than the vehement tenderness of Racine, or the mawkish sensibility of his imitators. But this was all; and although he was the master spirit of that philosophy,

'Which, like the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,'

and one who did more than all his compeers to shake the pillars of social order, yet the moment he enters upon the drama, he surrenders himself without a struggle to all the fine web, which has been wound about it by the contrivance of criticism since the days of Richelieu. The source of this seeming paradox, both in himself and in his nation, is the vanity and the want of genuine feeling, which, while it has led them in metaphysics and morals to surpass every other people in the extravagance of their speculations, has also led them, in the drama, to exceed all others in the invention of arbitrary and self-constituted refinements; thus making success in both the triumph of art and not of nature.

There can be no better evidence of the hopelessness of an attempt to infuse any thing of the English temper into French tragedy, than is exhibited in the pieces which Ducis has paraphased from Shakspeare, which he has made popular with his countrymen by striking out all the individual and national physiognomy of the great poet, and melting it down into one uniform and splendid mass of French declamation. In his preface to his Macbeth, one of these most successful paraphrases, he tells us, that 'he has done his best to obliterate that revolting impression of horror, which would certainly have ruined his piece on the polite theatre of Paris!' This to the audience of Crebillon! But Crebillon raved within the rules. In his design it must be confessed Ducis has succeeded to a miracle;—effacing at a *coup de pinceau*, all that supernatural agency, that mysterious, irresistible destiny, which, like that of the ancient Greeks, seems throughout this drama to bear on its bosom the whole tide of events, showing that our divine poet was as deeply penetrated with the solemn spirit of the North, as in some other of his plays, with the lighter fictions of Fairy land. In his 'Othello,' Ducis makes a similar apology to his courtly audience for the 'extreme villany' of Iago's character, which he endeavors, in compassion to their feelings, to disguise till the last act. But the Willow song

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was the touch-stone to French sensibility; and it is accordingly set to music *à la Parisienne*, and accompanied by Desdemona on the guitar! The guitar was indispensable to the *effect*. At the end of the play we have a full length portrait of the same song; or, as Mons. Ducis terms it, the Romance of the Willow, for the 'particular benefit,' as he with much *naivetè* informs us, of all mechancholy ladies, 'femmes tendres et mélancoliques, qui trouveront du plaisir à la chanter dans la solitude. Elles pourront s'accompagner avec la guitare, la harpe ou le clavecin, sur lesquels il sera très aisé de tranporter la musique de M. Grétry!' This is the precise difference between French and English sensibility. Shakspeare thus *desossé* and well garnished moreover with smooth and honeyed versification has been made palatable to the dainty audience of Paris; a circumstance which shows more than any disquisition on the subject, that English tragedy can never infuse its spirit into, and obtain the same influence over the French, that the latter has had over the English, since the peculiarities of the French, consisting rather in outward and superficial form are more easily communicated than the deep inward tone of energy and feeling, which constitutes the peculiar essence of the English.

From the preceding long, and, we fear, tedious sketch, in which it has been our object not to examine into so stale a topic as the character of the French and English dramas, but to point out the sources of that character and the principal external circumstances that have affected it; it is evident that French tragedy, notwithstanding its classical pretensions, is no less strictly national, no less intimately derived from the peculiar dispositions of the people, than the English; and in the progress of its spontaneous development, has been much less modified either by domestic or foreign influences. For the future there can be no reason to anticipate a more liberal or indeed any other constitution of their drama. In its ancient state it has survived the convulsions of a revolutionary age; and the most eminent tragedies of the last fifty years, which have endured as legitimate and classical productions, are of the old regime, differing only in a few unessential particulars. A bolder spirit both of composition and criticism has been attempted and maintained with ardor, but never enjoyed more than a temporary success. France, or more properly Paris, the reservoir of dramatic talent probably experiences as little as any place

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the influence of the coarse, commercial business-spirit of modern times, which might, sooner or later, wear away some of the artificial refinements naturally cherished by a people devoted to pleasure or to science.

Poetry too seems to be less esteemed in France than it was a century ago, and to have been gradually yielding to prose the same supremacy which it acquired at the early period of the literature. 'Beau comme de la prose,' says La Harpe, came to be a common expression in the middle of the last century. Fontenelle and La Motte disparaged verse in deliberate criticism; Montesquieu, in his popular Persian letters; and Buffon, who breathed the very 'air of passionate thought,' affected to undervalue it in his conversation. Both the last writers, and Rousseau more than all, by that 'heavenly hue of words,' which they threw around every object that they touched, thus disembodying poetry of its very spirit, gave to prose a decided and a permanent ascendancy which has been maintained for it to the present day in the polished rhetoric of La Harpe, the enthusiasm of Chateaubriand and de Stael, and the calm flexible eloquence of Jouy. Indeed the light, ambitious, dazzling qualities of the French character, seem to be better adapted to the cold rhetorical blasonry of prose; while the reserved temper, the deep and passionate sensibility of the English, naturally seeks the warm mystical coloring of poetry. And so far has this peculiar adaptation been understood and cherished by each nation, that the scope allowed to prose writing in France, is as much superior to that accorded to it in England, as that conceded to poetry is inferior;* and a literal translation of the gorgeous eloquence of the French orator would seem even more extravagant to a British ear, than the rapt enthusiasm of the English bard to the precise and prosaic Frenchman.

The reverse of all this seems to have been going on in Great Britain, during the present century of brisk intellectual activity, in which poetry breaking through the chilling atmosphere of French criticism, has shone out with its natural warmth, if not with its earliest brightness. Indeed, it seems to have penetrated far into other regions of literature, and the press is daily teeming with productions, which, though without the drapery of verse, are alive with the genuine breath of poetry. The revival of an acquaintance with the old national ballad, and

* See Mad. de Stael de la Literature. Tom. 1. ch. 16.

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the romantic minstrelsy of the country, through the labors of Dr Percy, (who, both an antiquary and a poet, appreciated their virtues,) and through the diligence of succeeding critics down to the illustrious antiquarian poet of the present day, has been correctly pointed out as a chief cause of this return to old English feeling and freedom, after the lapse of a century. Cowper set the example of a truly natural and homebred taste; and some of the most eminent writers of our own time have indulged this simple vein to an extreme which savours of insipidity and coarseness. It has been well said by the critics, that in the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's day, in Shakspeare, and still more in Spenser, the Gothic spirit of the middle ages predominated over the classical spirit of antiquity. As truly may it be said that in the days of Queen Anne, precisely the reverse of this took place, while in our age the influence of both one and the other, the Teutonic and the classical have yielded to the higher inspirations of Christianity. This is discernible in the compositions of most of our truly great contemporary poets. One exception do we now recall,—one whose lips have uttered the sublimest inspirations, though touched with no spark from heaven.

In this renovation of genuine poetical feeling, how is it that the drama, once the glory of British literature, should be now almost a blank. The poetry is burning with passion and overflows with deep and tender sentiment—fancy is ever on the wing, and novels, tales, and romances, rich in conceptions of character, have become the ordinary and expected nourishment of this thrice happy age. These are the elements of dramatic excellence,—yet there is no drama.

The causes of this deficiency, we think, are to be found, first, in the peculiar temper of the writers of the present age, and secondly, in that of the age itself. In most of the modern poets we may observe, that the pervading and animating principle is egotism. Their muse no longer goes abroad in the social temper of their ancestry, into the dwellings of other men, but clings to the bosom of its votary, brooding over his peculiar passions and feelings, exhibiting these, it is true, in all the nakedness of their beauty and deformity, but these only—in short, self, either directly or indirectly, engrosses the author, and is presented under every possible aspect to the reader. Is he of a benevolent and Christian temper like Wordsworth, it gushes

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forth from the heart upon every occasion however trivial, on every object that he encounters in his path—a 'donkey' or a 'daisy,' an 'abbey' or a 'washing-tub,' no matter what, the thing is of no importance in itself, as it is soon lost in the flowerings of the poet's fancy, exhibiting only the hues of his individual sentiments. Winckelman observes, that the 'poetry of the North, though rich in imagery, furnishes few images for the pencil of the artist.' This remark, which applies yet more forcibly to modern poetry, is founded on the same causes which make it essentially undramatical, viz.—that instead of the plain naked grouping of men and nature as existing in themselves, we have them in the delusive and uniform coloring of the poet's peculiar fancy and temper. The method of description rather by the impressions an object excites, than by a picture of the object itself, is genuine poetry, and of the highest order; but it is not dramatic poetry. And in this the writers of our day differ from those of the olden time, both of them the disciples of nature, but the former picturing every object in the solitary and monotonous hues of their own feelings, while the latter, like the cameleon, take the shifting colors of every object that is touched by them. This is the spirit of the dramatic, which, entering into the concerns, the prejudices, the motley characters of men, takes and gives again the very 'body and pressure of the time.' Such is not the spirit of lord Byron's muse. His egotism, indeed, not content with turning up and revealing to the public gaze the fearful depths of a vexed and tumultuous spirit, proudly disclaims all communion with mankind.

> 'From my youth upwards
> My spirit walked not with the souls of men.
> * * * * *
> I stood
> Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
> Of thoughts, which were not their thoughts.'

How can such an one enter the lists as a dramatic writer! Accordingly, his favorite character bears one general complexion of fierce, God-forsaking, man-despising independence, which, seeking, as it were in despite, the solitude of the wilderness, 'a sharer in its fierce and far delights,' peoples it with the affections that would have been better expended upon humanity. All this exasperated sensibility, it is true, is the source of the highest music of poetry. But there can hardly be imagined a constitution of mind less adapted to dramatic eminence.

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Another evidence of the want of dramatic temper in the living writers, is their frequent indulgence in abstract speculation spun out into metaphysical or moral subtleties, which, in the metaphorical dress of verse, are not always intelligible, and are directly opposite to the distinct, imitative, practical spirit of the dramatist. But after all, the original cause of the present humble condition of the stage is to be referred to the character and peculiar circumstances of the age we live in. In the days of Elizabeth and James, the lower classes of the people resorted to the theatres with a zeal that can only be attributed to the novelty of the spectacle, which, as they were illiterate, little versed in any history, but such as had wandered down in the uncertain stream of oral tradition, and moreover half impressed with a belief in the supernatural creations of the poet, must have taken a more powerful hold of their eager imaginations, than we can well realize in the present day of enlightened scepticism. The nobility and higher ranks, for the most part bred to arms, had little to do with the intrigues of fashionable or literary life, but sought their amusements in the pageantry of public festivals,—the tournaments, the masques, and the theatres. In our day all this is altered; the general distribution of knowledge, of wealth, and civil privileges has levelled, or rather exalted men to an equality, which, by obliterating in some measure the varieties of condition and character, is unfavorable to the purposes of the dramatist; the bustling, matter-of-fact, and wordly spirit of trade has closed their hearts against the delusive fictions of the poet;—and finally the advancement of domestic refinements disposes them to seek their happiness in the quiet independence of their own firesides.

But the greatest discouragement to dramatic effort is in a deeper cultivation of the better classes, who, more or less accomplished in liberal studies, and in the habit of exercising their own intellectual taste, no longer go abroad to get instruction from the poet, as in the days of queen Bess, when, as the author seldom printed his plays, the theatre was the only volume in which to study him. He is now taken into the retirement of the closet, where he can indulge, secure of the sympathy of his refined reader, more unreservedly in the exhibition of his own personal feeling, than he could in the presence of a motley audience, whose coarse, contradictory passions are to be stirred only by the exhibition of the chequer-

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ed scenes and characters of real life. To these causes we may, in a great degree, refer the present humble condition of the English drama; and as they are likely to continue, we have no reason to anticipate the revival of it in its ancient lustre.

There is, however, one illustrious exception to all that has been said of the selfish and the speculative tendencies of the poets of the present day, in

> 'The minstrel who called forth
> The new creation of a magic line,
> And, as the Ariosto of the North,
> Sung ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.'

He is, in every sense, a social and a national poet; not only as an antiquary bringing to light the long forgotten minstrelsy of his country, but as a poet breathing its full spirit into his own compositions, and renewing in them the ancient glories of Scottish chivalry. In the productions of the author of Waverley, we find the same national and romantic spirit, indeed of a more truly dramatic cast, that, like Shakspeare's, enters into all the floating prejudices, the faded superstitions, no less than the enduring elements of nature and character; and if he does not equal the divine dramatist in that profound philosophy, which in the exhibition of human magnificence, shows us also its hollow vanity, he perhaps surpasses him in a sort of worldly good natured shrewdness,* which sees through and avails itself of the hypocrisies and follies of mankind; and if he is inferior to his inimitable prototype in his dominion over an invisible supernatural world, it must be granted, that in more than one instance, (in the gipsey Merrilies and in Norna the Reim-kennar,) he has carried local superstitions as far as the scepticism of the time would allow, showing himself deeply sensible to the gloomy beauties of the popular traditions of the North. But as it is not our purpose to run a parallel between Shakspeare and the author of Waverley, we will only add, that if the British drama is to be reinvigorated in its decrepitude, we know of no poet so likely to work this renovation, as he who is every day, in his prose compositions, exhibiting the drama of real life, clothed in all the sentiment and voluptuous imagery of poetry.

We have not meant to intimate, in the course of this long

* The best examples of this, which now occur to us, are Pleydell, the Scottish barrister, and Edie Ochiltree, in the 'Antiquary.' It is a cast of character, however, to be met with more or less in all these romances.

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disquisition on the dramatic tendencies of the English character, that success in this path would be now best obtained by an imitation of the primitive models. These should be studied for their 'living portraitures' of character, the unchanging, established principles of nature, not for the fleeting irregularities of their costume and manner, which would be in no way adapted to the exigencies of the present age;—indeed a drama founded exclusively upon them could hardly be considered more original or more natural, than the drama founded on the French models in the days of queen Anne, and could be looked upon only (as has been observed of similar imitations of an obsolete school,) as a sort of 'Modern Antique.'

The most meritorious tragedies of our own age are, in our opinion, the 'De Montfort' and 'Basil' of Miss Joanna Baillie, the 'Remorse' of Coleridge, and Byron's 'Marino Faliero,'—to which we may add, inferior to none, Croly's 'Catiline.' Most of these are wholly independent of the influence of French criticism, and bear many beauties of genuine English culture. The tragedies of Miss Baillie are professedly devoted, and in them, every thing is sacrificed to the development of a single passion. They are written in the freedom and fidelity of nature; but, with all their veracity, they are somewhat prosaic, and wanting in the genuine glow of poetical expression. The 'Remorse' is a burst of mystical passion, and, directly the reverse of Miss Baillie, this high poetical fervor confounds all delicate discrimination of character. No man has painted in such visible coloring as Coleridge, the imaginative horrors of a dead and an invisible world. This intensity of a highly stimulated fancy can hardly fit him to copy the literal realities of life.

Of Byron we must in like manner remark, that the extravagance of his personal sensibility is better suited to solitude than to the bustling scenes of the drama. His beauties are the beauties of solitude, of lofty meditation and of moral sentiment,—of deep communion with nature, with his own heart, but not with men. Under the dead coloring of misanthropy, (or if not hatred, the contempt of their own species,) his heroes lose the variety of living character. His plots are also without interest, as they are generally carried on behind the scenes, and all we learn of the progress of the intrigue is from the mouths, not the actions of the *dramatis personæ;* it is only in an occasional burst of passion, that we are reminded of

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the adventurous genius of Byron; and we wish to breathe with him once more

> 'The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
> To muse o'er flood and fell,
> With things that own not man's dominion.'

Barry Cornwall, in his 'Dramatic Scenes,' has given several affecting pictures of sweet romantic passion and tender melancholy, in the vein of the old English poets; a promise of excellence, that has since been defeated by his imbecile tragedy of Mirandola.

It is now time to introduce Mr Croly to our readers, though a very brief acquaintance with him is all we can afford them. The subject of his tragedy—the conspiracy of Catiline—is one that has been successively attempted by three great masters, and has failed in the hands of all,—a failure, which they have uniformly imputed to the unwieldly and uninteresting nature of the story, as a dramatic subject. Our poet, however, with more management, finding that he could not hope to accommodate himself to the history, determined to accommodate the history to him. For this purpose he has soberly endeavored to prove in his preface, that the character of Catiline, in Sallust, is a mere rhetorical flourish, while that given of him by Cicero authorizes us to believe him to have been a lofty spirit, in whom vice and virtue contended for empire, but who was finally exasperated by misfortune and insult into open hostility with his country. Now this wresting of Cicero's eloquence into a vindication of the character of his greatest enemy is an inexcusable perversion of known historical facts; and if Mr Croly found it expedient to cut the story according to his tragedy, he would have done better to have premised, like Voltaire, 'the savans must not expect to find here the true history of Catiline's conspiracy.' The character of Catiline is conceived with great feeling, and is in the highest degree animated and poetical.

> 'A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
> That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
> But, stript by winter, stands immoveable.'

Public and private disappointments, divine auguries, the supplications of wife and friends, and lastly the death of an only son under the most exciting circumstances, successively provoke

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him into undisguised rebellion against his country. In a conversation with the ambassadors of the Allobroges, who have entered into a secret correspondence with Catiline, he thus vehemently expresses himself in the metaphorical language of passion.

'The state is weak as dust.
Rome's broken, helpless, heartsick! Vengeance sits
Above her,—like a vulture o'er a corpse
Soon to be tasted. Time and dull decay
Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;
And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength's a ghost,
Fearful to dastards;—yet, to trenchant swords,
Thin as the passing air! A single blow,
In this diseased and crumbling frame of Rome,
Would break your chains like stubble.'

We can give no just notion of the merits of the piece by a few mutilated scraps, and we will therefore present our readers with one copious extract from the fifth act, all of it incomparably fine. Catiline is encamped with his army among the Appennines, on the eve of an expected battle with the Roman army. His wife Aurelia is with him.

'*Catiline.*
Secure the valley. Here we camp to-night.
(*They go out.*)
The dew falls heavy; and the rising wind (*Alone*)
Moans through the tree-tops like day's funeral song.
Would it were mine!—'Tis happier to be dead,
Than, being what I was, be what I am.
But I am rebel, and must stand to it!—
The dead man's pillow is not scared with dreams;
His day is haunted by no sadder sights
Of visages, grown desperate in his cause;
His fever's cold; he has no heart-ache now;
Has no *ambition!*
(*Aurelia is seen in the tent.*)
How fares my noble dame?
Aurelia.
Well, Catiline,
And yet—not well! You saw the sun go down?
Catiline.
Like all that went before.
Aurelia.
I thought the sun

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Look'd like a warrior dying on the field,—
That those red gashes of the stormy west
Streak'd all with streams of gore!

Catiline.

Come forth into the air! For thoughts like those
Are medicin'd best by nature. (*She comes.*) Stand awhile.

Aurelia.

This sky's Ionian, not of Italy.

Catiline.

Night's galley's launch'd,—her cloudy sails are up,—
Yon stars the new lit lamps upon her prow,—
These perfum'd gusts, the breezes that swell out
Her cloudy sails;—and those small, whisper'd sounds,
Thus dying sweet,—the airy surge's swells,
That break before her slow and dusky stem.

Aurelia.

'Twas on a night like this I sail'd by Crete,
When all the waves were lull'd with silver sounds,—
And all the mountains moonlike with pale fires
Of Cybele's altars. (*A chorus is heard.*) Hark!

Catiline. (*smiling.*)

Those are our minstrels.—'Tis thus soldiers hail
The dark and frowning goddess of the night,
To guard their pillows from all evil dreams;
For in their rudeness still lives ceremony.
And well may they commend themselves to heaven,
(*Despondingly.*
Who, flung to sleep in danger's iron grasp,
May never welcome in another morn.

Aurelia. (*With impatience.*)

When do we march for Rome?

Catiline

You shall be safe!
All is provided for. A troop to night
Will see you through Etruria.

Aurelia.

Go! to night!
Abandon you in your extremity!
Am I your slave, Patrician! I have stood
Your equal from the first;—have never turn'd
From sorrow, toil, or danger, by your side:
For I was Marius' daughter, and *your* wife!

Catiline.

Be wise! The time is short. Go, *Roman* wife!
A rebel's fortunes are upon my head!
Our home must be the hill-tops and wild caves,—

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Our canopy the forest's dripping boughs,
Our meal the berries, roots, and all strange food,
That famine wrings from the step-mother earth,—
Our rusty swords must be our health, wealth, hope,
Our life be battle, flight, and stratagem,
Till all is buried in a bloody grave!

Aurelia.

Misfortune is a fire that melts weak hearts,—
But makes the firmer *fire*.—Here will I die!

Catiline.

I have had warnings.—In my last night's sleep,
I thought I saw myself, and *you*, and all,
Flung in one general tomb!

Aurelia.

A dream! no more.
An undigested grape will do as much.—
It was the battle,——'twas the day's turmoil
That left its heavy traces on your brain.

Catiline.

Perhaps so;—for, in truth, I've been, of late,
Strangely beset, and sunk into the prey
Of midnight hauntings;—not a passing wind—
A cloud—the shadow of a shaken bush—
But makes its mark upon my broken mind.
My sleep has grown a round of horrid things,
Terrors and tortures, that the waking sense
Quivers to think of.—Sometimes I am hurl'd
From mountain tops, or hung, by failing hands,
To precipices, fathomless as hell;—
Sometimes, engulf'd in the outrageous sea,
And down its depths sent strangling, then flung loose
As many leagues aloft, above the moon,
To freeze along the deserts of the sky;—
Sometimes, in hot encounter with the foe,
I feel a sudden javelin in my heart,—
And then I'm crush'd by heaps of dying men—
And hear the battle turning o'er my head—
And, fainting, *strive* to shout;—then, in this death,
See spirits—and plunge downwards,—till I wake,
Madden'd and blinded, thinking all around
A remnant of my tortures;—and thus, night
Is lost to me,—and sorrow's comfort, sleep,
Is made *my* agony.

(Cecina enters, pale and wounded.

(Catiline suddenly turns.

What brings that spectre here? Vanish, or speak!

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Cecina.

My lord, I am——Cecina!

Catiline.

Mighty Jove!
What mist was on my eyes?—He bleeds to death!—
Within there! *(Calls.*

Cecina.

By and by,—I bear ill news.

Catiline.

Tell it at once; if we had hearts to break
By piteous tales, we had not lived till now.

Cecina.

You are *undone!*

Catiline. (*fiercely.*)

I know it,—banish'd,—robb'd—
A price set on me,—hunted to the grave,—
But yet not *fang'd*—not *dead!*

Cecina.

Your friends in Rome—

Catiline.

Have they been brought to trial? One day more,
And they shall see me at their prison gates,
Laying their sentence on their sentencers.

Cecina.

My lord, your friends, last night, were—sacrificed!

Catiline.

What,—dead?—*all* dead? *(he covers his head with his robe.)*
And I was lingering here!

Cecina.

This hour they lie, each in his cell, a corpse!

Catiline.

Sound all to arms! (*A flourish of trumpets.*)
Call in the captains,—
I would speak with them!—
(*The officer goes.*)
Now, Hope! away!—and welcome, gallant death!
Welcome, the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—
Welcome, the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil
Seem but a sport,—and welcome, the cold bed,
Where soldiers with their upturn'd faces lie—
And welcome, wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,
That make their sepulchres!—We fight to-night.'

They fight,—and Catiline falls in the arms of victory!—a

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splendid catastrophe, and far superior to that of Ben Jonson's tragedy.

Much fault may be found with the fourth act, and with the religious mysteries of the Allobroges, as in no way essential to the development of the plot. But the lyrical beauties of the latter episode reconcile us to it in the closet, however it might weary us on the stage. The piece moves throughout with the elasticity and freedom of the old English school, and glows with the fervent coloring of a fancy touched with tender sentiment and natural imagery. The character of Catiline, especially,

'Armed with a glory high as his despair,'

rises into the sublimity of moral grandeur; and in the extract we have given our readers, he moralizes on his gloomy situation, and welcomes coming death in a rich tone of pensive melancholy, that brings to mind the dying glories of Macbeth.

It is somewhat singular that Jouy should also have founded his tragedy of Sylla on the character of him not vulgarly received. In his preface he has drawn an ingenious parallel between him and Napoleon, implying that both were influenced more or less in their political conduct by patriotic motives. The part of Sylla is moreover played by Talma, who has some personal resemblance to the late emperor, and the portrait of the tragedian in the frontispiece is cut exactly into the physiognomy of Bonaparte, all which, connected with the sentiments put into the mouth of Sylla throughout the piece, is, without doubt, the most impudent thing we have known in France since the return of the Bourbons. But this is not our affair. The French dramatists, from the very principles on which their theatre is constructed, are, necessarily, all of them critics, and Mons. Jouy, in his preface, after premising, (as usual,) the immense interval between the French drama, and that of every other people in Europe, and that his own nation are the only pupils of the Greeks, proceeds to point out one or two slight deficiencies in the dramatic productions of his countrymen,—among others a total inattention to nice delineation of character. In opposition to this, our author has been very intent upon the development and full exposition of the character of Sylla, which he has done in a masterly manner, according to the interpretation of it, which he has assumed. Inflexible in his severities, yet chiefly out of a regard for the public weal,—with a profound

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contempt for man, as an individual, yet with a sincere attachment to his country,—he exclaims in his hesitation at adding another name to the list of his proscriptions.

> 'Que m'importe après tout l'existence d'un homme?
> Je n'ai vu, je ne vois que le salut de Rome;
> Nul intérêt privé n'excite ma rigueur;
> C'est pour venger les lois, que je suis dictateur.'

The plot is feeble and uninteresting. It turns chiefly on the proscription of a noble Roman, and an abortive conspiracy of the proscribed party against the person of Sylla, which at last is determined by his voluntary abdication of the sovereign power; a catastrophe not very tragical, certainly, but as much so as that of Corneille's Cinna, to the mechanism of which play this bears considerable resemblance; indeed quite as much so as many of the best French tragedies, which in more than one instance have tapered off into a swoon, or a separation of lovers.

The regard paid in the general construction of this play, to the inviolable laws and constitution of the French theatre (notwithstanding a deviation in a few unessential particulars, which, however, has drawn forth not a little vituperation from the Parisian critics,) is another evidence, that, from the causes before enumerated, there can be no reasonable expectation, that the French drama will assume any other shape, or adopt a more liberal system, than it derived originally from the national character.

The Catiline of Croly, on the other hand, is an evidence of a return to the free and natural vein of the elder English theatre; and both of them, derived as they are from subjects in ancient history, exhibit in a strong but fair light, the peculiar genius of the two national dramas. In Sylla, where every thing proceeds with measured propriety, the Unities, at least those of time and place, are observed with a severity that produces an improbability in the identity of the latter; in Catiline they are outraged to a degree, that two or three episodes are admitted into the body of the piece. The language in Sylla, brilliant and rhetorical, flows in an even tide of lofty eloquence; the sentiments, of a cold, general nature, suggested rather by the understanding than the heart, exciting rather surprise or admiration, than deep interest or sympathy. In the English play, the language is broken into variety, but on the whole uncommonly melodious, and filled with sweet rural imagery; the sentiments

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tender or violent, but always of a passionate character, gushing warm and unsolicited from the heart. Sylla, so much superior to French characterization in general, presides over the whole scene with a stern, imperturable serenity, that seems to control every thing by the terror of his frown. Catiline, on the other hand, tossed by conflicting passion, sets the elements in motion, and moves triumphant in the storm.

The events in the French play are feebly developed; the intrigue shuffles on in an indistinct, unexciting manner, and terminates in a bloodless *denouement* of a calm and imposing majesty—the abdication of Sylla. The conspiracy in Catiline is matured before the eyes of the spectator, (although its development is not equal to that of most good English tragedies,) and, in the last act, expanding into a vein of sublimity and pathos, it hurries on to a bold and sanguinary catastrophe—the victory and death of Catiline.—The Genius of French tragedy should be personified by a marble statue, in the cold severity of sculpture;—the Genius of English tragedy, in the warm and varied coloring of the canvass; the former with a composed and elevated aspect, in the well defined and delicate proportions of art; the latter in the shifting hues of passion, and the flexible graces of nature.

ART. VIII.—*A complete history of the United States of America, embracing the whole period from the discovery of North America down to the year* 1820. *By Frederick Butler, A. M.* Three vols. 8vo.

SEVERAL of our readers may recollect, like ourselves, that two or three years since a subscription paper for this work was offered them. Wisely to prevent all cavil, a specimen of the work was exhibited with the subscription paper. This specimen was a bound octavo volume of the common size, consisting, if we remember, of about *forty* printed pages, and the rest of the volume *fair blank paper*. The strongest assurances were given, that the work should not be inferior to this specimen; and we must say we think that these assurances have not been verified. Three decently bound *blank books* would have been by no means without value. The printing in these volumes, while it has ruined the paper for any other use, is itself nearly

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worthless. We are not sure, however, that any one can complain; for, after all, the *Introduction*, which was bound up with the blank leaves, *is* a fair sample of the work. Those subscribers only, who took the blank leaves for the sample, have a right to murmur. We will satisfy our readers, that we do not commit an injustice in this account.

In a historical work, the materials made use of by a writer are of course of greater importance, than in almost any other species of composition. At the end of our author's preface we have this N. B. 'I shall insert at the end of the third volume a list of the *numerous* authorities I have consulted, in compiling this work.' This was no more than Dr Robertson had done, our author's great predecessor in American history, who makes a modest apology for subjoining to his work a large list of Spanish writers, in print and in manuscript. We confess we were pleased to see Mr Butler following the example. As Dr Robertson had pleaded the authority of Gibbon, Mr Butler could well plead that of Dr Robertson, and we supposed that in drawing up the list of his numerous authorities on American history, our author intended to steal a march on Mr Southey, who has promised a catalogue and account of his authorities, in another volume of the history of Brazil. It being well known that Dr Robertson was not acquainted with all the materials in existence when he wrote, and that various new sources of information have been opened since his time, we had anticipated no slight gratification of national feeling at the sight of Mr Butler's list. On turning to the close of the third volume, we find his 'numerous authorities' given, to the following amount:

'Rollin's Ancient History,
Robertson's *South America*,
Morse's Universal Geography,
Neal's History of the Puritans,
Mather's Magnalia,
Belknap's History of New Hampshire,
Hutchinson's Massachusetts,
Williams' Vermont,
Benedict's History of the Baptists,
Smith's New York,
——— New Jersey,
Proud's Pennsylvania,
Dobson's edition of the Encyclopædia,
Smith's Virginia.

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Jefferson's Notes on Virginia,
Williamson's Carolina,
Gordon's American Revolution,
Lee's Southern War,
Marshall's Life of Washington,
Burr's Trial,
Gilleland's late war with England,
Mnemonika, [?]
Dana's Sketches of the Western States.'

The title of Morse's Universal Geography occurs *thrice* in the catalogue, but there seems to be no good reason for counting that work more than once. Our readers will begin to judge by this time into what hands the subscribers to this history of the United States have fallen.

The object of our author is sufficiently grand and comprehensive. He has, it seems, published a former work, under the name of sketches of 'Universal History;' one of the objects of which was to shew, that 'one supreme, eternal God created the universe, and by his almighty fiat spake all worlds into existence, with all beings that inhabit them.' As we have never had the good fortune to see these sketches, we are unable to say how far our author has fulfilled this object. His aim in the present work is equally elevated; being to shew, 'the same superintending power, wisdom, and government of God, in planting his church in this wilderness of the west; and thus laying the foundation of a great nation, which has grown up and taken its rank among the free and enlightened nations of the earth.' It may easily be conceived that a history, which is intended to contain a complete course of natural theology, must take a tolerably wide range, and our author accordingly begins with the departure of the Jews from Egypt, about fifteen centuries before our Lord. Not contented with this seasonable beginning, he soon goes back to the origin of navigation, where his style, his knowledge of antiquity, and his arrangement of facts are so finely displayed, that we will treat our readers with a sentence. 'A spirit of commerce and naval enterprise commenced with the Phœnicians and Egyptians, as early as two thousand years before Christ; this *opened the way* for the Egyptian colony, which Cadmus led into Greece; where, *in* about three hundred years after, it [?] led to the expedition of the Argonauts to Cholchos, [?] in quest of the golden fleece;

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which *opened the way* for the commerce of Greece, and laid the foundation of her future naval glory. The ships of Greece bore her heroes to the Trojan war, in the year of the world 2900. About the time of the expedition of the Argonauts, it [?] extended from Phœnicia into Africa,' &c. from all which authentic facts, grouped in this masterly manner, great light is thrown upon the history of America and 'the Almighty fiat, which spake all worlds into existence.'

In the same discriminating style he speaks of the discovery of America. 'It is worthy of notice, that the commencement of the reformation under John Wickliffe, and the art of printing, were simultaneous with the discovery of the mariner's compass; and that these combined, *opened the way* for the spread of the Gospel into the new world, and planted the Puritan church in the wilderness of the West.'—The discovery of Columbus, says our author, in pursuing this train of deduction, happened 'in 1492 about one [two] whole century, after Goya [Gioja] unfolded the secrets of magnetism.'—This is followed by a sentence, which, being in Italics, we suppose contains an important truth, but which we are unable either to construe, parse, or understand :—'The *coincident circumstances attending this wonderful adventure, are worthy of notice; may serve to illustrate the great plan of Infinite Wisdom, in opening a high way into the west and into the east about the same time. The first to prepare an asylum for his afflicted, persecuted church, and the other to furnish means to support and protect her in her remote retreat.*'

One is sometimes able to judge of a writer's most familiar occupation by his figurative language and the objects from which his metaphors are drawn. We should suppose our author to have been a toll-gatherer or a turnpike man, did not his title page inform us that he is master of arts. He writes but few sentences, without 'opening a way;' sometimes by the construction it is opening a way to the opening of a way: but of all the ways he has opened, the following—in a grave history of America—is the most curious. The Italics, are our author's own fancy, in this, as in our other citations. 'This superstition and ignorance [that the earth was round] reigned in the hearts of the *princes* of that age; but this glorious adventure has *opened the way* for me to entwine *one more laurel* round the *brows of woman*.'—It seems evident here, that the

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proof of a superintending providence was not our author's only object in this excellent work.

The discovery of Columbus, the settlements in the West Indies, and the conquests of Cortez, as related by our author, are in truth the most grotesque specimens of history we ever met. We are not sure, upon the whole, but they are worth the money, were it only for the rich improvements in the orthography. It may be observed, that this whole part of his work is a condensed translation, into a dialect not mentioned by Mr Adelung in his list of twelve hundred American tongues, from what our author pleases to call 'Robertson's South America,' being that part of Robertson's History of America, of which the scene is almost exclusively in the *Northern portion.* Dr Robertson's orthography is itself somewhat arbitrary, and in our author's hands it is a most extraordinary affair. In casting our eye over a few pages, we have gathered the following instances:—

Avando	for	Ovando	p. 16.
Gracios a dios	"	Gracias a Dios	17.
Mendiz	"	Mendez	*ib.*
Ojida	"	Ojeda	21.
Cabagua	"	Cubagua	22.
Graicos a dios	"	Gracias a Dios	*ib.*
Santo Maria	"	Santa Maria	23.
Vasco Nagnez de Bilboa	"	V. Nugnez* de Balboa.	23.
Herman Cortes	"	Hernan Cortez	*ib.*
Trinadad	"	Trinidad	27.
Cosumel	"	Cozumel	*ib.*
Tobasco	"	Tabasco	*ib.*
St Jean	"	St Juan	*ib.*
Dilpatoe	"	Pilpatoe	28.
Tutile	"	Teutile	*ib.*
Ardaz	"	Ordaz	30 & 31.
Vera Crux	"	Vera Cruz	*Passim.*
Zampoella	"	Zempoalla	*Passim.*
Zampoela	"	Zempoalla	32.
Zempoella	"	Zempoalla	31 *thrice.*
Chaleo	"	Chalco	35.

* According to Robertson's orthography.

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Lake of Tibzuco	for	Tezeuco	35.
Tules, tules	"	Teules, teules	36.
Tawba	"	Tacuba	38.
Tezuco	"	Tezeuco	*Sæpe.*
Choluta	"	Cholula	39.
Quelpopoca	"	Qualpopoca	39 & 40.
Luppopoca	"	Qualpopoca	*ib.*
Narvez	"	Narvaez,	*Sæpius.*
Alverado	"	Alvarado	46.
Cuyocan	"	Cuoyacan,	46 & 47.
Guatamosin	"	Guatimozin	*Passim.*

This will serve as a fair sample of our author's manner.—Of his insight into things, and of a pleasing gift of tracing analogies between the most remote, the following is an instance :—'In the midst of the interview, Cortez noticed some painters in the governor's train, who were employed in sketching, on cotton stuffs, the ships, horses, artillery, soldiers, &c. belonging to Cortez. When Cortez understood that these were to be sent to Montezuma, he determined to fill up the piece : accordingly he made a display of his men, horse, artillery, and musquetry in various military evolutions and firings, which astonished the affrighted Mexicans. When the picture was finished, it was sent off by despatches, placed at regular stages upon the roads, after the Mexican manner, who relieved each other, to give facility to the messages!' To this intelligent account of the most curious subject in American antiquities, our author appends this valuable note : 'The French *improved upon this*, by erecting telegraphs throughout the country, in the revolution.'—The French, it must be granted, have not had full justice done them in this respect ; and the establishment of telegraphs must be allowed to be one of the most considerable improvements on the Mexican hieroglyphics which the world has witnessed. Since this last discovery, Whittemore's carding machine may be looked upon as a still more splendid effort in the same way, and eclipsed only by a proposal, not yet fully experimented, of converting pine sawdust into oak plank.

The following historical deduction of the civil institutions of our forefathers will be read and admired, when the Federalist and President Adams' Defence are forgotten.—'Under this standard (the Bible,) they planted a system of civil, religious, and literary institutions the most free, pure, and perfect ever

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before known; protected by a system of military discipline, the most independent in that all important military principle, *true merit*, ever before witnessed: the whole supported by that balance of power in the three departments of government, *unknown to all former republics:* a balance of power which originated in the *Saxton* heptarchy in the fifth century; was greatly improved by Alfred the Great, in the ninth century, and has been completed in America. Upon this inestimable basis stands the illustrious republic of United America.—The success of these systems stands unrivalled in the annals of time, and so long as they are preserved in their purity, will continue to stand unrivalled until they shall be eclipsed by the glories of the great millenial day.' It must not be inferred, however, that our author supposes that these excellent systems are to make converts in the world, or be imitated by other nations, between the present time and the millenium. On the contrary, within two pages of the passage where he had traced the basis of our republic to the Saxon heptarchy, he declares that the principles, 'which formed that basis originated in the puritan church, and were unknown to any former age of the world, and have never been enjoyed by any other people, either before or since; and probably *never will be* till the great millenial day.'

But we have spent too much time on this work. It is one of the most notable productions of the catchpenny school of literature, that hath lately appeared. That it is destitute of any literary pretensions, the specimens we have given of it abundantly show. We have, however, a much more serious charge against it than this: it is that of impertinent allusions to the divine providence of God, appeals far too frequent to his name and councils, and unauthorized reference to his immediate interference. It is not in this way, that his glory is promoted or his ways to man vindicated. This is not a theme so easily treated. Most writers, who would indeed seek this high object, will best attain it, if they will devoutly abstain from any familiar mention of what they cannot comprehend, and 'in expressive silence muse his praise.' To multiply commonplace ascriptions and repeat, on every extraordinary event, that it was an immediate interposition of the Most High,—however well meant,—is conclusive evidence of nothing but bad taste.—On proper occasions, by the proper persons, and with due solemnity, let the divine government of the world be de-

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voutly acknowledged; and let men be aroused from the habitual thoughtlessness into which they sink, and taught to see and tremble at the hand, which shakes their empires, scatters their generations, and fulfils, in their passing fortunes, eternal purposes of wisdom and love. But do not think to produce this effect by a perpetual cry of 'miracle,' in which there is no devotion, no reason. We hold it something worse than misguided zeal deliberately to attribute such events as the burning of Guatimozin, and the cutting off of the hands of the Tlascalan spies to the Almighty arm thus exerted, to 'open a way' for the church of the Son of God. And if it is wicked and profane, as it certainly is, in an unguarded moment of levity or passion to take the divine name in vain; we hold it very little better to be repeating the same name, page after page, without pertinence, and without force. The command against taking that name in vain is no where, that we read, limited to cases of anger or mirth. It is taken in vain whenever it is injudiciously and needlessly introduced. These three volumes have the appearance of having been put together, in a few months. We should think a person who stepped out of the common path of private duty as a man and citizen, to write the history of his country with the still higher professed object of promoting the glory of the Almighty, would think it decent to bend his whole soul to the task; to labor for many years, to read, search, and pray over it; and then if he had gathered into one work the best of his talents, life, and means, he might scarcely, without arrogance, consecrate it to this solemn design. If he is not willing to take this pains, let him at least not pretend to this serious purpose, but be content to publish his compilations, professing the ordinary motives for like efforts.

ART. IX.—*Sketches of the domestic manners and institutions of the Romans.* Reprinted, Philadelphia, 1822, 12mo.

WHEN our fathers were children, they learned nothing, without paying for it a full price, in labor; our children have all sorts of expedients and facilities contrived, by which they may play and learn too, and perhaps the result will be, that their children will refuse to be cheated into learning, and so play all. In these days, every science and every art is made

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a plaything. One child is putting together dissected maps, and thereby learns geography; another is diverting himself with a musical game, very scientific in its principles, and no doubt equally amusing and instructive; and another is set to work upon the royal game of Goose, by way of becoming an expert arithmetician. Now there is some danger perhaps, lest the children should carry the sport too far, and when their instructers turn the things they would teach into games, the children may possibly make game of the things they should learn.

Man must work; he cannot earn physical or intellectual sustenance or wealth, but by physical or intellectual labor. All the concerns of this world must undergo a great change, and stand in very different relations to each other, before this decree will be revoked; at all events it stands now, and is not to be evaded; and therefore, a knowledge of the elements of the sciences,—that is, a superficial, indistinct, indigested knowledge of certain desultory and very general elements of a few sciences,—is hardly recompense enough for the abandonment of a habit of prompt, willing, and earnest exertion, which a boy may and should acquire while his character is growing. But it may be asked, since children must and ought to play, why not make their amusements edifying and useful, in such measure and manner as may be possible? We have no objections to this, so long as their amusements are known and regarded as what they really are. It is only when they are considered important vehicles of instruction, that they become worse than useless by favoring the prevalent mistake, that the principal object of education is not to invigorate but replenish the mind, and the yet more injurious notion, that a good thing may be gotten without toil. Set your child at work upon a task, suited to his age and capacity; make him work as hard as you can without doing him harm, and compel him to learn and feel that labor, the necessary evil of life, must be borne, and if borne patiently, diminishes, till in the end it disappears. A distinct practical conviction of this truth is worth a hundred times over all the music, or geography, or history, or mathematics that a child ever learned from his playthings, since the fashion of this day came in.

The same principle has been applied to literary amusements which are calculated for children of a larger growth, and perhaps with more good. Learning has thrown by her stilts and

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has come down from the study into the parlor. She no longer loves only the light of the midnight-lamp or the solitary toil of the student, but gathers much homage in warm summer afternoons, and often exhibits her charms to some joyous circle round a cheerful fire. True it is, that the intense respect and admiration which were formerly paid her, have become rather scarce, and the sincerity and entire devotion of most of her worshippers may well be doubted. But perhaps this is compensated by their increased number, and the wide extension of her empire. Many who would have fled from a book, between whose covers learning was suspected to lie, are tolerably willing to meet her, when she comes only as an additional charm and ornament to something they like better.

If there be no royal road to learning, there is at least a fashionable one, and many walk therein, who would not have followed the old paths. Now out of this state of things much blue stockingism,—male and female,—has no doubt arisen, and this is a sore evil. But evil and good generally keep close to each other in this world of compensation, and the good caused by the easy access to literature, is indubitable and important; the tone of small talk,—the great cement of society,—is much elevated; better and higher things are made the subject of conversation; a lady or a gentleman must know more and think more than formerly; and this is all extremely well, for it is much better to discuss the last books than the latest scandals, however the change be effected.

The 'Travels of Anacharsis' was the earliest book we now recollect of this kind,—unless we consider the 'Athenian letters' as entitled to precedence. In this class too, may perhaps be ranked the Waverly novels, in which magnificent productions the history of ages, over which forgetfulness had long since thrown her pall, has come forth from darkness into light, no longer an inert and shapeless mass, but moulded by the master spirit of the age, into living beauty. Valerius also and Sismondi's Julia Severa, and in some sort Anastasius, all mentioned in late numbers of this journal, belong to this class,—and the book now under consideration holds a high rank among them.* It has not the form of a novel or a book of travels, but from the general liveliness of the style and its occasional

* Mr Böttiger, of Dresden, has published in German an esteemed work, of which the subject is in part that of our author, entitled 'Sabina, or the Morning of a Roman Lady.'

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wit and satire, is about as entertaining as most tales and travels. The author shall tell for himself what his purpose was in making this book; the following extract is from the preface:

'It has often been remarked that, amongst all the labored volumes which have been written on the subject of the antiquities of the Romans, we possess no compendious account of their domestic customs alone; and that, although every well-educated person is acquainted with the Roman history, but few have an accurate idea of Roman manners. It is, indeed, only to be acquired by toiling through a variety of authors with which the generality of readers are but imperfectly acquainted; and ladies, in particular, are deterred from the study by the classical allusions and the learned quotations, in which the subject has been usually enveloped.

'It, therefore, occurred to the author, that a concise account of the state of society in ancient Rome, clothed in plain language, divested, as far as possible, of Latin terms, and pruned of all subjects which offend against delicacy, could not fail to be serviceable to young persons of both sexes who are completing their education; and might, perhaps, not prove unacceptable to some of riper years.'

It contains much learning, that no where else perhaps is exhibited in a popular form. The author has displayed good taste in the arrangement of his subjects, and has managed very skilfully in treating each one with due respect, enlarging upon all which his readers would be likely to find interesting and dismissing with very few words, those which could not bear many. The distinctness and method observed throughout the book impress the facts and statements strongly upon the memory, and if we consider how much better we remember that, by which our attention is excited than that which fatigues us, it is hardly too much to say, that most readers may be taught as much by this little volume, as by Dr Adams' heavy work upon Roman antiquities. Moreover we find here a much more minute and exact account of a part of this subject than is to be gathered from the usual compends of Roman antiquities, and that is the domestic economy of the Romans,—their indoor life and manners.

It is often said that the want of all information upon this interesting topic is very great; and so it undoubtedly is in comparison with the knowledge which the good people who may chance to live in the world eighteen centuries hence, may

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have of our family concerns, if they are lucky or unlucky enough to have our novels and comedies. But still much may be known relating to this subject, as many things are distinctly stated by Roman writers, and many more may be obtained by ingenious implication. At all events, the author of this work has collected a great deal of information, much of which we know to be correct, and the remainder we shall take to be so, having neither inclination nor leisure to examine his numerous references.

It is amusing to observe how little cleanliness and comfort the Romans enjoyed, with all their wealth and power and ingenious luxury. Many things with which our almshouses are supplied, were wanting in the imperial palaces of Rome. To give one instance for many, forks were utterly unknown to them; nor were they used in Europe till Henry IV, of France, somewhere in the sixteenth century, discovered that they were,—for certain purposes,—quite as convenient as fingers. The first fork used in christendom,—a great steel thing, one prong of which would make ten forks of these degenerate days,—is now, or was lately, in the castle of Pau. It is true enough that while wants of this kind would affect our comfort prodigiously, they may not have been much felt by the Romans; since, however natural, as it were, they have become by habit and constant custom, they were originally factitious,—and the power of accommodation to circumstances,—of assimilation to the things about him, which exists in man, in greater perfection than in any other animal, soon makes him tolerably easy, wherever and however he lives. Notwithstanding all this, there is a difference between nations;—between the Esquimaux Indians and the London cockneys, for instance,—in point of comfort; and certain it must be, that more of that most excellent and desirable article may be had, by any one among us, than could have been enjoyed by a Roman noble, who rode in a carriage without springs, or on a saddle without stirrups, or dined without knives and forks, or lived in a room without a chimney, heated by a brasier of burning charcoal.

Their want of cleanliness really appears to have been quite monstrous, and it is wholly inconceivable that a nation who exhibited so exquisite a perception and enjoyment of beauty, as is manifested both in their many works of art, and in all

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of their poetry, which speaks of, or alludes to natural loveliness of every kind,—and much of this there is,—should be so destitute of all desire to be clean, as we must believe them to have been, if we suppose their writers to have told the truth. It may seem that their constant and universal use of the bath rather proves the fact to be otherwise; but the reason assigned by their writers for this excellent custom is, that the bath was necessary, as they very rarely changed their clothes. The Roman poets are full of anecdotes and allusions, which place in a very strong light the common notion in Rome, respecting the uselessness of all instruments of the broom kind.

Horace tells of a sad disaster which befel a festive party in a magnificent dining-room, owing to the fall of a canopy, which brought down with it the accumulated dust of ages. Now if in a splendid state apartment, dust should be suffered quietly to repose in sufficient quantities to overwhelm the company and fill every dish, on no greater provocation than the fall of a canopy, it may safely be asserted that any people who would so live, must be a very dirty people indeed. It may also be mentioned among the curiosities of Roman manners, that the masters and mistresses of the world were utterly unacquainted with that article of apparel, which in these days is apt to be found in the pocket of every gentleman, and the indispensable of every lady.

That our readers may be able to judge for themselves how far the author has been able so to treat his subject as to make a learned book an interesting and popular one, we will give them a few extracts;—and the first shall relate to the theatrical amusements of Rome:

The dramatic entertainments of the Romans appear to have been always accompanied with music. They originally, indeed, consisted in little more than dances to the sound of the flute. Dialogue was only gradually introduced: at first, in coarse, and frequently obscene couplets, which obtained the name of *fescennine verses*, from the name, as it is supposed, of the city whence they originated;* afterwards in satires, still accompanied with

'* "*Fescennine verses.*" The generally received opinion is, that these verses took their name from *Fescennia*, a city of Etruria, now *Galesa*, in the ecclesiastical states. But, according to Macrobius, it is derived from the word *fascinum*, a charm—and the verses were originally used as a protection against witchcraft.'

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music and dancing; and it was not until about the year of Rome 512, that an attempt was made to represent a regular comedy. From this period the drama progressively improved, and the plays which still exist sufficiently attest the excellence to which this species of composition arrived; while the fortunes acquired by some of the actors afford abundant proof of the estimation in which the histrionic art was held, notwithstanding that, according to the Roman law, the profession of an actor was declared infamous, and those who practised it were deprived of the rights of citizens.'

'The actors wore masks descriptive of the characters they represented. The origin of the custom has been attributed to a celebrated tragedian, who is said to have adopted it to conceal the defect of squinting; but it was, more probably borrowed from the Greeks. The interior of the mask was lined with metal, or with horn, in such manner as materially to assist the power of the voice; and its use was rendered in some measure necessary by the vast size of their roofless theatres, in which, without some such assistance, they must have been inaudible to the greater part of the audience. Yet, as they must have been destructive of that great charm of superior acting—the expression of the countenance—it is difficult to imagine how their eminent performers could, while so disguised, have acquired the reputation they enjoyed.'

'Another singular custom prevailed on the Roman stage—the occasional division of the same part between two actors, the one reciting, while the other accompanied him with the appropriate gestures. But it was probably confined to the recitation of verse, or single speeches; for we do not find that it was applied to dialogue, and it was originally introduced for the convenience of a favorite performer who was rendered hoarse by his obedience to reiterated calls of "encore."

'Comedians wore a low-heeled shoe, called a *sock*, that merely covered the foot; tragedians, a high *buskin* that reached to the mid leg; whence these words are used to denote the different styles of comedy and tragedy.'

'The audience testified their applause, or censure, in the modern manner, and espoused the pretensions of different actors with so much heat, that the representation was often interrupted by their disputes, and quarrels ensued which not unfrequently terminated in bloodshed. Such, indeed, was the partiality of the people to theatrical amusements, that every eminent player had his party, and their absurd factions rendered the theatre a constant scene of riot and disorder. Persons of the highest rank took part in these brawls, which were at length carried so far as to attract the attention of the senate; and, in the reign of Tibe-

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rius, the players were, in consequence, banished from Italy. The drama never recovered this blow: but dancers and buffoons gradually found means to return to the stage; of which they afterwards kept entire, and undisputed possession.'

'The extraordinary, and somewhat ridiculous, influence acquired by the actors, excites the more surprise, as we are told that, although courted by the great, and liberally rewarded by the public,* they never were freed from the restraints of the law; which, as has been already observed, held their profession to be infamous; and, indeed, the majority of those who embraced it were slaves. Even Augustus, who was their greatest protector, ordered one celebrated comedian to be publicly whipped through the theatres for having presumed to intrigue with a Roman matron; and banished another from Italy for affronting one of the audience who hissed him.

'Scenic exhibitions were, for a long time, held to be subversive of the morals of the people; and, so late as the year of Rome 599, a decree passed the senate prohibiting the erection of theatres within a mile of the city. But this prejudice gave way in process of time, and it is well known upon what a colossal scale of magnificence those edifices were afterwards constructed. The first permanent building erected for this purpose within the city, was calculated to contain 40,000 spectators, and others were afterwards raised of still more stupendous dimensions. They were, at first, open at the top, and awnings were used to guard against the sun and rain; nor were the audience accommodated with seats; but, at a later period, they were covered, and built with regular rows of stone benches, rising above each other, and divided according to the rank of those who were to occupy them. The lowest rows were appropriated to the senators and foreign ambassadors, the next fourteen to the knights, and the remainder to the public; and it appears, that the foremost seats were covered with cushions, while those assigned to the lower classes were left bare. As all were equally admitted gratuitously, these distinctions gave great offence to the people; and with the greater apparent reason, as they were not observed in the circus: but they were, notwithstanding, rigidly enforced, and inspectors were appointed at the theatres, who regulated the distribution of places according to the rank of the parties. The

'* "*Liberally rewarded by the public.*" Although it is certain that the principal actors acquired large fortunes, which must have been derived from the public bounty, it yet does not appear in what manner this was bestowed. They probably profitted largely by exhibiting their talents at private entertainments. That their public engagements were not very lucrative may be conjectured from the fact, that a law was enacted, in the reign of the Emperor M. Antoninus, which limited the rewards usually given to them on extraordinary occasions to ten *aurei*, or about eight guineas.'

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stage was constructed in much the same manner as at prosent, except that the orchestra was equally appropriated to dancing and music. The scenery and decorations were generally ef the most splendid description, and were screened, during the n tervals of the performance, by a silken curtain.' pp. 142—147.

There seems scarcely any passion more universal than the love of the drama. It is to be found in some form or other in every nation that has made any advance towards civilization; and no wonder; for in the skilful representation of a good drama, many very copious sources of gratification are united. There is an exhibition of personal beauty, and graceful dignity of gesture, cultivated and heightened by exquisite art; melody of voice and musical intonation are employed to give new expression and charm to the finest poetry; and we are strongly excited either to laughter by humor or wit, or to tears by the suffering and despair of some buskined hero. It is certain that strong impressions are thus made on the mind and memory; but as dramatic entertainments are never regarded as any thing better than an amusement, they are of course made to assume such a character as will best interest and amuse; and it may be considered, in some measure, a proof of the degradation and rooted evil of human character, that plays, acted and popular plays, are every where, if tragic, unnatural and improbable, and so useless, and if comic, licentious and vulgar, and therefore worse than useless.

It is difficult to believe that there is any thing inherent in the nature of theatrical entertainments, which of itself, by necessity, precludes the possibility of their being turned so far from their present course, as to subserve the cause of virtue. It is difficult to see why chaste and gentlemanly wit may not be made sufficiently amusing, why the fancy and taste may not be excited and gratified by something better than licentious allusion and imagery, and why we may not be interested by an exhibition of possible excellence struggling with possible misfortune, or of such a degree of moral strength and majesty, as may become the object of human aspiration and endeavor, and be attained without soaring far above the sphere of the duties and realities of life. It may be said, that all this will be very well some centuries hence, if the world chances to improve rather than deteriorate; but that plays must for some time to come continue as they are, or the theatres be shut. Now this considera-

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tion may be very just, but it is not exactly very comforting, as we do not like to believe that the time is yet afar off, when the most popular amusements shall cease to be the most licentious, and the common delight of both sexes, and all classes and ages, become somewhat better than a provocative to passion, or an idle exhibition of unprofitable and impossible greatness, distorted and exaggerated into nonsense.

Another species of theatrical amusement, almost peculiar to the Romans, was provided for the inhabitants of the eternal city by all those, who would win their favor or their votes ;— the combats of gladiators. Our author says but little about this custom, which might have been made an interesting subject. The taste for gladiatorial murder prevalent in Rome and most cities of the empire for centuries, and often indulged to the most extravagant excess, implies so wide a deviation from the common principles and feelings of humanity, that it is to be regarded as an important fact in the moral history of man. Trajan, the pride of paganism, whose excellence was proverbial, gave those games during one hundred and twenty days, arraying against each other ten thousand gladiators. Roman knights and nobles became public fighters. The emperor Commodus contended upon the common arena and drew from the common fund an enormous salary; at least, so says Dion Cassius. This elegant and refined amusement was prohibited by the first christian emperors, but was not finally abolished until the beginning of the sixth century. It slumbered in the rudeness and ignorance of the dark ages, and is in these days confined to one country; perhaps because in no other have civilization and refinement operated so strongly upon the character and habits of the people. In England the most fashionable and highly relished enjoyment of the higher classes, which has even found an eulogist in one of the most eloquent English statesmen, is a gladiatorial combat between persons very exactly trained, and very carefully prepared to bruise each other with the utmost possible force, to cut deep gashes in each other's faces, and to beat each other's eyes with so much vigor, as to occasion excessive swelling and inflammation, which last is considered a peculiarly desirable and pleasant achievement, as thus the blinded party may be mangled at the leisure of his opponent.

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The gladiators* are not considered as having exhibited a commendable degree of spirit and skill, unless they have so crushed and beaten into an uniform mass the different features of the face, that all appearance of a human countenance is as thoroughly extirpated, as all vestiges of human feeling are, from the hearts of the joyous spectators, whose delight is in exact proportion to the number of ribs broken, the amount of the disfigurement or destruction of the features, and the degree of exhaustion and sickness of the actors in this amusing drama. The spectators are rarely so fortunate as to witness the dealing of the death blow. This circumstance takes place much less frequently upon the English arena, than formerly upon the Roman. In this particular, the ancients seem to have had the advantage of the moderns; but by way of compensation a fashion has lately come out in England of exhibiting gladiators of the softer sex. Very interesting accounts of a battle lately fought in England between two women, in which both parties were most scientifically and thoroughly mangled, have lately appeared in some English papers. Should this custom become fairly established, a gladiatorial combat in England will be as abhorrent to all the vulgar, common-place feelings of painful pity, which are usually excited by the sight of a fellow being in agony, as ever was or could have been a similar work of destruction upon a Roman stage.

Our next and last quotation shall be descriptive of the Roman fashion of behavior during that very important period of human life—the dinner hour.

'The construction of their houses and furniture accorded in plainness with their frugality of diet. But the pristine simplicity of Roman manners yielded gradually to the foreign habits introduced by the conquests of the republic; Greece furnished models of taste in the fine arts, and Asia all the refinements of sensual indulgence; while the vast increase of wealth, the consequent progress of civilization, and the prodigious population of Rome itself, all contributed to the innovation; and luxury, at length, reached a pitch of lavish magnificence, which, although it excites our wonder, yet conveys an idea rather of barbarous splendor and profligate profusion, than of the refined enjoyments of polished society.'

* This word meant originally, as most of our readers will know, persons who contended with swords; but it was gradually applied to all who fought in public for the entertainment of others, whatever were their weapons; it is thus we use it.

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'Small figures of Mercury, Hercules, and the penates were placed upon the table—of which they were deemed the presiding genii,—and a small quantity of wine was poured upon the board at the commencement and at the end of the repast, as a libation in honor of them, accompanied by a prayer; it was a custom derived from the remotest antiquity, and was ever scrupulously adhered to with pious reverence. The salt was placed beside them, and was looked upon as a thing sacred; if forgotten or spilled, the table was considered as profaned, and it was supposed to portend some dire misfortune. This superstition was derived from the Greeks, as well as that of viewing it as a bad omen to be thirteen in company; they have indeed descended to more modern times, and are not even yet entirely exploded. The table itself was held in veneration, as being sanctified by the presence of their gods, and devoted to the rites of hospitality and the cultivation of friendship; were a solemn asseveration made, they touched it with the same reverence, as if it were an altar, and an act of violence committed there would have been punished as a sacrilege.'

'The supper, if a meal taken before four o'clock in the afternoon may be so called consistently with modern ideas, was usually composed of two courses and a dessert. The first consisted of eggs stained of various colors, shell-fish, vegetables, and such trifles as compose the entremêts at our tables; the second comprised the ragoûts, roast meat, and fish; the latter, particularly, was a luxury in such request, that without it no Roman of fashion could be persuaded that he had supped. The dessert contained the usual proportion of fruit and confectionary, much in the modern style; but it was customary to serve it on a separate table, and even the more substantial parts of the supper were occasionally brought in on portable tables, or placed before the guests on frames.

'Some of their greatest dainties would be apt to startle a modern epicure; snails, and a species of white maggot found in old timber, were fattened with peculiar care, and served only at the best tables; stewed sows' teats, fricaseed sucking puppies,* and water-rats were in great request; and according to Horace,

'A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat.'

Francis, b. i. ep. 15.

* '"*Sows' teats and sucking puppies.*" Pliny says that the latter were worthy of being served at a supper for the gods.—*Hist. Nat.* l. xxix. c. 4. And Martial celebrates a cook who prepared the paps of a sow with so much art, that they appeared as if still full of milk.—l. xiii. epig. 43. Whoever wishes to taste them superlatively well dressed will find the most approved receipt in *Apicius de Art. Coquin.* l. vii. c. 2.

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Poultry of every kind known at present, except the turkey,* were abundant, and in common use; but the favorite fowl was a goose, of which incredible numbers were annually consumed. Whether this partiality arose from veneration for the memorable service rendered to the state by this bird, or from other qualities more easily appreciated and more generally acknowledged, or whether its destruction may not rather be considered as a trait of ingratitude, has already been made the subject of grave discussion among learned commentators, and still remains an unsettled point.'

'It was customary to drink toasts and healths; and sometimes, when any very animating sentiment was given, the company pledged it by throwing their chaplets into the wine, which was called, "drinking the crowns." During the preparations for the battle of Actium, Antony having suspected Cleopatra of a design to poison him, refused to partake of any thing at her table, until she had previously tasted it. Cleopatra laughed at his fears, and having dressed herself in a wreath of poisoned flowers, she proposed, after supper, "to drink the crowns." Antony, out of gallantry, immediately threw the one she wore into his cup, and had already carried it to his lips, when the queen, seizing his arm, informed him of his danger, and thus proved to him that his suspicions were as groundless as his precautions were unavailing.' p. 103.

Upon the whole, we are disposed to recommend this book very strongly to all who desire to be instructed in the manners and habits of ancient Rome; a desire, which all must feel, whose education has taught them any thing of the history or existence of that people, who bound the civilized world within

*'"*Turkeys.*" It has been generally supposed that the birds known to the ancients under the name of *Meleagrides* were the same as our turkeys; and that conjecture has given rise to much learned controversy. But professor Beckmann, who has summed up the proofs and arguments on both sides with great perspicuity, has clearly shown, that they were not known in Europe until after the discovery of America, in which country they are indigenous; and that the birds mentioned in ancient authors by the name of *Gallinæ Africanæ*—Guinea fowls—were, in fact, the same as the *Meleagrides*.

'It appears that they were not introduced into England until late in the reign of Henry VIII. as they are not mentioned in the regulations of his household, (*inserted in the Archæologia*, vol. iii. p. 157,) in which all fowls used in the royal kitchen are named. But if we may judge from the following couplets, of the date of the year 1585, they must have then become plentiful.

'Beefe, mutton, and porke, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veale, goose, and capon, *and turkie well drest;*
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolie carols to heare,
As then in the countrie, is counted good cheare.'

See *Beckmann's Hist. of Inven.* vol. iii. art. *Turkeys.*

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the chain of their dominion. It is praise enough to say that the author has fairly executed the plan he announced in the preface, from which we inserted an extract in the beginning of this article.

ART. X.—*A New System of Modern Geography, or a view of the present state of the world, with an appendix containing statistical tables of the population, commerce, revenue, expenditure, and various institutions of the United States; and general views of Europe and the world. By Sidney E. Morse, A. M. Accompanied with an atlas.* 8vo. pp. 676. Boston and New Haven.

THIS is the best treatise of universal geography, which we have seen published in this country. Within a few years several small works have been published, of a much higher character than those previously in use, but they are much too brief to give any adequate description of the different countries of the globe. To the imperfection of the elementary books on this subject in the English language, we are to attribute the very great neglect of the study of geography as a part of the education, even of those who are the most assiduous in the pursuit of useful learning. It could not be expected that any adequate acquaintance with the various countries of the world should be derived from the study of a mere summary of geography, comprised within the compass of two or three hundred duodecimo pages. The present work, although but a compendium of universal geography, is much more extensive than those, to which we have alluded. It exhibits marks of extensive research, and of care and judgment in digesting and arranging the mass of materials, from which it is compiled. The part of it devoted to a description of the United States of America is perhaps executed in a more satisfactory manner, than any other part. The author has consulted in general the most recent documents, which have been published, for information relative to the country at large, and to the several states.

There are, however, some parts of the work, which we think susceptible of material improvement. The part, which we consider liable to the greatest objection, is the introduction, consisting principally of an imperfect treatise upon astronomy.

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A great part of this treatise is not appropriate to its object. Such a general description of the solar system, as will serve to explain the different phenomena relating to the earth and which depend upon its being a part of that system, forms a proper and necessary part of a treatise upon geography. But every thing beyond this is superfluous, and belongs exclusively to a science which ought to be studied after that of geography. A description of the form, dimensions, and revolutions of the earth, and of the different circles of the sphere, is necessary to give a clear idea of what is meant by latitude and longitude, of the causes of the change of seasons, and of the variety of seasons in the different parts of the world, of the different degrees of heat and cold, and of the difference in the length of days. But a particular description of all the planets and their satellites, of the sun and its revolutions, and of the fixed stars, does not serve to illustrate any thing which belongs to the study of geography. We therefore consider the greater part of the view of astronomy, which is given in this introduction, as irrelevant to the purpose, and calculated to prevent the young student from acquiring a clear understanding of those few principles of astronomy, which we have described as necessary to be understood.

A work of this kind ought to give, either in the introduction or in the body of the work, a precise statement of the measures, weights, and monies of the different countries, or at least of those countries, whose books we read, or with which we have a frequent intercourse. This kind of information, which is often very important, is either not given at all, or given very imperfectly, in this work. The introduction contains a table of measures of distances, which is not very complete, and is quite inaccurate, and it is followed by a table of scripture measures, which appears to have nothing to do with the subject.

We have not observed that the work before us states the number of miles to a degree, or the length of the French metre or myriametre, or of the English geographical mile. The importance of such a table has induced us to subjoin the following, which we believe will be found accurate :

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Comparison of the miles of different countries.

German	4.62	or	15 to a degree
Swedish	6.65	or	10.41
French myriametre	6.23	or	$11\frac{1}{9}$
Italian	1.16	or	60
Arabian	1.22	or	$56\frac{2}{3}$
Turkish	1.04	or	66.67
Dutch	3.65	or	19
Spanish and Polish	3.41	or	20
Danish	4.69	or	14.79
Old French league	2.77	or	25
English and French marine league	3.46	or	20
Irish	1.25	or	$54\frac{1}{2}$
English geographical mile	1.16	or	60
Scotch	1.39	or	$49\frac{3}{4}$
Hungarian	5.78	or	12
English statute mile	1	or	69.36

We do not think that the arrangement is very judicious. Although to an American student a particular knowledge of his own country is more important than that of the other quarters of the globe, this does not furnish any conclusive reason for placing the description of America first in the arrangement of the work. There are several reasons why Europe should be described first; one of which is, that many portions of America are still dependencies on different governments of Europe, and a large proportion of its population derived from that quarter. The geography of Europe is more complete, and susceptible of being reduced to a more systematic order than that of America, and for this reason is more suited to occupy the front place in the work. There seems also to be a want of system in the order of arrangement of the different countries. In the description of the American colonies, those which depend upon the same European power should be placed by themselves. The order of arrangement of the different kingdoms of Europe appears to be entirely arbitrary. It may admit of doubt what principle of arrangement ought to be adopted, yet it cannot be doubted that there would be an advantage in some systematic order. After the head of Germany, for example, and a description of the minor German states, follows

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Prussia, then Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Italian States, and Austria. It might have been expected that more regard would be had, in the arrangement, either to the political connexions of the different countries, or to their geographical position.

There is also a want of distinctness in the account of the Turkish government, one of the most important, certainly, without the pale of Christendom. As the natural division of the earth into continents is assumed as the basis of the work, a difficulty of course presents itself in describing a government like Turkey, whose territories are divided between Europe, Asia, and Africa. Nevertheless, somewhere in the book a table might be given of the Turkish empire, consisting of

Turkey in Europe,
Turkey in Asia,
Turkey in Africa.

The two former of these appellations are indeed retained; but the African dominions of the Porte are not given with sufficient precision. The connexion of Egypt with the Grand Seignior is dismissed with the simple epithet of *nominal;* while the relation of the Barbary regencies does not appear to be given at all.

We may mention as a general defect, not of this work, but of all our geographical compends, that they afford too little information on the condition of the people. A few paragraphs on the subject of the codes or systems of law in the various countries, the distribution of estates, the privileges or incapacities of the different classes might be easily furnished, and impart more light on the state of man in the different countries, than all that is contained under the rubrics of education, religion, or government. Taking England, for instance, as an example, there is no question but the condition of that country depends far more on the statute of distributions, the laws prescribing the conditions on which a settlement is obtained, and the system of parliamentary elections, than on the great nominal features of the constitution.

We speak not of this, however, as particularly a defect in the present work. We may regard it as one, that the computation by pounds sterling is retained in most statements relative to all countries, as Germany for instance, which have been derived from English sources. Our decimal notation is in itself far more beautiful and convenient; the pounds, shillings, and

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pence have ceased to be familiar to Americans, and in a work like this, designed to go into the hands of the rising generation, every thing should be done to contribute to the diffusion of our admirable national notation. Having mentioned Germany, we cannot but bestow great praise, (with the slight exception now taken,) on the account of this country. In no article have most preceding compends been more erroneous. In the present work, the main facts with regard to this important country are given from authentic sources. A few general views, however, remain to be corrected, as where it is stated that 'Saxony is more distinguished for literature than any other part of Germany.' This cannot be regarded as correct in any acceptation in which Saxony is now used.

Under the head of Turkey in Europe, we think the modern travellers in Greece could have furnished more information than is presented. The dependence of Wallachia and Moldavia on the Porte is not accurately stated, nor are the Greek governors, appointed by the Porte for those provinces, called by one of their most common names, Hospodar.—Athens is not a part of the province of Livadia, nor is it true in any sense, that its 'ruins remain for the most part in a state little inferior to their original splendor.' The 'temple of Minerva' is not converted into a mosque; but a miserable structure, called a mosque, is built up on a part of the area of the Parthenon, of which only the porticos at the two ends and a portion of the cell are standing. The most perfect ancient building at Athens is the Theseum.—Platæa, enumerated among the towns of Turkey, is a cornfield without a habitation near it.

In several parts of the work attention has not been had to conform the traditionary geographical statements, which have stood their ground in defiance of all improvements, to the present state of literature in general. Thus, under the head of Malacca is a description given of *running amok*. This practice is certainly not confined to the Malays of the coast of Malacca,* and *running a-muck* is too well naturalized in the English language to be brought back to a foreign orthography.

We could point out other little errors of this kind, but we would not be thought to find unnecessary fault. Upon the whole we entertain a very favorable opinion of the work, and cheerfully recommend it to general use. It exhibits proofs of

* See Crawford's Indian Archipelago.

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patient inquiry on the almost infinite number of topics, which come within the scope of such a work, and it has perhaps as few defects as ought to be expected in any production, the subject of which is perpetually changing.

ART. XI.—*United States Law Journal and Civilian's Magazine.* New-Haven, Gray & Hewit.

WE have derived so much satisfaction from the perusal of the two numbers of this work before us, that we cannot but step a little out of our course to express our good wishes for its encouragement. Its plan must recommend it to the attention of all, who, whether by reason of their taste or their pursuits, are interested in the prosecution of inquiries connected with the national economy, the laws, and the political institutions of our country; and the execution, we feel confidently assured, has been answerable to the public expectations. It is enriched with hitherto unreported opinions of court in adjudged cases of extensive importance, and with other like pieces of a fugitive nature, which this journal will prove the means of preserving and rendering accessible to the profession. The editorial articles, consisting of essays, disquisitions and criticisms on various subjects of constitutional and municipal law, are written with much ability, and, although sometimes verging upon a less chastened style than is perfectly acceptable to a severe taste, are of such a quality as cannot fail to do credit to the character of our jurists, in England as well as in America.

To give a more complete view of the nature of the journal, we lay before our readers the contents of the two numbers as yet published. In the first are contained the following articles:

'Bills of Exchange—Opinion of Judge Van Ness; Jurisdiction of the United States Courts in Bankruptcy—Opinion by the same; Equity Jurisdiction in the State of New York; Examination of President Monroe's Views on Internal Improvement—Mr Clay's Speech on the same subject; Practice under the Patent Laws of the United States—Opinion of Judge Van Ness; Notice of Cowen's Treatise on the Civil Jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace; Notice of Anthon's Nisi Prius; Translation of M. Dupin's Historical Sketch of the Roman Law; Statute of Frauds; Will; Notice of Swift's Digest.'

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In the second number are contained the following articles:

'Admiralty Law—Mariners' Wages—Rand & al. *vs.* Ship Hercules—Williams *vs.* Brigantine Juno, &c.; Decision of Judge Livingston in the case of the United States *vs.* Jacob Barker; Examination of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New York, in the terms of May, August, and October, 1821, and January, 1822; Remarks on the Resolution of Mr Stevenson, of Virginia, for the Repeal of the 25th section of the Judiciary Act of the United States; Review of the Case of the Jeune Eugenie, determined in the Circuit Court of the United States, held at Boston, December, 1821; Penal Jurisprudence—Review of a Report made to the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, on the plan of a Penal Code for said State; by Edward Livingston; Commission to take Foreign Testimony; Law of Corporations—Opinion of Chancellor Kent and of Judge Spencer, in the case of the North River Bank; Law of Corporations—Remarks on the case of the Corporation, styled "The Trustees of the Roman Catholic Society worshipping at the Church of St. Mary, in the city of Philadelphia," by Richard H. Bayard.'

A note to the table of contents of the second number, informs us, that 'a digest of all the late British and American reports, which are not included in the present British or American digests, is preparing for the third number of this work.'

Having of course no other object in the present article, but to take a friendly and respectful notice of a contemporary journal, and to pay a just tribute to its merit and promise, we forbear to enter into any discussion of the separate essays enumerated in the contents, as we have just quoted them. This enumeration will have sufficiently excited the curiosity of such of our law readers as have not already done it, to put themselves in possession of the work. We rejoice to behold in it another respectable literary enterprise, and to see springing up in different parts of our native land, writers of inquisitive minds, sterling sense, deep science, and patriotic sentiment, who devote themselves to the task of elucidating the grand, but yet unfinished system of civil polity, of which America was the first to lay the foundations, and to exhibit as a model for the imitation and guidance of other nations. It is not for Americans, who demonstrated to the world that the fetters of the feudal institutions could be burst asunder as easily as the bands on the strong man in Holy Writ, who first set mankind an ex-

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ample of the efficiency and stability of representative democracies, maintained by equal laws, flowing from the general will, instead of the interested and arbitrary dictation of one or of a few,—it is not for us to rest contented with drawing all our law from the troubled fountains of transatlantic jurisprudence. The codes of Europe, whether of Roman or Germanic origin,—under whatever denomination, civil or common, they are respectively to be ranked,—at the same time, that they abound in reverend maxims of justice, which demand our profoundest respect, are not devoid of equally reverend abuses and corruptions, which require to be stamped with reprobation. If it be a settled principle of one of these systems, that the good pleasure of the prince has all the force of law, it is no less the settled principle of another, that the king can do no wrong, and that the powers of parliament are as boundless even as space or time. Novel and unlike in spirit to our parent institutions as are the principles of government and legislation so happily established in this country, there is the greater necessity that jurists of eminent abilities, whom long study and practice of our laws have enabled to appreciate their defects and excellencies, should bring forth the stores of their erudition to direct and enlighten their fellow citizens. To consummate our independence, we need that our laws should be sifted of the relics of feudal barbarism which continue mingled with them, and that a strong line of demarcation should be clearly and distinctly drawn between what is and what is not adopted from the English into the American codes, so that one and the same uncontaminated spirit of liberty should pervade and animate all our political institutions. While our tribunals of justice and legislative assemblies are gradually effecting this object, as occasions call for their interposition, by sage decisions and enactments, private individuals may usefully cooperate in promoting the same end by disseminating sound and lucid expositions of the constitutions and laws of the confederate states; and in this honorable field of exertion we feel authorized to anticipate many benefits from such publications as the United States Law Journal.

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ART. XII.—*Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. By John Sanderson; vols.* I. *and* II. Philadelphia.

WE feel it a kind of national duty to recommend to our readers any publication, of respectable claims, which has for its end to commemorate the great events in our history. To put in the most striking and impressive form, the record of some of those great actions, which have signalized our short political career, is of itself a praiseworthy object, and we do not feel ourselves called upon to enforce the rules of literary taste on publications of this nature, which are not sent forth as specimens of literary skill. We have now before us the two first numbers or volumes of the work of Mr Sanderson on the signers of the declaration of independence. They contain five lives:—those of Hancock, Franklin, Wythe, Hopkinson, and Paine. These are preceded by an introduction, which fills about two thirds of the first volume, and is intended as a historical memoir of the colonies in succession. It may be doubted, if by this arrangement the unity of the biographical plan, in itself well conceived, is not unnecessarily violated. Honesty also compels us to say, notwithstanding the author's apology in the outset, that this portion of the work is too long and too diffuse, the reasoning not very original, and the relation laboring occasionally under the vital disease of a barrenness of facts. There is also, we must be pardoned for saying, in point of mere literary execution, much false taste of every kind, in this part of the book. The arrangement of the subject is a division of the history of the colonies, into four parts. The character of the colonists, their civil insitutions and political relations with England, the wars which preceded the revolution, and the immediate causes which produced it, occupy each a chapter. The first chapter includes a view of the religious, literary, and moral character of our ancestors. Some just and clear views of the opinions entertanied by the colonists on the subject of their relation to Great Britain, are comprised in the second division, though certainly not improved by the rhetoric, in which they are conveyed. The Indian wars in New England, Virginia, and North Carolina, of the seventeenth century, the defeat of Braddock, the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec, are described with some spirit in the third;

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and finally, in the fourth, the measures of the British Parliament of 1773 and 1774, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, introduce the declaration of independence, and close the Introduction.

In the preface to this work the author alludes to an objection occurring to the plan, in the following words: 'By attempting to exhibit so numerous a combination of contemporary statesmen, engaged in the same transactions and enterprises, and in a corporate capacity, he is circumscribed in prospect, confined to a uniformity of scenery, and induced almost unavoidably into tedious and frequent repetitions.' The justice of this remark is apparent in the progress of the work. After reading the sketch of the events of the 5th of March, &c. in the introduction, we are immediately presented with another account of the same occurrences, in the life of Governor Hancock. This portion of the biography, therefore, though it could hardly be spared in its connexion, might have led the author perhaps to doubt the expediency of so long an introduction. Much is also said of Samuel Adams in this article, which, of course, must be repeated in that devoted to him. On the occasion of the anniversary of the 'Boston massacre,' we find the following among the extracts from Governor Hancock's oration, which certainly when considered as spoken in a place garrisoned by the very troops alluded to, is exceedingly bold and impressive.

'I have, from the earliest recollections of youth, rejoiced in the felicity of my fellow men, and have considered it as the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual of his species, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also, as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect and defeat every traitorous plot, which its enemies may devise for its destruction.'

'Some boast of being friends to government; I am a friend to righteous government, to a government founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny; and here suffer me to ask what tenderness, what regard, have the rulers of Great Britain manifested in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or property of the inhabitants of these colonies? Or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have usurped the right of ruling us, in all cases whatever, by arbitrary laws; they have exercised this pretended right, by imposing a tax upon

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us without our consent; and, lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, their fleets and armies are sent to enforce their mad and tyrannical pretensions. The town of Boston, ever faithful to the British crown, has been invested by a British fleet, the troops of George III. have crossed the Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties of his most loyal subjects; those rights and liberties, which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and, as a king, he is bound in honor to defend from violations, even at the risk of his own life.'——

'But I gladly quit the theme of death,—I would not dwell too long upon the horrid effects, which have already followed from quartering regular troops in this town; let our misfortunes instruct posterity to guard against these evils. Standing armies are *sometimes* (I would by no means say generally, much less universally) composed of persons, who have rendered themselves unfit to live in civil society; who are equally indifferent to the glory of a George or a Louis; who, for the addition of one penny a day to their wages, would desert from the christian cross, and fight under the crescent of the Turkish sultan; from such men as these what has not a state to fear? With such as these, usurping Cæsar passed the Rubicon. With such as these he humbled mighty Rome, and forced the mistress of the world to own a master in a traitor. *These are the men, whom sceptered robbers* now employ to frustrate the designs of God, and render vain the bounties which his gracious hand pours indiscriminately upon his creatures.' pp. 12—17.

In the 'character' of Governor Hancock too much and too frequent qualification seems to be employed in giving him the praise due to his liberality and patriotism. The writer indeed appears to entertain a just veneration for his virtues, but to think it necessary, perhaps, in point of historical accuracy, to allude pretty frequently to the various opinions entertained of Governor Hancock's merit by his contemporaries. It is, however, too well known how entirely 'censure is the tax paid for eminence,' to need that such circumstances as the current, popular dissensions of the day should be minutely examined, in regard to their effect on the reputation of men of worth. The various authorities of contemporaries are indeed the most valuable elements of biography in many points of fact, but when the vague opposition of party is alone in question, little necessity exists of combatting it, in the case of such men as Governor Hancock, and at this distance of time. The following are extracts from the close of this article:

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'These are but few of the many particulars I might enumerate, did the subject require a further illustration: for there are, indeed, few lives, either ancient or modern, that afford, of disinterested generosity, more frequent and illustrious examples. Charity was the common business of his life. From his private benevolence a thousand families received their daily bread; and there is, perhaps, no individual mentioned in history, who has expended a more ample fortune in promoting the liberties of his country.—Of this element of his character, as it is perhaps the most godlike virtue of human nature, a few examples may be permitted in its illustration.

'Previous to the demise of his paternal uncle, whom I have already mentioned as his patron and benefactor, the hall of the university had been destroyed by fire. The deceased, it was said, had expressed the intention of leaving five hundred pounds for the reparation of its library. No such appropriation was, however, made by his will; yet the sum was paid without hesitation by his heir.

'The salary allowed by the constitution to the chief magistrate of the commonwealth of Massachusetts had occupied, for several years, the debates of the legislature. It was declared to be exorbitant, and was enumerated amongst the various grievances that had occasioned riot and insurrection in the state. An act for its reduction from eleven to eight hundred pounds had passed both houses of the legislature, but was negatived by the governor; and the subject being resumed under the administration of Mr Hancock, he intercepted all farther discussion of it, by a voluntary remission of the sum.

'In 1775 it was proposed by the American officers who carried on the siege of Boston, that they might procure the expulsion of the enemy, to bombard or destroy the town. The entire wealth of Mr Hancock was exposed, by the execution of this enterprise, to inevitable ruin; and whilst he felt for the sufferings of others with a very generous compassion, he required that no regard to his personal interests should obstruct the operations of the army.' pp. 38—40.

The life of Franklin begins the second volume, and of course must suffer from comparison with the delightful memoir of the early years of his life, by himself. It is well known that the first editions of this charming biography were retranslations from the French to the English. Nothing but the great simplicity and beauty of Franklin's style could have preserved, under similar circumstances, a manner so attractive as that of the little portion of his autobiography originally thus published.

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Some curious anecdotes are added in the memoir now before us, from his works as published by his grandson, and other sources. From these we extract the following as interesting:

'On the first of January 1775, lord Chatham introduced in the house of lords, his celebrated plan of conciliation, on the subject of which he had sought with Franklin frequent and public interviews. He professed great esteem for his character, and in the affairs of America, the highest deference for his advice and opinions. "I pay you these visits," said he, "that I may rectify my judgment by yours, as men do their watches by a regulator." On the present occasion he led him by the arm into the house of lords, which was frequented by a very numerous crowd of spectators. This distinguished familiarity of a man, who held the very highest rank amongst the English nobility, and who was not less a favorite of nature than of fortune, drew upon him a particular and favorable attention; which, joined to the countenance and approbation he had received from many other distinguished members of the parliament, not a little inflamed the animosities which the ministerial faction had already entertained towards him; perceiving that he had not only resisted their seductions, but had risen into reputation under the very efforts made to depress him.

'Lord Chatham having explained and supported his motion, was followed by lord Sandwich, who, in the course of a very passionate harangue, declared that this motion of Chatham's was disgraceful to his name, and should be rejected with contempt; that he did not believe it to be the production of any British peer; and added, turning towards Franklin, who leaned upon the bar, "I fancy I have in my eye the person who drew it up,—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies that this country has ever known." Under this allusion, so severe and offensive, although it drew upon him the observation of the whole assembly, Franklin remained, as if unconscious of the application, with a composed aspect; or to use his own expression in relating this story, "as if his countenance had been made of wood." Lord Chatham replied, that were he the first minister of the country, he should not be ashamed to "call publicly to his assistance, a person so eminently acquainted with American affairs, as the gentleman alluded to, and so ungenerously reflected on; one," he added, "whom all Europe holds in the highest estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; whom she ranks with her Boyles and her Newtons; who is an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature." ' pp. 91—93.

The following account of Dr Franklin's emotions at the beginning of the civil war, with all its afflicting events, it is grateful

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to record. It is obvious that, however the importance of transactions in the course of political contests, like the American war, may vary, an intense interest must be felt at their first disclosure. In this instance, too, the mournful and cruel interest attached to the separation of the social ties of a vast community, and to the substitution of violence and bloodshed, for protection and obedience, is, by the nature of the case, stronger at the commencement of hostilities. We are told that the mercies of the winds and waves in a tempest are like those of brothers in a civil war, and it is dreadful to observe how much more fatal and remorseless are the cruelties exercised, while the parties in the contest still bear the names of 'rebellion' and 'authority.' Equal nations, fair enemies, great public rivals fight with mercy, and conquer with courtesy, but woe to the weak and helpless, when a mother country is moved to extend her parental correction to an unruly province, and chasteneth whom she *loveth*.

'"It is probable," says Dr Priestley in his memoirs, "that no man now living was better acquainted with Dr Franklin and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself for several years of the American war. He took every method in his power to prevent a rupture between the colonies and the mother country. He dreaded the war, and often said that if the differences should come to an open rupture, it would be a war of ten years. That the issue would be favorable to America, he never doubted. The English, he used to say, may take all our great towns, but that will not give them possession of the country. By many persons Franklin was considered so callous, that the prospect of all the horrors of a civil war would not affect him. This was far from being the case. A great part of the last day that he passed in England, we spent alone together. He was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract for the English ones; and in reading them he was frequently not able to proceed, *for the tears literally running down his cheeks.*"' p. 96.

We must close our extracts from Franklin's life by the following two anecdotes; the first an instance of his coolness and humor, and the last amusing from the contrast of character displayed:

'Among the ambassadors of other countries, then residing at Paris, he supported, in the same spirit, the dignity of his station and character; and in his intercourse of visits with them suffered

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no neglect of any of the punctilios of honor and ceremony, which are observed towards each other by the ministers of independent nations. When the Russian ambassador, whose card being left at *his* door, had occasioned a return of the supposed civility, betrayed much alarm at the accident, Franklin, with his usual composure, observed that he perceived no cause of embarrassment: "Prince Bariatinski has but to erase my name out of his book of visits received, *and I will burn his card.*' p. 116.

'He visited assiduously the French Academy, where he was hailed at all times with the most respectful homage, and where he enlarged the circle of his extensive and honorable acquaintance. It was here that occurred, at a numerous and splendid meeting of this assembly, his well known rencontre with Voltaire, who, like himself, had approached the last scene of a long and eventful life, and who, from the extraordinary admiration which his writings had excited amongst his countrymen, was now received, after an absence of twenty seven years from his native city, with the most lavish profusion of honors. The meeting of two men, born in regions of the globe so remote, and who in their different offices had exercised so powerful an influence upon mankind; of men so respectable by their age, as well as by their transcendent genius, and the occupations of their lives, was viewed with sentiments of tenderness and admiration. At their meeting, they embraced each other affectionately, as ancient friends after a long absence, and were hailed by the repeated acclamations of the assembly. "It is Solon," said some one in the crowd, "in the arms of Sophocles." It is related that at one of these meetings, Franklin, leading by the hand his grandson, and presenting him to Voltaire, asked his benediction; and that the latter, in placing his hands on the head of the youth, with patriarchal solemnity, pronounced aloud, in English, "*God and liberty,*" adding, "this is the only device that becomes the grandson of the great Franklin."' p. 130.

The life of George Wythe follows that of Franklin. This is a short memoir, the materials for the biography not having been found very abundant. Mr Wythe began the study of the law at the age of thirty, and was a member of the house of burgesses of Virginia in 1764. He drew the remonstrance to the British house of commons, which followed their resolutions in introduction to the Stamp Act. He appears, however, to have opposed, in conjunction with Peyton Randolph and others, the famous resolutions of Patrick Henry, on the ground of the substance of their contents having been urged in the former memorials. In 1776, Mr Wythe was appointed a com-

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mittee with Mr Jefferson and others, to revise the laws of the state, and prepare bills for reenacting them, with the alterations made necessary by the independence of the state. This labor was effected by Messrs Jefferson, Pendleton, and Wythe, and in 1779, 'one hundred and twenty-six bills were prepared and reported to the general assembly.' 'Of this extensive work of legislation,' having among its objects to abolish the law of primogeniture, 'to define with precision the rules by which aliens should become citizens, and citizens make themselves aliens;' 'to establish religious freedom on the broadest bottom,' '*to emancipate all slaves, born after passing the act*,' 'to proportion crimes and punishments according to a scale submitted,' to diffuse knowledge more generally by means of public schools, Wythe executed the revision of those laws, which had been enacted during the period commencing with the revolution in England, and ending with the establishment of the new government here, except the acts for regulating descents, for religious freedom, and for proportioning crimes and punishments, which were part of the labors of Mr Jefferson.'

Mr Wythe was nominated in 1777, one of the three judges of the high court of chancery of Virginia, and on a new arrangement of that court, was appointed sole chancellor, in which situation he remained more than twenty years.

His death is a rare, we might venture to say, a solitary instance in our country of the occurrence in real life of those horrible crimes, which turn civilization into shame, in contrast with savage barbarity.

'His long life of public usefulness was closed, in exhibiting an additional proof of fervent devotion to the interests of the community. Tortured on the bed of death, with agonies produced by poison, taken in some portion of his aliment, he was immersed in the study of cases, yet pending in his court; regretting, as long as his senses continued, the delay and consequent expense which would be incurred by the parties, should his illness prove fatal. He died in the midst of this benevolent anxiety, on the 8th of June, 1806, in the eighty-first year of his age.

'In his death, Virginia mourned one of her most favoured sons; but the cause of his sudden loss spread an additional gloom over the darkness of her grief. No doubt remained of his death being producced by violence, and suspicion fell upon one, who, if guilty, would have added the blackest ingratitude, to the most detestable of crimes.

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'By his last will he bequeaths a great part of his property in trust to support his three freed negroes, a woman, a man, and a boy, during their lives; after several legacies, particularly one, "of his books and philosophical apparatus, to his valued friend, Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States," the remainder of his estate is devised to George Wythe Sweney, the grandson of his sister.

'During the life-time of Wythe, his freed man died, and by a codicil to his will, the legacy to the freed boy is increased, with a provision, that if he should die before his full age, the bequest to him should enure to the benefit of Sweney, the residuary legatee. A few days before the death of Wythe, a second codicil is dated; in this instrument the freed boy is mentioned as having "died this morning:"—all the devises to George Wythe Sweney are revoked, and the whole of the chancellor's estate is left to the other grand children of his sister, the brothers and sisters of Sweney, to be equally divided between them.

'The sudden death of the negro boy; the revocation of the former devises; the suspicions of the community, fatally confirmed by the death of Wythe himself, all tend to the conclusion, that poison was introduced amongst the provisions of the household. The residuary legatee of the first will, submitted to a public trial on the charge of poisoning his uncle and the freed boy: an acquittal by a jury has caused a veil to be dropped over the transaction revolting to humanity; and the solemn decision of a criminal court has shown to the world, that although the lamented Wythe died by poison, yet legal certainty cannot be attached to his murderer.' pp. 177—179.

A very interesting memoir of judge Hopkinson follows the sketch of chancellor Wythe. No portion of the volumes before us has given us greater pleasure than this memoir. We wish that it may stimulate some patriotic bookseller to republish the humorous and satirical productions of judge Hopkinson: or rather may stimulate the patriotic public, to call for such a republication; the fault in these cases being, we own, unfairly laid at the door of the poor booksellers, who are willing to publish any thing which the community is willing to buy, and more perhaps cannot fairly be asked of them. Among the pieces of judge Hopkinson in question, is that most *spectatorial* disquisition on white washing, inferior to nothing in this strain since or by Addison.

The life of judge Paine concludes this number; and will be read with special interest, particularly by those in this quarter to whom his memory is still fresh. We lay before our

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readers the following extract of a letter of Judge Paine's, written at the time that Congress moved to Baltimore, in December 1776, on the approach of the English to Philadelphia.

'Our public affairs have been exceedingly agitated since I wrote you last. The loss of fort Washington made way for that of fort Lee; and the dissolution of our army happening at the same time, threw us into a most disagreeable situation. * * But to work we went—the associations of the city were drawn forth, and about three thousand men, with some artillery, marched. The country associations were called upon; but there was no expectation of immediate relief from them. As the week advanced, we had repeated advices from General Washington of the unopposed approach of the enemy, headed by General Cornwallis. On Monday, we were informed that they had arrived at Brunswick, and that Washington was retreating to the west side of the Delaware. We sent many continental stores into the country, and great numbers of the people are moving. The shops have not been open since Sunday; and there was a real apprehension that we should be routed. I need not tell you what our calculations were on the expectation of losing this city. I had called in my accounts and prepared matters for a regular retreat: but on Thursday we found the enemy had not crossed the Brunswick river. By an officer of my acquaintance, who went with a flag to the enemy, to exchange a prisoner, we learned that they were about six thousand strong, and were surprised to find Newark and Elizabethtown evacuated by their inhabitants; that they knew the state of our army, which induced them to make the excursion. The enemy are in possession of a large part of New Jersey; and the remaining part is greatly distressed by their approach. But I hope this affair will rouse them from that lethargy which occasioned this excursion. Had their militia been alert and resolute, and given General Washington the support they might have done, these events had not happened; but carelessness and apathy have been the lords of our ascendants this last month. It is to no purpose, however, to scold. Let us carefully ascertain our past errors and amend them. Sunday, 8th; congress were called this morning, on advice, that General Howe had joined General Cornwallis with a large reinforcement, and was marching to Princeton. This measure induces us to think, that the expedition is against Philadelphia. Monday, 9th; Yesterday General Washington crossed the Delaware, and the enemy arrived at Trenton on the east side, thirty miles from this place. Close quarters for congress! It obliges us to move; we have resolved to go to Baltimore.' pp. 229—232.

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In the notes to this number also, is found the following sportive correspondence, which may relieve the attention from the contemplation of the more weighty discussions connected with the Declaration of Independence.

'In 1762, J. Sewall, the attorney general of the province, wrote his friend Paine as follows: viz. "Brother Bob, pray be so kind as to deliver the enclosed to a *Catchpole*, and when you can give me an opportunity to cancel the obligation, please to command me freely; your hearty friend," &c.—"How is the harvest in your part of the vineyard? Which side do you take in the political controversy? What think you of coin? What of writs of assistance? What of his honor the Lieutenant Governor? What of Otis? What of Thacher? What of Coke, the cobbler? What think you of bedlam for political madmen? What think you of patriotsm? What think you of disappointed ambition? What think you of the fable of the bees? What ———? Send me your thoughts on these questions, and I will send you fifty more." Mr Paine's reply, six days after the date of the above. "Friend Jonathan, I have just received yours, and shall take special care of the enclosed. Your queries demand an immediate answer, in which I hope you will find a satisfactory display of the orthodoxy of my mind. To first query, I answer, that the old account is reversed, for the harvest is small and the labourers *many*, and *there* are many little foxes that spoil the vines. To second query, I reply, the *right* side. To the third question I say, what hungry men do of food, if they can get any, never dispute the quality or the price. I reply to the fourth inquiry, never was more need of them; I shall soon apply for one to get me a *help-meet*. Question fifth: What of his honour the L. G.? I answer as the son of Sirach said, all things cannot be in vain, because man is not immortal—what is brighter than the sun? yet the light thereof faileth. What of Otis? Answer: What the *virtuosi* do of Lemory's concave mirror, which *burns* every thing that cannot be melted. What of Thacher? Answer; as Jacob said of his son Dan, as a serpent in the way, he biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider falleth backward. What of Coke, the cobbler? That he is dignified with a title which many others deserve more. What of bedlam for political madmen? It will by no means do, being already occupied by madmen of a more *sacred* profession. What of patriotism? As I do of the balance master's art, very few have virtue enough, in the Roman sense, to keep themselves perpendicular. What of disappointed ambition? Consult your own mind, in having no reply to this question. What of the fable of the bees? It proves that good old word, The wrath of man shall praise the Lord. Last question, What ———? It

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is the recapitulation of all the others. Thus I have gone through my catechism, and according to the good rule of education, the next step is to learn it with *proofs;* in which I shall hardly fail of success, if I keep to that standard. As for the fifty questions more, with which you threaten me, I beg when you execute it, you would observe a modern rule of answering them yourself as you go along. pp. 242, 243.

We remarked above, that we thought the plan of this work good. The declaration of Independence—a national monument, not more lasting than brass, but as durable in its effects and associations, as the republic itself and the name of freedom,—still deserves every illustration, which documents, tradition, or the arts can afford. Several enterprises of the kind, fac similes of the instrument, portraits of the members of the congress, &c. have lately appeared. Certainly nothing is more desirable than that these efforts should not be directed merely to a mechanical preservation of this paper, venerable as it is. The plan of adding the most interesting facts, in the lives of the signers to their names and portraits, seems to comprise every thing necessary to render this document satisfactory and precious to us and posterity. Something of the same kind has also been undertaken in England, and a perfect fac simile of Magna Charta in lithography has just been executed London. But this baronial declaration of Independence, venerable and valuable as it is to Americans and Englishmen, wants the greatness of ours. Those are proud words, *Nulli vendendam justitiam*, but they are spoken by a master; the 'free, sovereign, and independent states' was a formula to equalise the subservient and oppressed provinces with the haughty metropolitan empire. Every association connected with this event too seems more generous and exalted than those of Magna Charta. One, extorted by rude violence from a base and treacherous spirit, whose cowardice and weakness gave up, what he could neither understand nor value, the other uttered by virtuous and wise men, with the gravity of age and the ardor of youth. The captive prince strove only to secure his own worthless life, the American patriots were eager to expose theirs to defend what they asserted;—they were 'the full of hope, miscalled forlorn.' As one reads the Gothic characters of Magna Charta, some associations of darker and ruder ages unite themselves, with its promises of better and freer times, while the

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generous and enlightened sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, soften the anticipations of danger and suffering which attended their utterance. We observe that these two numbers of this work are well executed in a mechanical point of view. There are some errors of the press, but on the whole, both the engraving and printing are handsome and creditable.

ART. XIII.—*Yelverton's Reports. First American from the fourth English edition, with notes and references to prior and subsequent decisions, by Theron Metcalf.* Andover, Flagg & Gould, 1820, 8vo, pp. 228.

SIR HENRY YELVERTON was one of the most distinguished lawyers of his age. There are, however, but few traces of his life and character to be found. On the promotion of the great Bacon to the office of attorney general, in the eleventh year of James I. Yelverton was made solicitor general. He held this office seven years, when he was appointed attorney general, upon Bacon's being promoted to the office of lord keeper. In about four years, having incurred the displeasure of the king, he was removed from office, and sentenced in the star-chamber to be committed to the tower. The offence, with which he was charged, was the enlarging of a charter granted to the city of London, beyond the royal warrant. In 1621, whilst he was still imprisoned in the tower under this sentence, such was his popularity, that he was chosen to parliament by the burgesses of Northampton, but he was soon after accused by the commons of having drawn and supported patents for certain monopolies and of other misconduct, while he was the king's attorney. His articles of defence, which implicated the royal favorite, Buckingham, and even glanced at James himself, induced the king to repair to the house of lords, and require them to punish him for his alleged slander. The lords very complaisantly fined him ten thousand marks to the king, and five thousand marks to the duke. Now the truth was, that the persons, who had obtained these oppressive patents, shared the profits of their monopoly with sir Edward Villiers, the duke's brother; and yet that contemptible prince, his master, pretended to thank the commons for the information they had

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given, and to be ashamed of the abuses which had crept into his administration unknowingly to him. Villiers was sent on a foreign mission to screen him from punishment, and poor Yelverton was fined for apologising for drawing the patents, by saying, that 'he was forced by the duke, and supposed it to be the king's pleasure.'* The fines imposed upon him were, however, afterwards remitted, and on the accession of Charles I. to the throne, he was appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held until his death, which happened on the 24th of January 1630. The notices of his decease are full of testimonies of his virtues, talents, and learning.

The reports, of which a new edition has been presented to the profession by Mr Metcalf, consist of 'divers special cases' in the Court of King's Bench, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the first ten years of James I. They form an essential link in the long chain of works of this nature, which constitute the original authorities of the common law. They were originally published in Norman French by sir William Wylde in 1661. A second edition was printed in 1674. The third edition was published in English in 1735, and the fourth in 1792. Yelverton also wrote a celebrated argument against the power of the crown to establish or increase impositions or duties on merchandise, without the concurrence of parliament,

* In the course of his speech before the lords, he showed that he had in fact opposed the granting of the obnoxious patents; and stated, that 'when sir Giles Monpesson saw I would not be wooed to offend his majesty, in his direction, I received a message by Mr Emmerson, sent me from sir Giles, that I would run myself upon the rocks, and that I should not hold my place long, if I did thus withstand the patent of inns; or to this effect: he had a message to tell me from my lord of Buckingham, that I should not hold my place a month, if I did not conform myself in better measure to the patent of inns; for my lord had obtained it by his favor, and would maintain it by his power. —Soon after I found the message in part made good; for all the profits almost of my place were diverted from me, and turned into an unusual channel to one of my lord's worthies; that I retained little more than the name of attorney. It became so fatal and so penal, that it became almost the loss of suit to come to me, my place was but the seat of winds and tempests. Howbeit, I dare say, *if my lord of Buckingham had but read the articles against Hugh Spencer, and had known the danger of placing and displacing officers about a king*, he would not have pursued me with such bitterness. But by opposing my lord in this patent of inns, and in the patent of ale-houses, in the Irish customs, and in sir Robert Naunton's deputation of his place in the Court of Wards, these have been my overthrow; and for these I suffer at this day in my estate and fortune (not meaning to say *I take it*, but as *I know*, and for my humble oppositions to his lordship) above twenty thousand pounds."

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which was first published in 1658; was republished in 1679, and has been inserted in Mr Hargrave's edition of the State Trials, vol. xi. p. 52.

The cases contained in his reports are very concisely given, and very meagre in point of reasoning and illustration, but are of great weight as authorities in the formation of the existing common law. In the words of the old English edition, 'the Cases are select, such as his curious Choice out of the Plenty of his great Observation preferred; and in most of which himself was Counsel, the Weight whereof may well pass for Number.' But the peculiar value of the present edition consists in the great number of excellent notes, with which it has been enriched by the American editor. Indeed, we do not know a book in the lawyer's library, which contains more useful and accurate learning on a great variety of heads, and we think it does real honor to the professional character of the country. It is obviously impossible in a journal like ours to give any thing like an analysis of a merely technical work of this kind, being annotations upon adjudged cases. It is sufficient to say, that many of them are very ample essays upon the subjects they touch, and that they all indicate an extensive and accurate knowledge of the ancient and modern law. Some of the judgments and *dicta* are critically examined, and doubted or denied; and much useful light is thrown upon the subjects discussed. Upon the whole, we have derived great pleasure and instruction from seeing our old acquaintance in the new dress, which Mr Metcalf has given him. Although his works are 'so excellent in their native beauty,' as the English editor expresses it, yet we think the modern improvements in the law have given it additional strength as well as ornament. A more liberal mode of reasoning upon legal subjects has been adopted, and the Roman code has been freely resorted to, as containing a rich collection of principles recommended by their intrinsic wisdom and equity, and by their having become incorporated into the jurisprudence of almost every civilized and commercial state. The science has been greatly improved, and is still improving, by these means; and we venture to say in none of the countries of the common law, is it in a more flourishing condition, than in the United States. We can now do very well without the modern English reports and elementary treatises. The former contain, at present, hardly any thing but

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decisions on local statutes, or trifling distinctions from old cases. It seems to be the object of the English judges of the present day, both in the courts of law and equity, to avoid deciding any thing but the case in judgment; and what is stated as falling from the bench, is given in such a slovenly way as to afford very little instruction. There is frequently a want both of perspicuity and precision in what is reported as the judgments of the English courts, which doubtless proceeds in a great measure from the judges not having time, and wanting inclination if they had time, to reduce their opinions to writing. We believe that sir William Scott and sir William Grant are almost the only eminent judges of recent times, who have drawn up their judgments in writing, and we all see the fruits of this care for their own fame in the superior accuracy and elegance of the judicial opinions of these great men, which, no doubt, partly proceed from their intellectual superiority, but must be in a great measure owing to the circumstance we have mentioned. We think lord Eldon could hardly be so intricate, cloudy, perplexed, and obscure, if he would take the trouble to explain himself on paper. Of course we do not mean by this to say any thing irreverent of that accomplished master of the science of equity. But we do think it is time for us to cut adrift from England in this respect, and that the American lawyer might very safely stop at the end of the long reign of George III, and exclude from his library the crowd of reporters, which annually pour forth from the English press.

ART. XIV.—*An Essay on the law of patents for new inventions. By Thomas Green Fessenden, counsellor at law.* Boston, 1822, 8vo.

THE law of patents for inventions is daily becoming more interesting in this country, on account of the extraordinary mechanical genius of our countrymen, and the rapid advances which have been recently made in manufactures and the useful arts. A very large amount of property is invested in these branches of industry, which is daily increasing by means of labor-saving machinery. The constitution of the Union has given to congress the prerogative of granting to inventors a monopoly of their discoveries and improvements, as a reward

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due to the application of genius and industry to objects so essential to national prosperity. Whether congress has wisely exercised this power, in the details of the patent laws, is a large question, upon which we do not choose to enter in this short notice of a treatise on the subject. It would seem that in confining the benefit of these legislative provisions exclusively *to citizens*, and in not providing adequate means to prevent patents from being improvidently issued, our legislators have not evinced their usual liberality, wisdom, and skill. But we have nothing to do at present with the policy of the law; our concern is with that system of judicial interpretation, which has been built up on the statutes, copied as they are from the English code, and consequently borrowing and reflecting mutual light from the decisions, which have been pronounced in the tribunals of the two countries.

A good treatise on the law of patents and the kindred subject of literary property, as secured by copy rights, is very much wanted by the profession. A great deal has been done by the national courts of late towards settling its principles, and applying them to the great variety of nice and difficult questions, which occur in this branch, which has not improperly been called 'the metaphysics of the law.' Indeed, the human mind has never been employed upon any subject of a practical character, which tasked more severely its subtlety and acuteness. A work, therefore, deducing its principles in a scientific manner, collecting and classifying the cases, analyzing each case, so as to bring under the proper head the various points adjudged, and subjecting them all to the test of free and candid criticism, would certainly form a very valuable addition to our digests or abridgments of the law. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously say, that Mr Fessenden's compilation, a second edition of which is now presented to the public, fulfils what the profession have a just right to expect from such a work. In the first place, it entirely passes over in silence some of the most important heads of the subject, such as the extensive jurisdiction, which the Court of Chancery exercises in preventing the infringement of patent rights, as well as copy rights; the general question of jurisdiction; and the vast field of conflict between the state and federal authorities, as connected with this matter. The great case of Livingston and Fulton against Van Ingen, in the Supreme Court of New

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York, in which the right of that state to grant a monopoly of the navigation of its waters by steam boats is discussed, is entirely unnoticed. It may indeed be said, that it was not expedient or proper to notice that case, because the same question is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, the only tribunal competent to give it a final determination. But we cannot think this a sufficient reason for altogether omitting a cause, which was so ably debated by very eminent counsel, and which, besides the general doctrines involved in it, contains a great deal of useful collateral information on the subject of injunctions, and Mr Chancellor Kent's valuable exposition of the English patent laws. The reader might safely have been trusted with an abstract of so leading a case, even if it were accompanied with a caveat against the heresies contained in it, or what would have been still better, a candid and critical examination of those heresies. If, however, this latter task ought to have been left to the Areopagus at Washington, we see no sufficient reason for keeping out of sight an adjudication of a very respectable state tribunal, which throws so much light upon the subject of the work before us.

Nor is this all. The book is extremely deficient in that methodical arrangement and lucid order, which is indispensable in what is to serve both as an elementary treatise and as an index to the reporters and to preceding abridgers. It contains no original matter whatever; and does not give a proper statement of the principles on which the cases, which are quoted, depend. It does not analyze each case, and refer the different principles it contains to their appropriate heads; but copies the cases at large (and sometimes with the arguments of counsel and marginal notes) from the original reporters, and leaves the reader to grope his way as well as he can through a long labyrinth, for which the compiler furnishes no other or better clue, than is to be found in the book from which he makes his extracts. The case of Evans against Eaton, for example, is copied verbatim from the third volume of Mr Wheaton's Reports, in which it takes up the unreasonable length of more than fifty pages, into Mr Fessenden's book. This long and tedious case, which we think must be read over several times before it can be perfectly understood, ought to have been carefully dissected, and the elementary doctrines, which could fairly be deduced from it, should have been arranged and pre-

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sented under the various heads, to which they respectively belonged. The most ordinary index maker would not think of jumbling them together under one title, and least of all should the whole case have been given *en masse*, as a part of the text of an elementary work on a particular branch of the law. If this is to be considered as only a digest of authorities, humble as is the task of the mere abridger, he cannot be said to execute it with fidelity by merely copying the marginal notes from the books of reports; and if it was thought desireable to give the cases at large for the convenience of reference, they should have been annexed in the appendix, as Mr Montague has done in his treatise on the law of partnership. Upon the plan here adopted, it would be quite an easy mechanical task to make a law book:—Search the indexes for the different heads of your matter, copy from preceding elementary writers some of the general principles belonging to it, extract from, or rather *cut out* of the reporters the cases, which have been adjudged upon it, make a title page and index to the whole, secure your copy right, and send the book to your printer.

Among the cases entirely omitted in this compilation, and some of which are of very great importance, are the following: *Ex parte* Fox, 1 Ves. & Beames, 67. Hope *v.* Stevenson, 3 Bos. & Pul. 565. Hill *v.* Thompson, 3 Meriv. 612. The King *v.* Wheeler, 2 Barnwell & Ald. 344. Moore *v.* Reid, 9 Johns. R. 521. Morrill *v.* Worthington, 14 Mass. R. 389. Newberry *v.* James, 2 Meriv. 446. *Ex parte* O'Reilly, 1 Ves. Jur. 112. Parsons *v.* Barnard, Same *v.* Wigton, 9 Johns. R. 144. It does not appear, that the editor has made any considerable additions to the former edition, except the case of Evans against Eaton, above referred to, and the very able judgments delivered by Mr Justice Story in the Circuit Court, which contain a great body of valuable learning on the law of patents, which have already appeared in Mr Gallison's and Mr Mason's reports, but which the reader may find it convenient to have collected in a single volume.

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ART. XV.—*Constantinopolis und der Bosporos örtlich und geschichtlich beschrieben von Jos. von Hammer.*——*Constantinople and the Bosphorus topographically and historically described by Joseph von Hammer.* 2 vols. 8vo. Pesth. 1822.

NOT a year has elapsed since this work was published in Hungary, and it is several months since the politeness of a friend favored us with a sight of perhaps the only copy of it, which has yet reached America. This rapid communication of literary intelligence is the great evidence, as it is the greatest engine of the civilization of our day; and we confess we look with added curiosity into a work not yet a year from the press, and reaching us from countries beyond the circle of our ordinary geography. Nothing illustrates more strongly the civilizing spirit of the christian religion, than to see one branch of the old race of Turkish Tartars—for such the Hungarians are—able to send forth publications like this from their provincial capital: while the other, politically speaking so much more important, constituting a powerful independent empire, are still substantially as barbarous, as when their ancestors, from the sides of the Altai mountains, sent ambassadors to Justinian.

Mr Von Hammer, the author of the work before us, was for a long time, at the head of the interpreters of the Austrian legation at Constantinople. No nation of Europe is brought so much into contact with the Turks, as Austria: for though the Russian empire bounds the Turkish, for a greater extent, yet the Austrian frontier is of much greater political consequence from the character of the population and the vicinity of the capital. The memory of the days is yet fresh, when Turkish armies knocked hard at the gates of Vienna; and the seat is still pointed out in the tower of St Stephen's church, in that city, where field marshall Stahremberg sat to direct the defence against the Mahometan besiegers. Though alarms like these are not likely to recur, the Austrian government has ever regarded its Turkish frontier as highly important, and a limitary militia of 80,000 men is stationed to defend it. The importance of the relations between the two powers is so great, that the Austrians have also imitated the example of the French government, and established a school for the education of interpreters in the Turkish

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language and the other oriental tongues most connected with the Turkish, that it may not be obliged to depend in its negotiations on the mercenary and faithless services of the Greeks.

Mr Von Hammer is one of the most distinguished pupils of this school, and has long been at the head of the official interpreters of his government. The zeal, with which he magnifies the dignity of his calling, cannot be condemned: and his digression, in the second volume, on the antiquity and importance of the function of *interpreter*, if sometimes marked by extravagance, is nevertheless animated and instructive. We are not yet prepared, with Mr Von Hammer, to find the origin of the office of interpreter in the ancient doctrines of Egyptian and Persian theology; but it is quite plain that the great powers of Europe, who have the important relations of peace and war to negotiate with the Turks, must suffer great indignities in entrusting their diplomacy to the mercenary Greek subjects of the Porte; whose characters and situation are alike incompatible with the independent discharge of their duty to foreign employers. In fact, it is by no means to negotiations between Christians and Turks, that the pertinency of these remarks is limited. The English and American diplomacy has suffered, in the eyes of continental Europe, by a favorite practice of sending out ministers, who cannot speak the universal language of the continent; and it was pleasantly said by Napoleon of a certain legation, of which the head spoke no French and the secretary was hard of hearing, that 'the —— legation was deaf and dumb.'

Our readers may gain a little insight into our author's manner, by an extract containing an account of three distinguished interpreters in the service of the Porte.

'As a relief to the foregoing passages in the Turkish annals, relative to the ill treatment of European ministers and interpreters, one more shall be added from the same historians, as it is the only one, which bears honorable testimony to a foreign, and that an imperial German ambassador, in respect to the knowledge of eastern tongues. It is expressly stated by the Turkish historian Naima, that Negroni, who was sent as ambassador to Constantinople in 1608, spoke the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages. Had other European ambassadors imitated this example, much abuse, on the part of the drogomans, would have been restrained.

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'It remains only to speak of the drogomans of the Porte, the real secretaries of state of the Ottoman empire, through whose hands all foreign negotiations pass; and of the fortunes and disasters recorded of them, in the Turkish histories. Imprisonment, confiscation, and the bow-string have as frequently been their reward, as wealth and the princedom of Moldavia and Wallachia. The three greatest interpreters of the Ottoman empire, lived in the seventeenth century, in the person of Graziani, Mavrocordato and Panajotti. The two last were Greeks, and the founders of the still existing princely families of Mavrocordato and Murusi. The family of the first, however, who seems to have been a native of Grätz, and who elevated himself, by great services to the princedom of Moldavia and the dukedom of Naxos, appears to have been extinguished in his own person. The less that has hitherto been known of the fortunes of the Gräzian, Graciano, who still retained this name as prince of Moldavia and duke of Naxos, the more are we bound by patriotic duty, to communicate what we have been able to learn of him from authentic sources. Casparo Graziani, (that is Caspar of Grätz), appears to have been properly named Chrunitsch, for a kinsman of Gratiani recommended for the school of linguists, by Starzer the imperial agent of the Porte, is called Peter Chrunitsch. Gratiani, as a servant of the archduke Ferdinand of Grätz, maintained a correspondence from Constantinople in 1612, with the secretary of the archduke and with the Spanish viceroy in Naples and Sicily, and he was recommended by Starzer, as his successor as agent to the Porte. He seems, however, to have preferred the Turkish service; for three years after, he appears with Achmet Kiaja and Mustapha Aga, as plenipotentiaries at the Vienna peace, which was signed in twelve articles, 14 July, 1615. As the imperial court was by no means contented with this first treaty, the Turkish plenipotentiaries, Achmet Kiaja and Gratiani, were retained till the subscription of a supplementary convention, which took place May 1, 1616, in the Italian, Hungarian, and Turkish languages. As a reward for the conclusion of this treaty, Gratiani received from the Turkish government the titles of duke of Naxos and count of Paros; an uncommon distinction, never bestowed on a Greek before or after him. The next year, 1617, Gratiani was sent to Vienna as plenipotentiary, to bring the ratification of the treaty of the preceding year and of the supplementary convention. Gratiani, although in the Turkish service, was less a traitor to his native land and sovereign than the imperial ambassador Negroni, praised above for his knowledge of the oriental tongues, who with his adjunct Buonuomo, a Genoese of the Pera, were detected

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in treachery and unfaithfulness; and first made the necessity fully apparent of employing, instead of the faithless drogomans of the Pera, honest German interpreters, that should bar the intrusion of the Perotes into any important affairs.

'On his return from Vienna, Gratiani enjoyed the highest influence, and was appointed hospodar of Moldavia. In this post, he enticed the Poles to an invasion of the empire, and in a promiscuous conflict, was killed by a peasant, in whose house he had taken refuge. After Gratiani, who left no family behind him, his steps were followed exclusively by Greeks, as interpreters, ministers, and princes of Wallachia and Moldavia. The most distinguished after him was Panajotti the founder of the family of Murusi, who in 1650 entered into the imperial service, under the Swiss Schmid, at that time Austrian internuntio. Having afterwards married a lady from the noble Greek house of Cantacuzeni, he was elevated to the rank of nobility among the Genoese of Pera, and retaining his imperial salary of a thousand dollars, passed over as interpreter to the Porte, into the service of the Turks. After the peace of Candia in 1669, which he negotiated much to the satisfaction of the grand vizier, he received the revenues of the island of Mycone, and just before his death, in 1673, by means of his influence with the Porte, he obtained for the Greek communion, the care of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. To him succeeded Mavrocordato, a learned man and skilful negotiator, who was much employed in the negotiations between the Turks and the imperial court. Shortly after the execution of the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha Pacha, in 1683, he was thrown into prison and his property confiscated; but in 1689 he was sent with Sulfikar Effendi as ambassador to the imperial court, and in 1699 was plenipotentiary for the treaty at Carlowitz. As a testimonial of the satisfaction, which his services had given to all parties, he received from the emperor the patent of count of the empire, and from the sultan the rank of privy counsellor; and his son succeeded him as interpreter to the Porte.'

Mr Von Hammer, the author of the present work, is already advantageously known, for his learned publications of similar import. One of these appeared at Vienna in 1815, under the title,—'The Constitution and administration of the Ottoman empire, represented from its fundamental Laws,' a work of high repute on this topic.—Still earlier, viz. in 1811, Mr Von Hammer had published,—'Topographical views, collected on a voyage in the Levant;'—and in 1818, appeared from

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the same diligent pen, 'Observations on an excursion from Constantinople to Brussa and Olympus, and thence back to Nice and Nicomedia.' The present work is to be regarded as a continuation of the latter. It contains the sum of his personal observations, connected with the fruit of his perusal of the former writers. It is easy to perceive the advantages, which Mr Von Hammer possessed for an undertaking like the present. He repeatedly traversed the city of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, in every direction, with Kaufer's guide in his hand; compared regularly the accounts of the Turkish writers, who alone communicate authentic information as to the erection, destination, and changes of the most considerable buildings; and diligently noted every local circumstance that offered itself, particularly in the way of inscriptions. After his return to Austria, the materials thus collected were exposed to diligent revision, and subjected to the test of a systematic perusal of the Byzantine historians.—Mr Von Hammer also observes, that after his departure from Turkey, he became possessed of a large work of travels from the pen of a native Turkish writer, Evlia Effendi, who had been brought up in the seraglio, which he had sought in vain in Constantinople, and from which he derived important assistance. The whole chapter on the gilds among the mechanics of Constantinople is copied from that writer.

Mr Von Hammer's work is of the same class with many German publications;—it perfectly exhausts the subject. A host of writers have preceded him, some writing quietly at home, and deriving their materials from the Byzantines and earlier authors; others recording the results of their own observations. Mr Von Hammer does both. A very long official residence at Constantinople gave him advantages, which few of the travellers possessed, and a thorough acquaintance with Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, with the learned languages of antiquity, and the most important ones in modern Europe, placed within his reach many facilities of personal observation, and the means of consulting native authors, which scarce any other traveller has enjoyed. In addition to this, Mr Von Hammer goes regularly to work to digest his materials, on a comprehensive plan and in the most systematic order. He reads the Byzantines through in course, as he tells us himself, 'with the pen in his hand,' to make an abstract or a note of

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whatever might illustrate his subject, and thus performs the task which none of the writers, since Gylles and Du Cange, have attempted. Having accomplished the Byzantines, Mr Von Hammer next reads all the modern writers, English, Dutch, and German, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian and Latin, who have written on the subject. Whoever knows but little of Constantinople will perceive that it is purely his own fault, if he will but cast his eye over the formidable list of preceding writers of all nations and tongues, which Mr Von Hammer has furnished in his introduction. We think it speaking within bounds to say that as much has been written, in modern Europe, on the single subject of Constantinople, as equals the whole amount of ancient Greek and Roman literature, which has descended to us.—It is somewhat curious that the first and the last of the works, which European ambassadors have published on the subject of Constantinople, should be thought to deserve the palm over all those of the intermediate writers.—Auger Gislen Busbec, commonly known as Busbequius, a native of the Netherlands, and imperial ambassador to the Porte, has described in a classical latinity the antiquities of the city, and did not disdain to do himself what most of the subsequent ambassadors have left to their chaplains or secretaries:—and count Andreossi, the late French ambassador at Constantinople, has given the world a topographical work, which, particularly in relation to the hydrography of the city, is equal to the best which has been written on this much described place.

It is doing the work of Mr Von Hammer no more than justice to say, that it is much the most useful, which we have seen on Constantinople and the Bosphorus, as it brings into a portable compass all that is contained in the ponderous tomes of Banduri and Du Cange; all that is valuable in the cloud of travellers, together with the fruits of better means of observation and of more diligent study, than almost any other writer can boast. In addition to what we have already stated in commendation of the work, may be added, that it contains one hundred and twenty Greek, Latin, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish inscriptions, in the original languages, and with accurate translations into German. With respect to one class of these, our author thus expresses himself:—

'With regard to the Turkish and Arabic inscriptions (except-

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ing one or two in Comidas) no traveller has been at pains to collect them, either from ignorance of the languages or discouraged by the difficulties attending the transcribing of them on the spot. These difficulties, such as inaccessibility for Europeans, too great distance for short sight, sentinels who forbid approach, boys in the street pelting with stones, and females threatening blows with their slippers, difficulties, with which the author has repeatedly had to contend, are really so great, that in spite of all the pains he has taken, he has been unable to make his collection as perfect as he could wish.'

At the end of the work are found a very comprehensive and finely executed plan of the city of Constantinople and a beautiful map of the Bosphorus. The former, containing a very minute detail of Constantinople and its suburbs, was originally taken by geometrical survey in 1766, enlarged and improved by Kaufer, an engineer in the legation of the count Choiseul Gouffier in 1786, with new additions by M. Barbié du Bocage in 1821. It will be found, we think, the best plan of Constantinople in possession of the public.

Having thus endeavored to do ample justice to the merits of this work, we may be pardoned for mentioning one or two defects. The topographical plan, on which it is constructed, is perhaps the only one, that could be advantageously pursued in the description of a large city, but in combining historical notices and antiquarian accounts with this plan, sufficient care has not been taken to avoid repetition. Some things are stated thrice, and many twice. The whole section of 'Monuments,' had been anticipated in describing the places where they stand; and, what must be regarded as a still greater offence against plan, the detailed description is given under the topographical notice of the place where they respectively stand, while under the head of Monuments, a brief notice only is to be found. This defect, if it be one, would have been much less sensible, had there been any index to the work. In a book of this nature, abounding with facts that have only a local connexion, an ample register is indispensable. By the aid of this, it would have been easy for the reader to collect in one the scattered notices of the same thing. Without it, nothing but a diligent perusal of the whole work, with vigilant care and some exercise of the memory, are sufficient to assure the reader that he has possessed himself of all the information, which it con-

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tains, on any given subject of inquiry. This is the more remarkable, as the German authors seldom neglect this essential appendage to a work of this kind; and well understand the vanity of a reproach sometimes cast on 'index learning:' a reproach generally uttered by book-ignorance. He who pretends to read the whole of all books, is a very great pretender.

The nature of Mr Von Hammer's work forbids the attempt of any thing like an analysis, but we have thought our readers would be pleased with a few translations from it. The first passage we select belongs to a very copious and interesting description of the ancient Hippodrome, called by the Turks, the *Atmeidan*, a name of similar import.

'The patron gods of the games of the circus and of the popular spectacles in general were—with Hercules the guide (Hodegetes) and Mercury the guardian of gymnastic games—the Dioscuri, who had the charge of fleet horses, and Neptune Zeuxippus, also called Conso, to whom Numa dedicated an altar, as the *adviser*. Apollonius, of Tyana, consecrated several of these statues in the hippodrome, as well as in other places in the city, and mysterious inscriptions were placed upon them, involving the future fortunes of the city. Other inscriptions indicated the places from which these statues were brought, with a forest of which Constantine adorned the hippodrome, when the city was rebuilt and the circus was repaired. They were torn from the temples and public places of Athens, Cyzicum, Cæsarea, Tralles, Sardis, Sebastia, Satalia, Chalcis, Antioch, Cyprus, Crete, Rhodes, Scio, Iconium, and Nicæa, to adorn the circus of the metropolis. Among these were particularly signalized the statue of Hercules Trihesperus, who, without bow, quiver, or club, reposed himself on the left knee, in which position the same figure, under the name of Al-Dschassi (Al-Gethi,) is still designated as a constellation in the heavens. This position of Hercules, sinking under the task imposed on him by Euristheus, was the type of the forms of this god, which Lysimachus first and forever set up. It was of such colossal dimensions, that the size of the thumb equalled that of a human body, and the calves of the legs were as high as a man. This work of art, like so many others, was broken up, by the western barbarians, the Latins, under Baldwin and Dandolo, to be cast into copper coin; a barbarism renewed by their descendants in the French revolution, but happily confined to bells.

In like manner, they annihilated the noblest works of art here to be seen: as *the ass and his driver*, brought to Constantinople

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from Actium, afterwards Nicopolis, which Augustus had there erected, in memory of the well known occurrence which there befel him. Having gone out in the night, to reconnoitre the position of Antony, Augustus met a peasant driving an ass, and having inquired what was his name and whither he was going, the peasant replied, "My ass is named Nikon, (victorious,) and I Nicander, (victor,) and I am going to Cæsar's army." The happy omen contained in these words was commemorated by Augustus, and was appropriated by Constantine as a symbol of prosperity, together with the female wolf, which stood near it, suckling Romulus and Remus, the hippopotamus with scaly tail, the elephant, the man in contest with a lion, the hyæna of Antioch, the wild horse, the flying sphinges, and the monsters Scylla and Charybdis. All eyes were drawn towards the column, on which was an eagle, with overshadowing wings, in contest with a serpent, which he holds and rends in his talons, and which Apollonius of Tyana had set up as a talisman to protect the city from serpents.

'By the side of the ass of victory, the wolf of Romulus, and the eagle of Apollonius, there were several other talismans erected here, which, according to the various superstitions, served and protected the city, some by their presence, and some by their destruction. Thus in the spina of the hippodrome, in which direction the obelisk, the pillar, and the column consisting of three serpents entwined together, are still found, was placed a statue, with three heads, which represented the enemies of the empire. For this reason, the renowned seer and master of the secret sciences, John, in the reign of Michael, the successor of Theophilus, gave the emperor counsel to strike off a couple of heads from this statue; and when afterwards two rebels fell, it was made doubly clear that these heads had represented them. But as superstition dictated at one time to strike off the heads of these statues, it required at another that they should be restored and repaired. As the power of the empire at home and abroad declined, as sieges and rebellions threatened the metropolis, the emperor never failed to have recourse to the talismanic statues, and by repairing them sought to repair the strength of the state. For this reason, the Erymanthian boar, which stood in the hippodrome, was repaired in teeth and limbs, by way of securing the state against enemies and rebels. These talismanic traditions were transmitted to the Turks, and the power of expelling serpents ascribed to the eagle of Apollonius was attributed by them to the triple column of serpents, which is thought formerly to have supported the Delphic tripod. Mahomet II, on his entrance into the hippodrome, smote off one of its heads, but the serpents abound, as much as before, both without and within the walls of the city.'

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We are a little surprised at the want of assurance, with which Mr Von Hammer speaks of the identity of this monument with the Delphic pillar. Some of the earlier travellers denied its identity, but the moderns, while they question the truth of the anecdote of Mahomet, have, almost without exception, allowed it to be the genuine relic of antiquity, which was taken among the spoils of the tent of Mardonius. Mr Hobhouse thus expresses himself on the subject :—'Le Chevalier is the last traveller, who, following Thevenot's pretended voyage, describes the serpents' heads forming the capital of the Delphic column of bronze, as having been struck off by a blow of Mahomet's battle axe. That such a story should ever have prevailed is extraordinary, since every traveller from Gyllius to Wheler, who has given a picture of it, describes the column as entire. The reputation of this monument has been various. Gyllius established, beyond all doubt, its identity with the column, supporting the Platean tripod at Delphi; Sandys noticed it without any remark; Smyth does not mention it at all; Wheler disputes its actual history, and supposes it to have been placed on the colossus structilis. In 1700, as Tournefort relates, the heads were gone, one having been struck off by the sultan Mourat; meaning probably Amurath IV, who died in 1639, and who could not have performed the exploit any more than Mahomet, as Wheler saw them entire after that period. The French traveller adds, that the others had been broken off and the pillar thrown down, and afterwards placed in its present situation. He in a great measure restores the monument to its ancient credit. Lady M. W. Montague beheld the heads again in 1717; but they had disappeared, when the hippodrome was seen by lord Sandwich, who mentioned the story of Mourat and disputed the antiquity of the column; Pococke notices the ruin of the capital, but without adding the story; and Chishull avers that "the serpents' heads, which *lately* terminated the pillar, were taken off privately by the servants of the *late* Polish ambassador." It is difficult to discover the precise period to which he alludes, and I presume that he speaks only of the two heads. Subsequent travellers have revived the story of Thevenot; but by way of compensation, the well known decision of our last great historian has stamped the authenticity of this venerable relic.'

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We have quoted this passage, as giving a pretty good view of the opinions of the travellers. We would observe, by the way, that the reader may be misled by the term *capital*, applied to the serpents' heads, in this pillar. If we may trust sir George Wheler's representation in his plate, as copied in the second volume of Banduri, the column, consisting of the closely entwined bodies of the serpents, diverges and separates into three distinct necks and heads. Now in the extract we have made from Mr Hobhouse, that traveller denies that Mahomet II, or Amurath IV, who died in 1639, could have struck off a head, because sir G. Wheler afterwards saw them entire. And yet Mr Hobhouse finds no difficulty in the circumstance that lady M. W. Montague saw the heads in 1717, while Tournefort found them gone in 1700. As to the anecdote of Mahomet II, therefore, whoever is willing to credit Tournefort, that the heads were gone in 1700, though sir G. Wheler saw them entire in 1687, and lady M. W. Montague in 1717, may also believe that one was struck off by Mahomet II, and afterwards replaced.—The truth seems to us to be this. We have seen in the conclusion of the last extract from Mr Von Hammer, that several talismanic statues were standing in the hippodrome, among which were the Delphic pillar, another statue with three heads, and a wild boar; that these statues were held to personify enemies and rebels, and that as early at least as the ninth century, the practice began of striking off heads and members of these charmed statues, and afterwards restoring them. It is well known that the Turks inherited many of the Byzantine superstitions, being themselves very apt to entertain all such notions. That Mahomet should have been told of the superstitious import of these many headed columns and statues, by some treacherous Greek, in the moment of his entrance into the city, is quite natural; and it was surely no Herculean feat to smite off a head, which had been often before struck off and replaced, a process, that would necessarily lead to a weak and shattered juncture. The same superstition, which would lead to its being stricken off in imitation of former practices, would also have led to its being restored; and accordingly the account in Tournefort, that a head was struck off by Amurath IV, instead of contradicting, confirms the other anecdote, as showing the continuance of the practice. As there is also no reason to doubt that they were all standing in

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the time of sir G. Wheler, all gone in 1700, all seen in 1717, and all missed by lord Sandwich, there seems to be very clear proof that the practice of striking them off and replacing them continued till a recent period; and it may be supposed that the heads became at last so loosely attached, that they could be struck off in any broil; as they appear at last to have been removed by the wantonness of the servants of the Polish ambassador. Meantime, as Mr Von Hammer leaves a little doubt on the identity of the pillar, we may subjoin the remarks of Gibbon, alluded to by Mr Hobhouse, referring those who would go more into the question, to the work of Gylles. 'The space,' says Gibbon, 'between the two metæ or goals was filled with statues and obelisks: and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity, the bodies of three serpents twisted into one of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod, which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks.'—To this passage Gibbon adds the following note: 'The guardians of the most holy relics would rejoice, if they were able to produce such a chain of evidence, as may be alleged on this occasion.* 1. The original consecration of the tripod and pillar in the temple of Delphi may be proved from Herodotus and Pausanias. 2. The Pagan Zosimus agrees with the three ecclesiastical historians, Eusebius, Socrates, and Sozomen, that the sacred ornaments of the temple of Delphi were removed to Constantinople by order of Constantine; and among these, the serpentine pillar of the hippodrome is particularly mentioned.' Gibbon adds a third consideration, which is superseded by our previous extract from Mr Hobhouse. This monument is now much defaced, being filled up with stones and rubbish. It is seven feet above ground, and being described by the early travellers as twelve in height, five feet of it are supposed to be buried. No relic of this kind can boast so great antiquity, and the evidence of its identity is more full and unbroken than that, on which most matters of question, in the history of the arts, are settled.

It is well known that many hopes have at times been entertained of discovering, within the seraglio, the library of the Greek emperors. The romantic Pietro della Valle reported that the Decardes of Livy, the work which generally does duty on

'* See Banduri ad antiquitat. Const. p. 668. Gyllius de Byzant, *l.* ii. *c.* 13.'

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these wonderful occasions, were still latent within these inapproachable recesses. We have thought that our readers would be pleased with Mr Von Hammer's remarks on this subject: He is speaking of a part of the seraglio, which no European is allowed to enter, but of which Tavernier received an account apparently correct from one of the confidential train of the sultan.

'In the middle of the third vaulted room stood, in the time of Tavernier, a frame with a portrait of Charles V, and many books and manuscripts in European languages, from the library captured by Suleiman, the lawgiver, at the taking of Ofen.* With these relics of the library of Matthias Corvinus, thus laid up in the imperial archives, tradition has confounded the remnants of a library preserved from the time of the Greek emperors, and has raised delusive hopes in the minds of the curious, without the affair's yet being fairly settled, in the result of the latest investigations.

'Three clergymen, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, the abbé Sevin, the abbate Toderini, and the dean Carlisle, have proposed, as the main end of their journey, the investigation of the library in the seraglio, without having been able fully to attain this object. The abbé Sevin received as answer, that the books had been burned. The abbate procured a catalogue of a library of oriental books existing in the seraglio, and Dr Carlisle succeeded, through the agency of lord Elgin, in examining the deposit and the books, in the oriental library, in the garden toward the harbor, connected with the mosque *Bostan Jamissi*. In this library, of course, he found no trace either of Greek or Latin manuscripts. Even should the report of Sevin, that the rest of the books had been burned, or that of the French minister Girardin, that they were, in his day, sold in Pera, be without foundation, and though in fact the remainder of the library of the Greek emperors were still in the seraglio, it certainly will not be in the library of the garden examined by Dr Carlisle, but in the library in the interior of the harem, where, as it is expressly stated in the national annals, all books, before scattered in the seraglio, are collected and united. As this passage, so important in the history of the seraglio library, was unknown to the abovementioned gentlemen, and for want of acquaintance with the language as inaccessible to them as the library itself, a literal translation from the original Turkish of Raschid is subjoined. "Inasmuch as the numberless precious books and beautiful manuscripts, which, from the foundation of

* The German name of Pesth, where Mr Von Hammer's work was published.

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the Ottoman empire to the present time, [1718,] have, from every quarter, some given and some purchased, been preserved in the inner treasury of the sultan, and covered with the dust of forgetfulness in the corners of their cases, been the prey of worms and moths, the greater part of them were in this wise destroyed, and from the impossibility of lending them rendered useless, even to the studious persons of the inner court. His majesty, the emperor, enlightened by the allwise God, held it not right that such an amount of books should remain imprisoned in the corners of forgetfulness and withdrawn from the sight of those, who are zealous to learn. He reflected, that a prudent man would not willingly place himself in a situation to be obliged, at the day of judgment, to give an account for the inconsiderate incarceration of books, and he therefore thought it good to erect a library in the interior of the imperial court, and to deposit all the books and entire manuscripts contained in the imperial vaults, in this library, and to impart the knowledge of them to such of the inmates of the imperial court, as were able to embrace it. In consequence of this, by virtue of an order addressed to the grand vizier, the work was begun, and after the necessary preparations for the building, in the month Rebiulewwel, the grand vizier, the mufti, the two judges of the army, and the chief the emirs were invited to the serai. His majesty, the sultan himself, took a stone in his most excellent hand, to lay the foundation, and the abovenamed dignitaries followed the sublime example, in laying each a stone. In this manner, the foundation of the imperial library was made on the site of a kiosk, built on marble pillars two hundred years ago for the contentment of the preceding sultans, touching on the one side the innermost chamber; on the other, the hall of pilgrimage; on the other, the chamber of the laundry; on the other, the hall of audience. By such good works, the general prayer and benediction of the people is deserved.

'"After the imperial library, whose foundation is above related, was finished, on the 10th of Moharrem, in the year of the hegira 1131, [A. D. 1719] the grand vizier, the mufti, the viziers of the empire, (the three tailed pachas,) the judges of the army, and the chiefs of the emirs were invited to the seraglio. When they were assembled in the library, his majesty, the sultan, the refuge of the world, deigned to assume the throne erected in the library, and to vouchsafe to all present a nod of gracious salutation. The former cadi of Scutari, Fasil Selim Effendi, appointed as teacher of the common school at this library, with a salary of two hundred aspers daily, placed himself in the middle of the assembly, upon the cushion, to instruct some intelligent youths of the pages of the seraglio,

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in the elements of religion. He expounded the first sura of the Koran, (*Fatiha*, the opener) and, illuminated with the light of inspired truth the hearts of all present. Whereupon the sheiks (the preachers of the seraglio) began the prayers, at the end of which his majesty, the sultan, bestowed on his highness the grand vizier, his eminence the mufti, their excellencies the viziers, judges, and chiefs of the emirs, sable dresses; and on their honors the sheiks, full purses."

'If these passages were to be construed literally, it would destroy the hope of ever finding Greek manuscripts in the library of the seraglio, inasmuch as they speak only of books presented or bought, since the foundation of the Ottoman empire. It is by no means certain, however, that the books existing in the royal palace at the capture of Constantinople were not included among them, and in this case, a faint hope may still be entertained, of recovering hereafter some manuscripts, from the remains of the library of the Hungarian kings or Greek emperors. The latter library, however, was already so much diminished by fires and other disasters, that if its remains have been wholly destroyed since the capture of Constantinople, it cannot be supposed that any great treasures have perished. The case is much the same with this, as with the Alexandrian library, which Omar burned. There is no doubt that Omar, according to the testimony of several Arabic writers, burned whatever books were remaining at Alexandria, but fires and accidents had already destroyed the greater part of the Ptolemæan library.'

We have prolonged this extract for the sake of quoting the opinion, at its close, relative to the destruction of the library at Alexandria, which, since Gibbon's time, has been regarded as doubtful. One of Gibbon's arguments against the received opinion is, that it rests on the authority of one Arabic writer, Abulpharagius, living three centuries after the supposed event. Mr Von Hammer asserts it, however, on the authority of 'several Arabic writers,' and quotes in a note to this sentence 'Ibn Chaledun, in his encyclopædian survey of the sciences of the East.' How much weight Ibn Chaledun may carry with him, we are unable to say, but the opinion appears in general to be reviving among the learned, that the tradition of a destruction of a library at Alexandria by Omar, has at least a foundation in fact. Neither Gibbon nor our author, in the passage quoted, distinguish between the Ptolemæan library in the Bruchion and the second great Alexandrian library in the Serapeum. That the remains of the latter were preserved, when the Serapeum was converted into a church, there can be

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little doubt. Nor is there any reason to think with Gibbon, that the new library in the church, built on the ruins of the Serapeum, 'was confined to the volumes of the Arian and Monophysite controversy.' All our stores of classical learning have been transmitted through these ecclesiastical channels; nor does Eunapius, in relating with great bitterness the destruction of the Serapeum by the monks, intimate that any ravages were committed on the books. Moreover in the two centuries, which elapsed between the destruction of the Serapeum and the capture of Alexandria by Omar, there is every probability that accessions would be made to the church library of the city, and that when this fanatical chief was exercising the powers of a conqueror, he should have given the mandate for the destruction of the books, 'which were impious, if they contradicted the Koran, and useless, if they agreed with it.' Subsequent and ill informed writers who heard of this might confound it with the destruction of the great Ptolemæan library, which had taken place by a series of disasters much earlier. This is the view taken of the subject in Mr Heeren's work on the *study of classical literature*, and appears best to solve the difficulties of the question.

Notwithstanding the reputed intolerance of the Turks, three forms of the Christian religion exist and are protected, at the capital, viz: the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic, the churches of which latter communion are confined to the suburbs of Pera and Galata, being chiefly the resort of the Franks, there residing. The Greek church possesses great importance, not only on account of the religion of the original population of all the European and a part of the Asiatic portion of the Turkish empire; but also on account of the diffusion of the Greek church, throughout the vast territories of Russia. The spiritual dominion of the Greek patriarch is accordingly very extensive, and, at the present day, scarcely inferior to that of the pope, even ascribing to the latter the religious sovereignty of the Spanish colonies. The following is Mr Von Hammer's account of the patriarchal church at Constantinople.

'The *Patriarchate* which bears, at the present day, the name of St George, has, in the progress of time, more than once altered its patron saint and its situation. For some time after the conquest by the Turks, the patriarch Gennadius, with whom Mahomet II entered into a controversy, had his seat at the church of the apostles. Not thinking himself longer safe, on account of a murder

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there perpetrated, he fled to the Fanal, as it is now called, where he fixed his seat at the church of the *Supremely Blessed*, built by Michael, the Tarchaniote and Maria Ducaina Palæologina. Here the sacred bodies of the saints Euphemia and Salome were preserved, the pillar to which our Lord was bound at the scourging, the arm chair of St John Chrysostom, inlaid with mother of pearl, and the tomb of the Greek emperor Alexius Comnenus. If this be correct, the emperor must have been removed from the convent of our Savior, *the Philanthropist;* and the body of St Euphemia from the church which bore her name in the Hippodrome. For in these places severally was Alexius Comnenus buried, and the body of St Euphemia preserved. The latter was first brought, in the year 440, from Alexandria to Constantinople, where the monument transpired blood on the anniversary of her martyrdom. The emperor Maurice, who suspected some fraud, caused every thing about the tomb to be removed, but still the miracle continued. The body, at that time, reposed in a church at Chalcedon, where other miracles also took place. Constantine Copronymous, the sworn foe of miracles and saints, caused the monument and the body of St Euphemia to be cast into the sea. It, however, floated down to the isle of Lemnos, and, being there picked up, was brought back to Constantinople in 766. Henceforward the monument never ceased to transpire odorous ointments. The church where the body was deposited is probably that, which was converted into a powder magazine in 1464, under Bajazet II; by occasion of which transformation, the body of the saint may have been removed to the patriarchate, as the pillar of the Flagellation was transported from the church of the Agony, when that church was converted into a mosque. On high festivals, the patriarch occupies the arm chair of St John Chrysostom; on other days, he is seated in a smaller chair. Opposite to him are placed two large arm chairs, covered with scarlet, as places of honor for the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, who are always absent, or present at most but a few days, after their appointment. On both these princely chairs is a white cross and the Russian eagle, as also on the arm chair of the patriarch. The twelve seats about the patriarch are for the metropolitans, and those opposite for the archons, or noble Greeks of the Fanal. Females are placed behind the grate. The pictures on the wall of the chancel are those of our Savior, of the Virgin, the archangel Michael, and the saints Minas and George.

'The service of the patriarchal church is performed by twelve priests, who live in the house adjoining the patriarchate. In this house are two halls of council, in one of which, meetings of the patriarch and his priests are held every Tuesday and Friday, for

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the current business of the church; in the other, extraordinary concerns and great affairs are administered by the council of the nation, consisting of the twelve metropolitans of the Byzantine church. The patriarch has a guard of jannisaries, and the power of imprisonment for violation of his orders. The prison immediately joins the patriarchate under the quarters of the jannisaries. In the portico of the church, on the walls, are represented the scenes of future punishment and reward, in the most glaring colors, and with the most extraordinary detail of circumstances. The lower regions have their divisions and compartments, much in the way in which Dante has described them, who, perhaps, borrowed his conception from some such painting. To prevent any doubt, as to the personality of the individuals, their names are generally attached to them. Diocletian, Maximian, and Julian are conspicuous; here and there the calpac of a drogoman is seen peeping through the flames, and in the more daring frescos of the churches on the *Princes' Islands*, the hat of a hospodar may be discerned, in the same predicament. The idea of these paintings dates from the early ages of the Byzantine church. In the middle of the ninth century, the painter Methodius painted for the prince of the Bulgarians church pictures of this description, representing the last judgment and its various scenes of retribution.'

From Mr Von Hammer's account of the schools, colleges, and libraries at Constantinople, more care would seem to be bestowed by the Turks on education, than they have usually had credit for. Of primary schools, in which nothing but reading and the common prayers are taught, there are, according to a Turkish writer, whom he quotes, 1653, of which the most respectable are enumerated in this work. Nor is the number less in proportion of the *Midreses*, or high schools, which the sultans, in imitation of the Arabian caliphs, have endowed with great liberality. Were Europe now sunk in the barbarity of the middle ages, the colleges of Constantinople might share the reputation of those of Bagdad or Cordova. The second sultan of the Ottoman line, Orchan, converted a church in Aidos into a college in 1327, and three years after founded another at Nicæa. He built and endowed several other similar institutions at Brussa, and his example was followed by his successors, in all the large cities, which they captured in Asia and Europe. After the conquest of Constantinople, Mahomet II attached a college to St Sophia's, and eight

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others to the mosque which he built, and which bears his name. The latter are called, by excellence, *The Eight*, and stand four on the right side and four on the left of the outer court of the Mohamedije. In founding these institutions, Mahomet II organized the whole plan of study, and the career of the teachers.—The *Talib*, (disciple,) who has completed his studies, and devotes himself to the office of a teacher, becomes professor, either of mathematics (*Riasat*) or metaphysics (*Kelam*), with a stipend of twenty aspers daily. After this he succeeds, with thirty aspers, to the chair of rhetoric and jurisprudence, (*Miftah* and *Sadrescheriat*.) With forty aspers he proceeds to the higher metaphysics or *Mekawif*, and to the doctrine of tradition, called *Makassid*. With fifty aspers he is regularly promoted to the chair of *Hedajet*, (the name of the most famous law treatise among the Turks,) of which he explains the doctrines. Of these three degrees—of thirty, forty, and fifty aspers—the first is called the *externals*, the second, the *internals*, the third, the *octaves*, that is, 'belonging to the eight colleges of the court of the Mohamedije.' This gradation must be gone through by all. Behind the eight colleges of the Mohamedije are the places of abode for the students, of which there are as many as there are days in the year, and a cell for each.

Mr Von Hammer enumerates twenty libraries of the Turks at Constantinople, without disputing the accuracy of d'Ohsson, who gives them at thirty-five. They contain, besides the works of the renowned Persian and Arabic poets, and a few national chronicles, chiefly expositions and commentaries on the Koran, and works of Mahometan jurisprudence, a mixed system of legal, customary, and ritual tradition.

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